

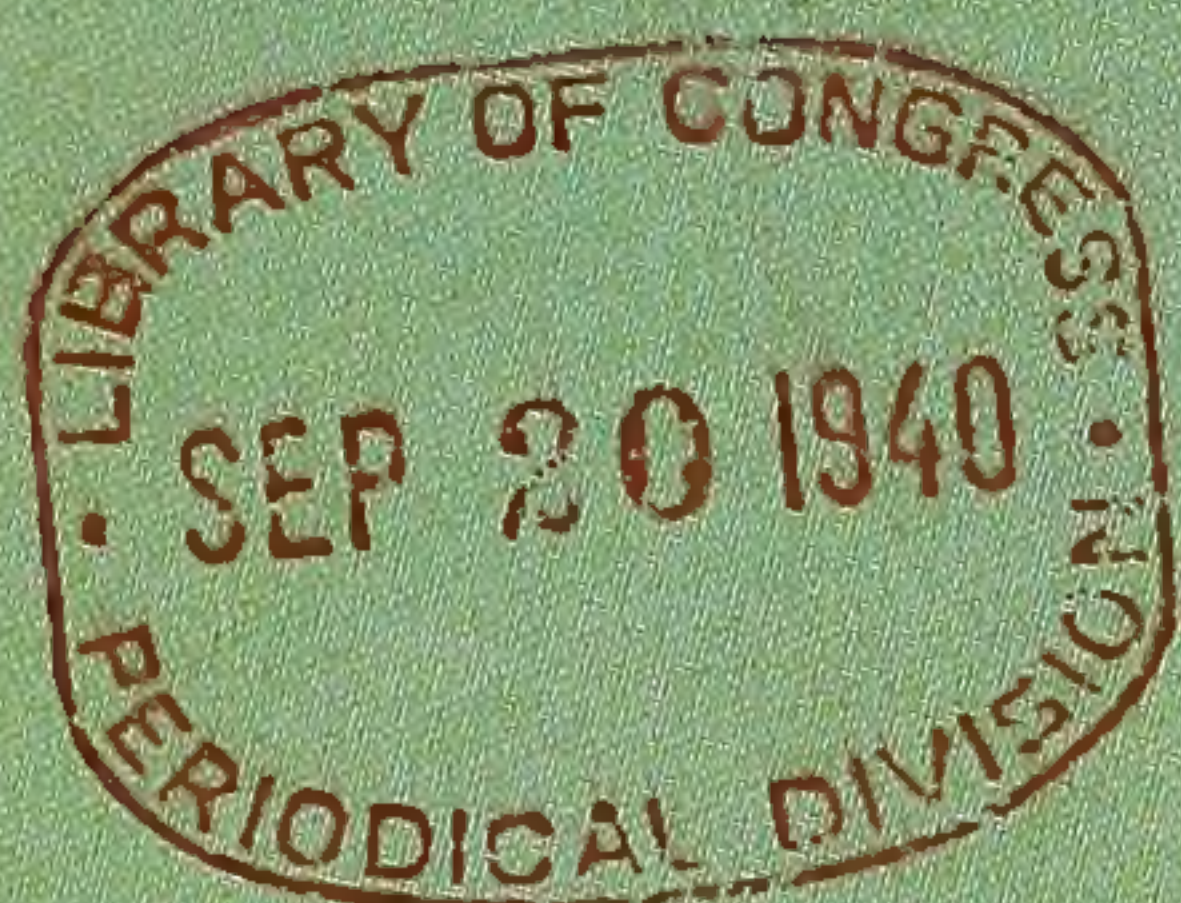
The Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND

October

10¢

15 Cents
In Canada



Olivia
De Havilland

Romancing
with
ANN
RUTHERFORD
(Polly Benedict)

LORETTA
YOUNG
FINDS
REAL
LOVE
AT
LAST!

WHY MY MARRIAGE ENDED IN HEARTBREAK!
A HOLLYWOOD BRIDE TELLS

Meet

THE HOWARDS OF VIRGINIA

LOVE . . . LAUGH AND WEEP WITH THEM!

Live their wondrously exciting romance! Let yourself be swept along by the relentless tide of a struggle so mighty the screen has never seen its equal...Created by Frank Lloyd, who gave you memorable "Cavalcade", "Mutiny on the Bounty" and "Wells Fargo"!



Frank Lloyd Pictures, Inc.
presents

CARY GRANT MARTHA SCOTT AS THE HOWARDS OF VIRGINIA

from "THE TREE OF LIBERTY" by ELIZABETH PAGE • Screen play by SIDNEY BUCHMAN
with Sir Cedric Hardwicke • Alan Marshal • Richard Carlson
JACK H. SKIRBALL, Associate Producer

Produced and Directed by **FRANK LLOYD**
A COLUMBIA PICTURE



MAN OF THE PEOPLE
Swashbuckling son of the
raw, untamed frontier...
proud alike of his pioneer
forebears and the lovely,
high-born girl he loves!

WATCH FOR IT AT YOUR LOCAL THEATRE!

HIS EYES SIGNALLED:

"YOU'RE THE SONG IN MY HEART!"

UNTIL, ALAS, SHE SMILED!



Protect your own bright smile. Let Ipana and Massage
help guard against "Pink Tooth Brush"!

SHE HAD ALWAYS HOPED it would happen this way—soft lights, smooth music, his eyes speaking volumes: "*You're beautiful,*" they said, "*beautiful!*"

But then—she smiled! And his eagerness gave way to indifference. For beauty is always dimmed and darkened under the cloud of a dull and dingy smile.

DON'T TAKE CHANCES with your own priceless smile . . . with your own happiness. Give your gums as well as your teeth the daily care they need. And never ignore the warning of "pink tooth brush"! The minute you see that tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush—*make a date to see your dentist.*



And take the advice he gives you.

WHAT "PINK TOOTH BRUSH" MEANS.

"Pink" on your tooth brush may not mean serious trouble, but let your dentist decide. Chances are he will say that your gums, denied

hard chewing by the many soft, creamy foods we eat today, have become tender, weak from lack of exercise. And, like so many dentists these days, he may suggest "the healthful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage."

FOR IPANA, WITH MASSAGE, is specially designed not only to clean teeth thoroughly but to help invigorate the

gums. So, massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums whenever you brush your teeth. The pleasant "tang" you'll notice—exclusive with Ipana and massage—is evidence that gum circulation is increasing—helping gums to become firmer, healthier.

GET A TUBE OF IPANA TODAY! Start the healthful dental habit of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage . . . and see how much it helps your gums to become stronger, your teeth brighter, your smile more radiantly lovely.

Get the new D. D. Tooth Brush, too—specially designed with a twisted handle for more thorough cleansing, more effective gum massage.



IPANA TOOTH PASTE

SEP -3 1940

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The Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND

DELIGHT EVANS, Editor

ELIZABETH WILSON, Western Representative

MARION MARTONE, Assistant Editor

FRANK J. CARROLL, Art Director



Louis Hayward and Joan Bennett
in "The Son of Monte Cristo."

ESCAPE STUFF? Certainly! Why Not?

In giving you, in our next issue, the complete fiction story of a frankly romantic new movie we're well aware that the charge of escapism will come our way! We don't care. We believe you want diversion these days—and a swell, swashbuckling screen story is just the thing to give it to you. So we're presenting a beautifully written, really romantic and exciting fictionization of "The Son of Monte Cristo," starring Joan Bennett and Louis Hayward, with that grand "villain," George Sanders, at his best, and we know you're going to like it.

COMPLETE FICTION STORY OF "SON OF MONTE CRISTO" IN NEXT ISSUE!

REMEMBER—NOVEMBER SCREENLAND,
ON SALE OCTOBER 4.

PAUL C. HUNTER, Publisher

October, 1940

Vol. XLI, No. 6

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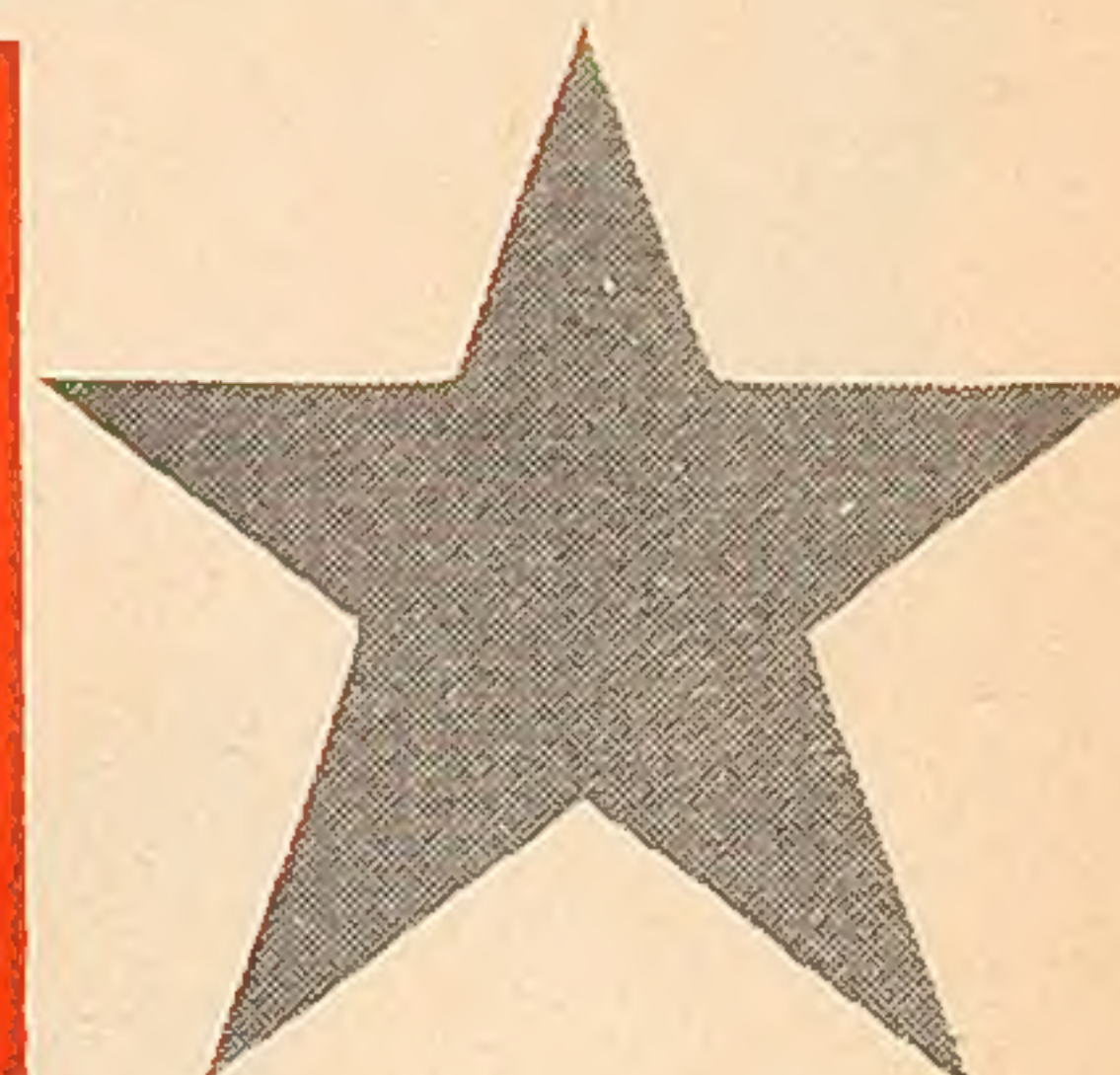
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MICKEY ROONEY

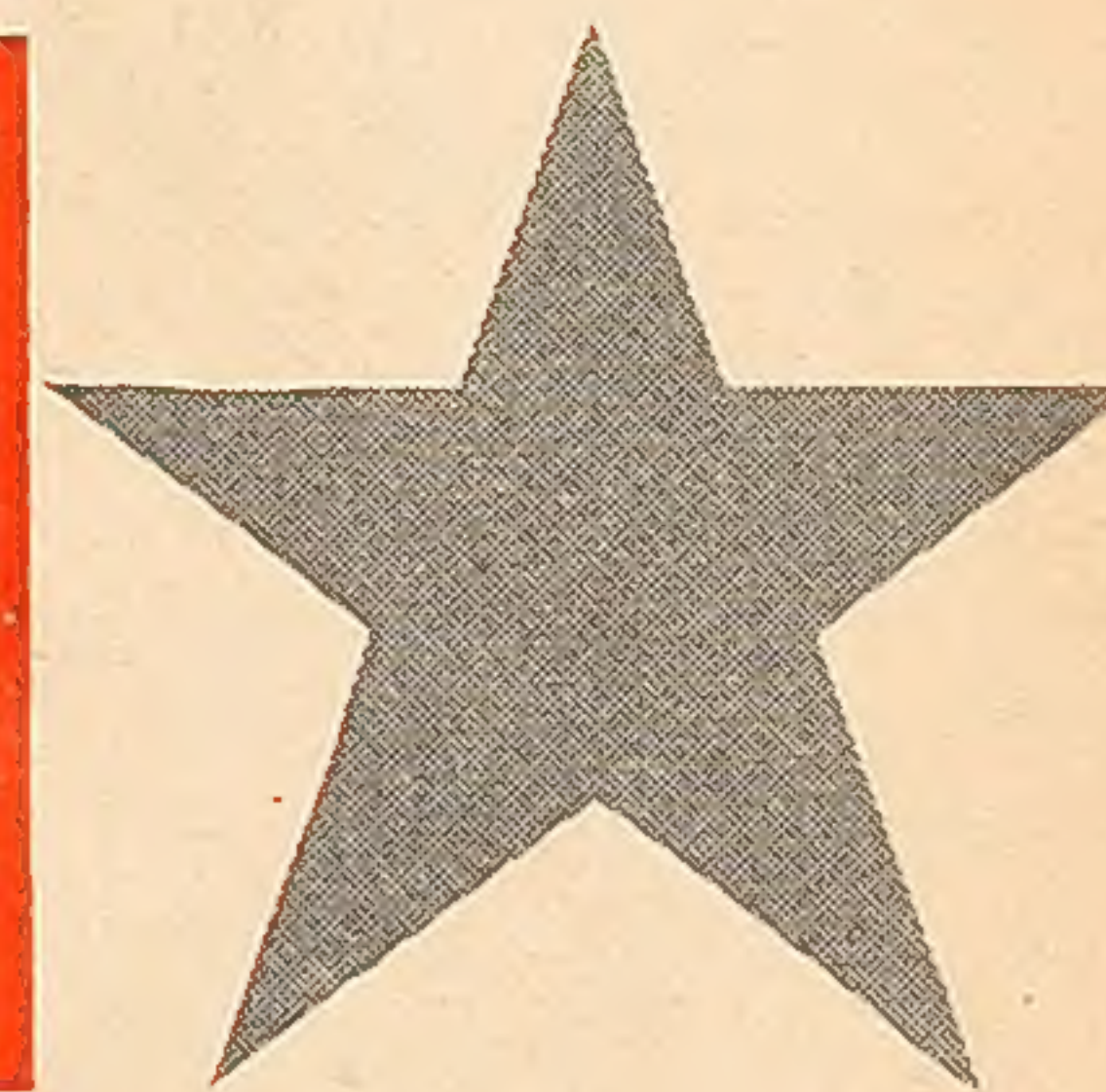


JUDY GARLAND



The Merriest Pair on The Screen in a Great Musical Show!

"STRIKE UP THE BAND"



with **PAUL WHITEMAN** and **ORCHESTRA**

Mickey's marvelous! Judy's a joy! If you thought they reached the top of the entertainment heap in "Babes in Arms", wait till you see them go over the top now! With catchy songs and a screenful of howls and a grand heart-warming story! What a show, folks!



A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE with
JUNE PREISSER • WILLIAM TRACY
Screen Play by John Monks, Jr. and Fred Finklehoffe • Directed by Busby Berkeley
Produced by **ARTHUR FREED**

Great Song Hits: "Our Love Affair",
"Strike Up the Band", "Nobody" and many more!



Hot from Hollywood

LEAVE it to Bette Davis to be a good sport and yet manage to do a kindly turn at the same time. Bette, as you know, is past the stage in her career when she has to rely on bathing suit art to place her in the public eye and mind. Yet, she quite willingly took it upon herself to pose in a razzle-dazzle, custom-built, \$100 swim suit—if the century note for the revealing togs was sure to be turned over to the Red Cross.

THE rumors around town persist that the Ilona Massey-Alan Curtis romance is definitely on the skids since she parted with her studio. Gossips insist that now there will be no marriage for the Hungarian song-bird. Alan Curtis is by no means left out on a limb. He is the sex appeal boy of the moment. Priscilla Lawson, his not yet divorced first wife, still carries a terrific torch for him and lets everyone know it.

(Please turn to page 12)

IN THE upper star brackets in Hollywood, lavish gifting has become *de rigeur* for limelighting gilt-edged friendships. Big-time names spend a lot of money on expensive gifts for their families and friends. The Countess di Frasso has just added another glittering trinket to her eye-opening collection of amazing jewelry. The reason behind her acquiring the diamond and ruby brooch (fashioned in the shape of a cupid) sets up a new occasion for present giving, too. Cary Grant and Barbara Hutton presented it as a token of their gratitude for bringing them together. That should give you an idea of how Babs and Cary feel about each other.

ALL you movie-goers are in for a treat, or maybe I should call it a surprise, because without a doubt it will be that and more. After a lot of wrangling it has been definitely set that Katharine Hepburn, in the screen version of "Philadelphia Story," will wear in one scene a form-fitting, abbreviated bathing suit. Her studio has gone to bat and has begun propagandizing that she is twelve pounds heavier now than she ever was before. I can't wait to see that leg art of Katy!

THERE was a great hubbub and to-do in a smart night club the other night when Marlene Dietrich glamored and elbowed her way to a be-seen and see-all vantage spot smack on the dance floor. The buzzing was occasioned by her pathetic lack of escort man power. She looked practically deserted accompanied by only one man, a complete stranger—until somebody took another look, remembered, choked on his champagne and shouted, "It's her husband!"

A blonde señorita does the rumba in "Down Argentine Way." This is the rôle for which Betty Grable refused to dye her golden tresses.



Fan QUIZ!

QUESTION

1 In what picture does Bing Crosby croon "That's for Me" to a lovely lady who used to admit publicly that her "Heart Belongs to Daddy?"

2 Who are known as "the most happily married couple in Hollywood?" And in what romantic comedy do they play the roles of very quarrelsome but very loving newlyweds?

3 What nationally known screen and radio character has a new girl, not to mention a new pal who is a terrific scene stealer?

4 What girl is fortunate enough in what moving picture version of a Joseph Conrad masterpiece to spend a week alone on a South Sea Island with Fredric March?

5 Who is the lovely English-born beauty who steals Fred MacMurray's heart in the big new outdoors adventure picture directed by Sam ("Goodbye, Mr. Chips," "Our Town") Wood. And what Daughter of the Dust Bowl makes news by playing a terrific kid role in the same picture?



ANSWER...

1 Bing Crosby sings "That's for Me" to Mary Martin in Paramount's "Rhythm on the River," the big streamlined musical which also stars Basil Rathbone, with Oscar Levant.

2 Joan Blondell and Dick Powell, of course, the stars of Paramount's "I Want a Divorce," the picture Hollywood is raving about as setting Joan and Dick firmly on the comeback trail

3 Henry Aldrich, America's new Peck's Bad Boy, played by Jackie Cooper, has Boston and Broadway's cute little Leila Ernst, success of "Too Many Girls" for a girl friend, and Eddie Bracken, also a star of the same New York hit show, as his pal in "Life With Henry" starring the Aldrich Family.

4 Fredric March in Paramount's all-star production of Joseph Conrad's immortal "Victory" welcomes Betty Field to his private island paradise in the South Seas and starts a thrilling series of romantic adventures in which Sir Cedric Hardwicke and other famous name players play exciting parts.

5 Patricia Morison corrals the hard-boiled heart of Fred MacMurray in Paramount's "Rangers of Fortune," the Sam Wood action adventure drama of three rough, tough sons of the Old Border Country, "Rangers of Fortune." Betty Brewer, the little Okie kid, discovered singing on the Los Angeles streets makes her film bow in this picture.



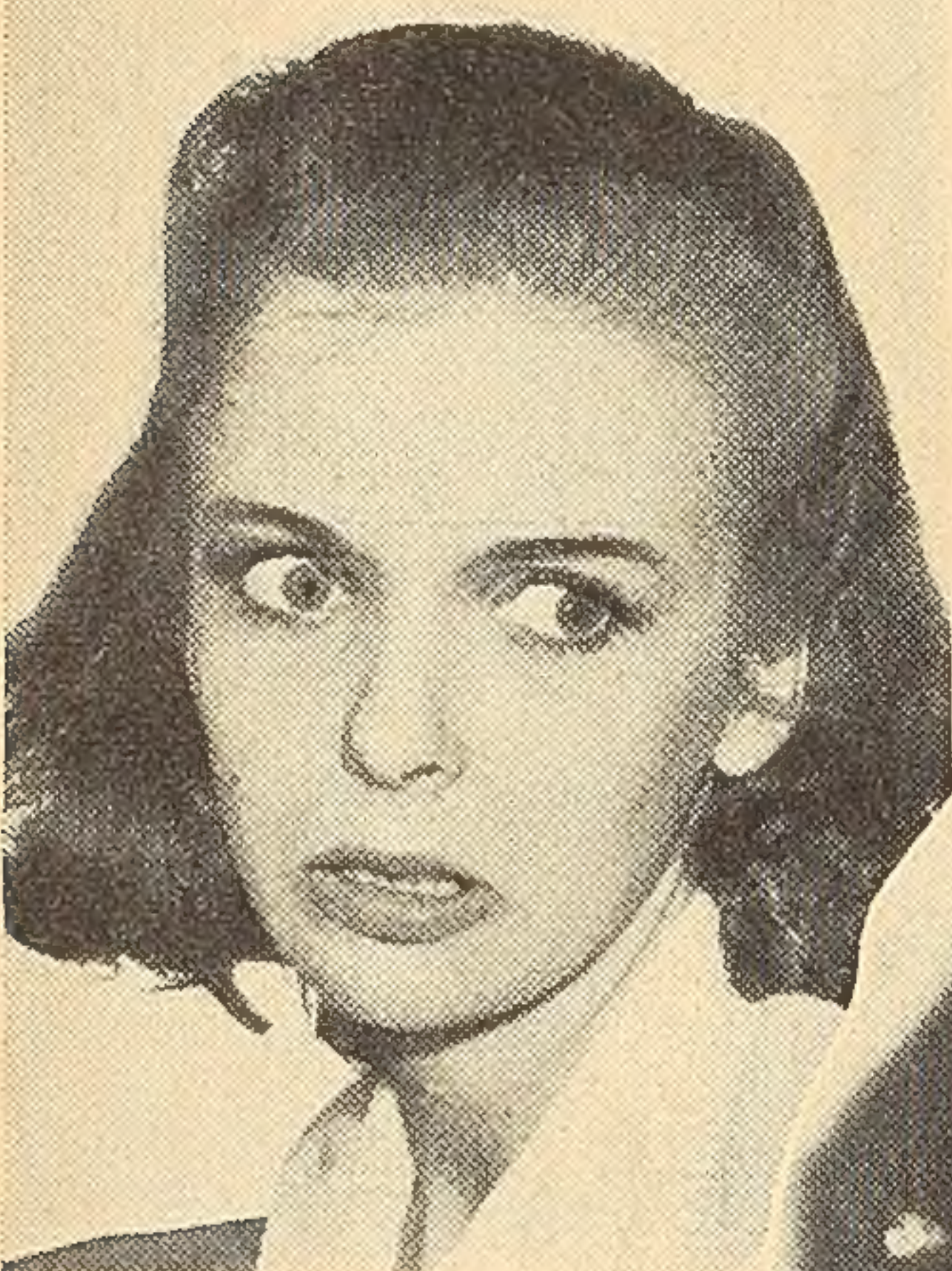
THE ANSWER TO YOUR EVERY DESIRE
IN FINE ENTERTAINMENT...

Paramount Pictures!

SCREENLAND HONOR PAGE

Tribute to Ida Lupino, who proves herself finest of Hollywood's younger actresses in "They Drive By Night"

AT LAST, little Lupino comes into her own. Her brilliantly vicious performance of an unscrupulous siren in "They Drive By Night" inevitably invites comparison with Bette Davis' *Mildred* in "Of Human Bondage." But, barring certain mannerisms, Miss Lupino's acting is definitely her own. She is one of Hollywood's few "originals," and we predict an important career for her if she is smart enough to resist the temptation to "do another Davis."



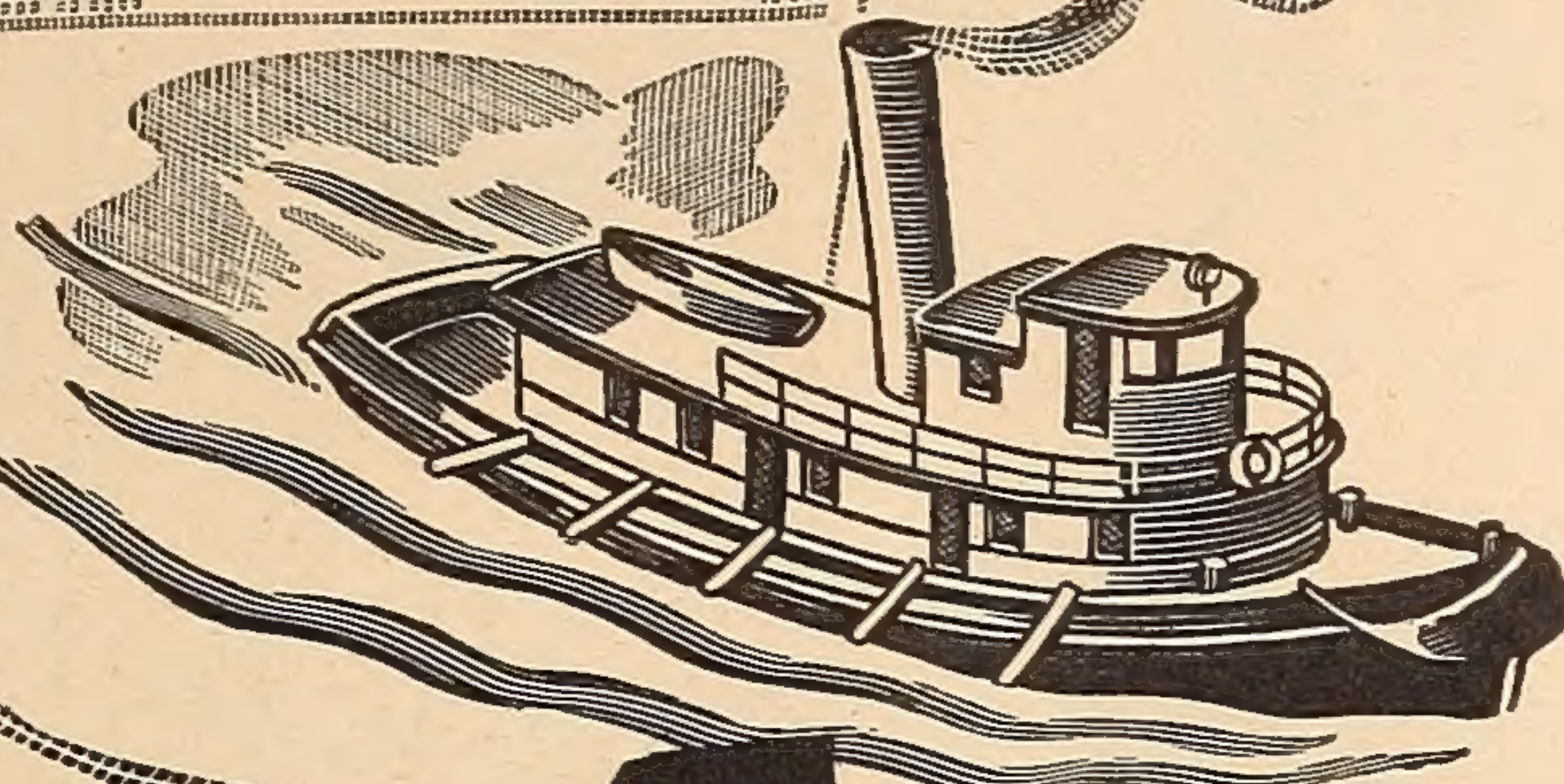
Don't call her "a second Bette Davis"! Ida Lupino in "They Drive By Night" plays a part similar to that enacted by Davis several years ago in "Border Town," but she has a style all her own. Close-ups above show Lupino in harrowing scenes from the new Warner picture in which she establishes herself as the most promising of all the current crop of screen actresses.



Norman
Reilly
Raine's



soon



Tugboat Annie Sails Again

It's the happiest new-hit news in an age!
...And the happiest WARNER BROS. hit of all!
Just wait till you see it!

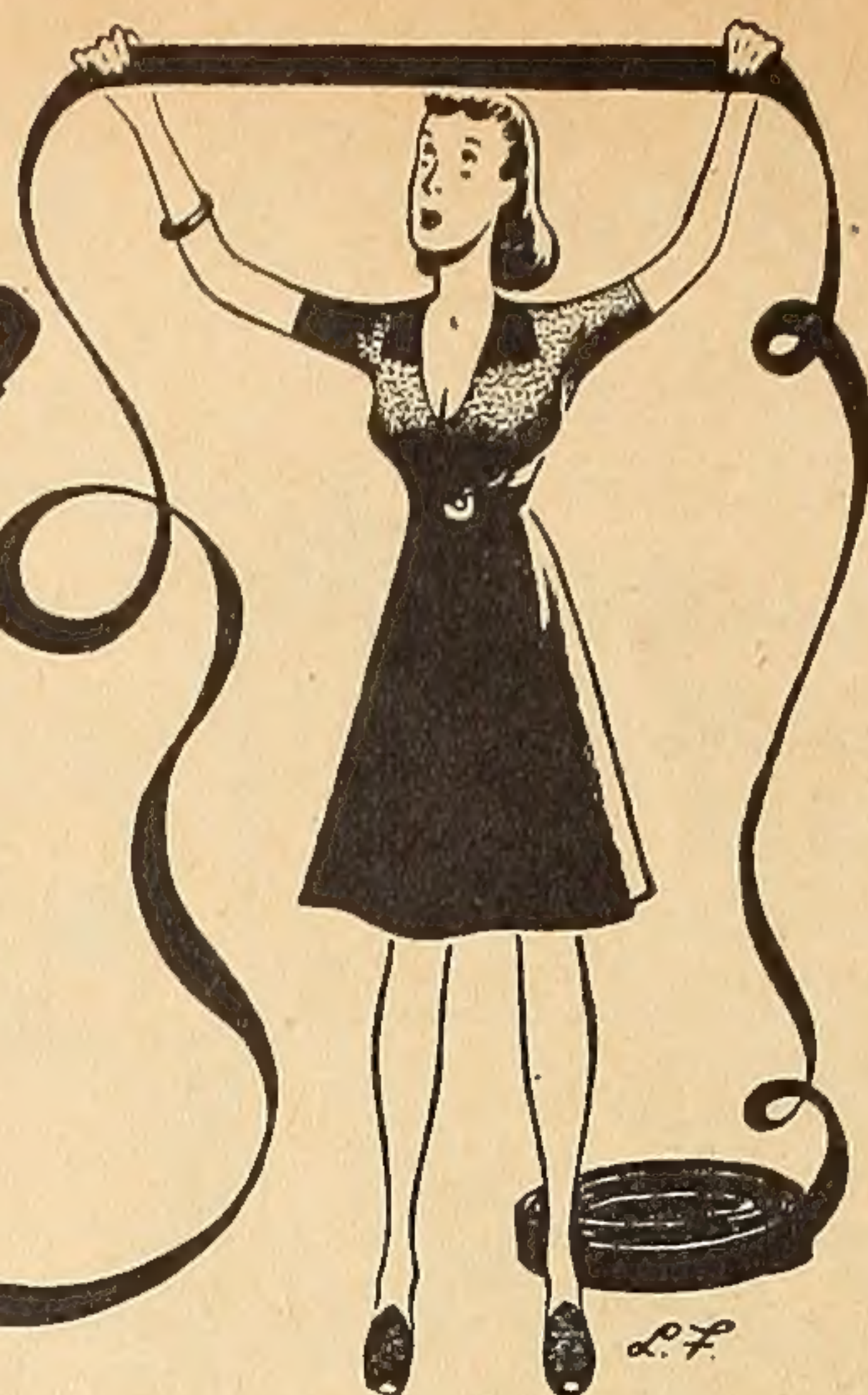


MARJORIE RAMBEAU
as Annie

ALAN HALE
as Bullwinkle

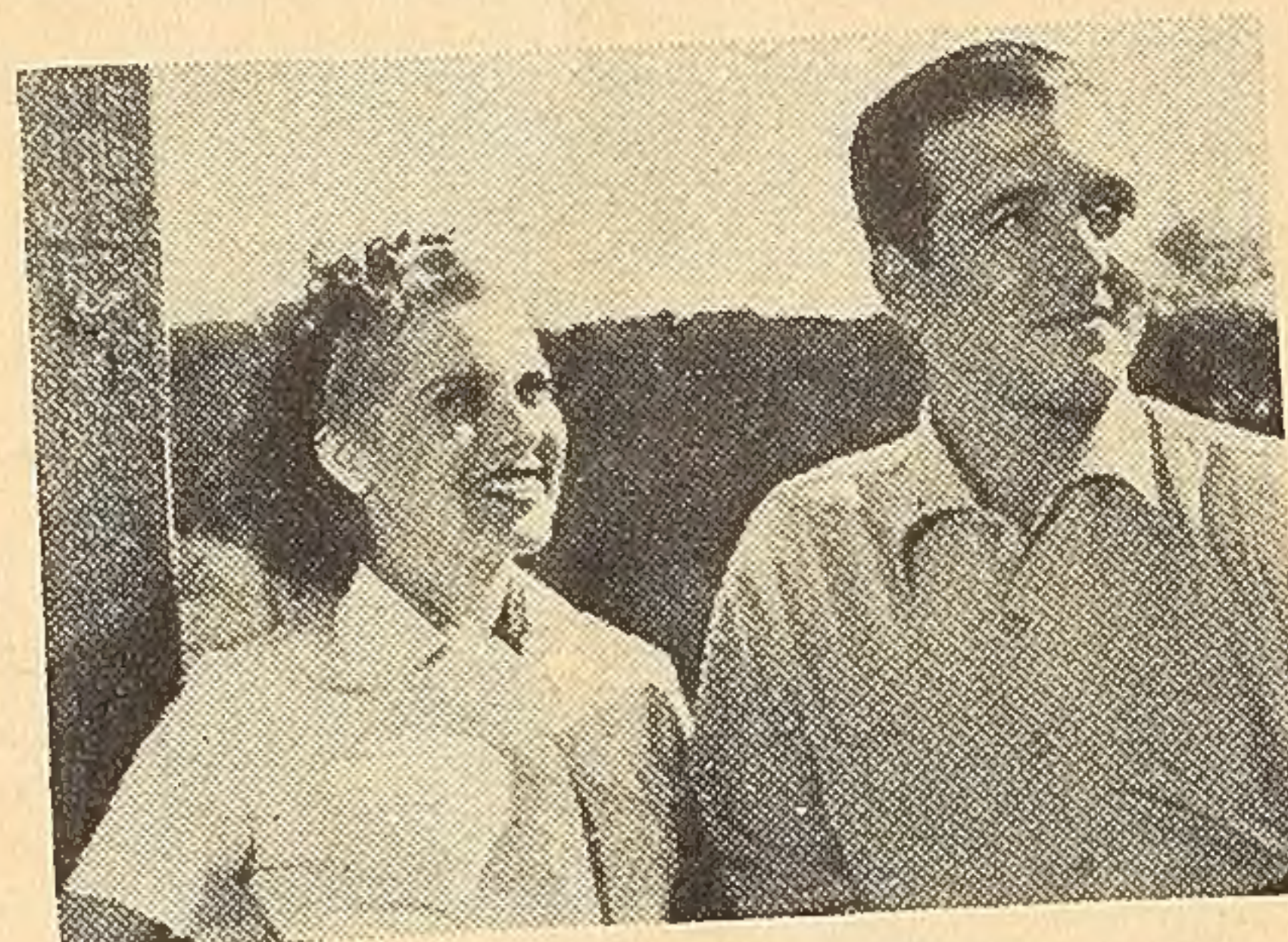
Tagging the Talkies

Delight Evans' Reviews on Pages 62-63



Gold Rush Maisie—M-G-M

Ann Sothern scores another hit as *Maisie*. The showgirl, who knows there'll be a cabaret boom because of the gold rush, goes to Arizona hoping to get a job. This has a more serious tone than its two predecessors and shows *Maisie* coming to the aid of desperate Dust Bowl migrants. And once more Ann gives a grand performance of a lady in her cups. Its crisp, breezy dialogue is type men enjoy. Lee Bowman is also in the cast.



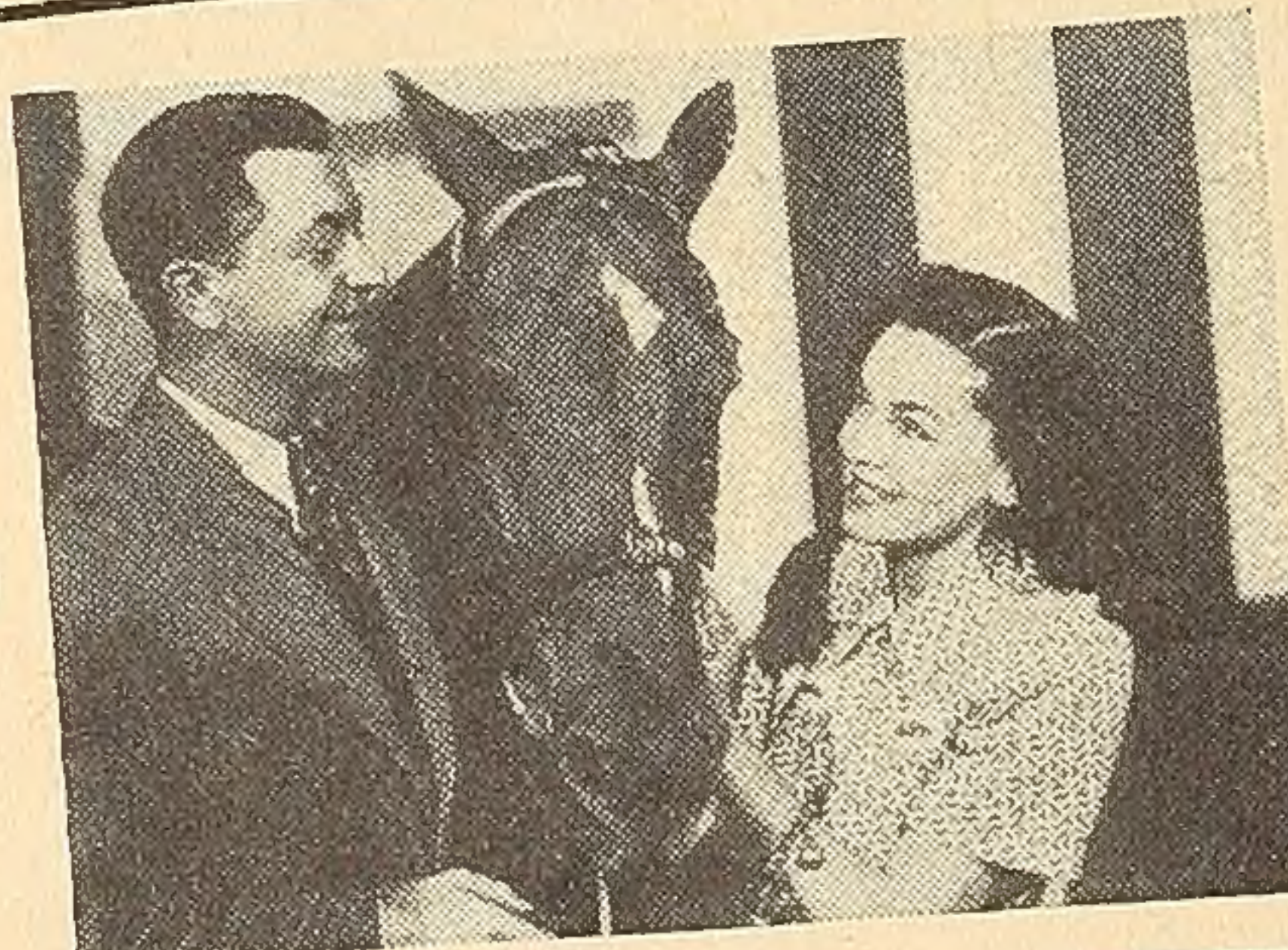
Maryland—20th Century-Fox

This film revolves around the breeding and training of thoroughbred horses. Fay Bainter plays an embittered horsewoman whose interest in horses is reawakened when her son, John Payne, wins the Maryland Hunt Cup. Beautiful panoramas of Maryland's countryside, and flashing silks and scarlet coats of riders show Technicolor in all its splendor. Next to a spectacular steeplechase, film's high spot is a Negro revival. Brenda Joyce in cast.



Untamed—Paramount

A remake of Sinclair Lewis' "Mantrap," silent day film which starred Clara Bow, this has the usual romantic triangle, set in the North Woods. Ray Milland plays a fast-living young city doctor who goes to the Far North to recuperate and falls in love with Patricia Morison, as wife of Akim Tamiroff (a rôle which cries for Lamour). Milland charming as the doctor. Technicolor shots of blizzards and snowdrifts are things of real beauty.



Sporting Blood—M-G-M

This tale of romance and horse racing concerns a small stable owner, Robert Young, who's compelled to return to his ancestral home in Virginia when he goes broke. Scorned by the community, especially *Lockwood* (Lewis Stone), he seeks revenge by marrying Stone's daughter, Maureen O'Sullivan, but through their mutual love of a horse he finds it's real love. Story is dull except in the training and racing sequences, and stable fire.



I Married Adventure—Columbia

An account of the daring adventures of Osa and the late Martin Johnson composed of film from their own cameras, shot on expeditions into dark Africa and Equator islands. This first-hand record of their jungle experiences pictures native customs and wild animal life never before filmed. Awe-inspiring: the mass migration of thirst-driven animals in search of water; thrilling: the shooting and capturing of wild beasts, particularly an orang-outang's capture. Educational.



The Man I Married—20th Century-Fox

This anti-Nazi film is a stirring indictment of cruelties practiced under the swastika. Joan Bennett gives one of her best characterizations as an American girl who accompanies her husband, Francis Lederer, on a trip to Germany and sees him won over to the Hitler doctrine and the wiles of Anna Sten, female Nazi. It's not pleasant filmfare, but because it pulls no punches, everyone should see it. Lederer convincing as the husband.



Scatterbrain—Republic

In-tro-duc-ing Judy Canova! Judy, who has convulsed radio audiences with her clowning, makes her movie debut with a fine backwoods characterization. Through mistaken identity, a hillbilly girl (that's Judy) gets a trip to Hollywood and a chance at stardom. By the time the mistake is discovered she's clicked. Supporting cast is a wow—Eddie Foy, Jr., talent scout; Alan Mowbray, a screwball director; Billy Gilbert as a voice coach.



Carolina Moon—Republic

As a rule, the Western plains are Gene's stamping grounds, but in this one Autry, Smiley Burnette, Champion, and all their pals travel to the South to do their Boy Scout deed. They help the poor land owners save their tax-burdened plantations from falling into the hands of unscrupulous speculators. The scenery change doesn't make it any less exciting than Gene's other films and what it lacks in fast riding it makes up in hard fighting, tuneful numbers.

GOOD BYE DANDRUFF SYMPTOMS!



Soothing Listerine Treatment gives hair and scalp antiseptic bath . . . kills millions of germs associated with infectious dandruff

If infectious dandruff has got you in its grip . . . if you are constantly embarrassed by all the ugly, distressing symptoms of this stubborn disease—the humiliating flakes and scales, the itching, or even inflammation . . . here's news—*grand news!*

Listerine kills millions of germs associated with the infectious type of dandruff—an all too common form of this scalp condition. It destroys, on contact, countless numbers of these tiny, almost invisible parasites, including the queer "bottle bacillus," called *Pityrosporum Ovale*, which outstanding specialists recognize as a causative agent of infectious dandruff.

First Listerine treats hair and scalp to a cooling, soothing antiseptic bath. The scalp tingles and glows, ugly flakes and scales begin to go . . . inflammation and itching are alleviated. Then Listerine Antiseptic gets to work on the germs

themselves. In test after test, in laboratory and clinic, Listerine Antiseptic's germicidal action brought amazingly quick results.

Improvement in 76% of Test Cases

When rabbits were inoculated with *Pityrosporum Ovale* in laboratory research, they quickly developed the usual dandruff symptoms. Within 14 days, on the average, these symptoms disappeared when Listerine Antiseptic was applied daily to the affected areas.

Clinical tests on men and women who used Listerine Antiseptic and massage twice a day brought even more impressive results. In one series of tests, 76% of dandruff sufferers showed either complete disappearance of or marked improvement in the symptoms of dandruff within 30 days. So, if you have the slightest sign of a dandruff condition, do not neglect what may be a real infection.

THE TREATMENT

MEN: Douse full strength Listerine Antiseptic on the scalp morning and night. **WOMEN:** Part the hair at various places, and apply Listerine Antiseptic right along the part with a medicine dropper, to avoid wetting the hair excessively.

Always follow with vigorous and persistent massage with fingers or a good hair brush. Continue the treatment so long as dandruff is in evidence. And even though you're free from dandruff, enjoy a Listerine massage once a week to guard against infection. Listerine is the same antiseptic that has been famous for more than 50 years as a mouth wash and gargle.

Start right now with Listerine Antiseptic and massage. Neglect may aggravate the symptoms. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.

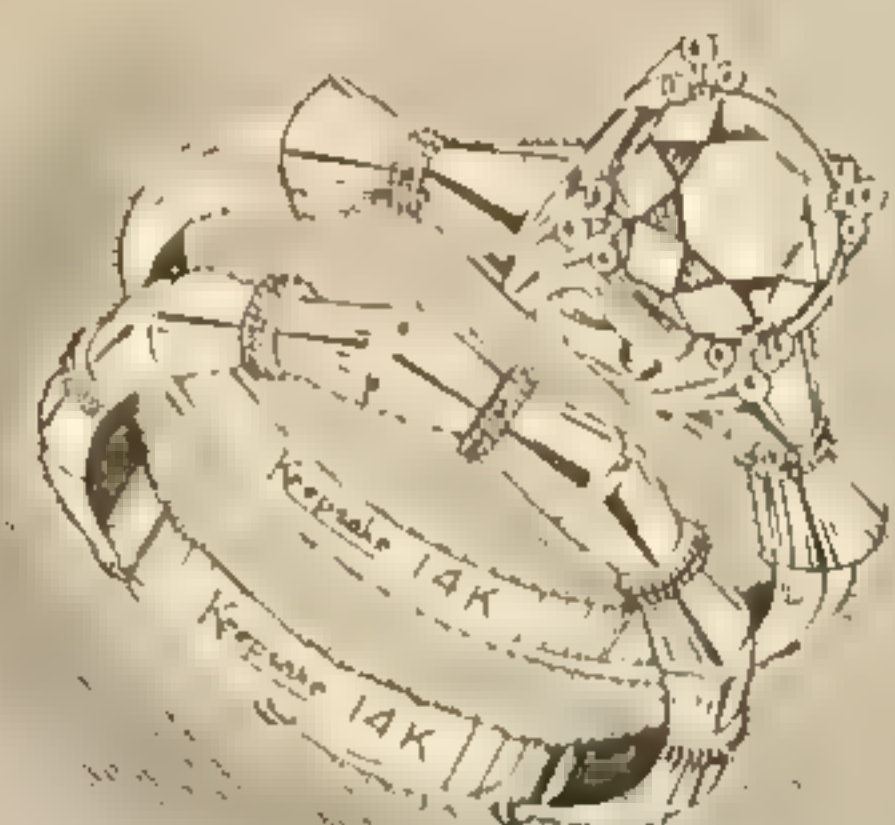
LISTERINE . . . THE MEDICAL TREATMENT THOUSANDS EMPLOY!

"Oh! Darling
it's lovely!"

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DIAMOND ENGAGEMENT RING

If you're heading for a wedding, a genuine registered Keepsake Diamond Ring will make your happiness complete. You'll always take pride in Keepsake's brilliant beauty and distinguished styling. The Certificate of Quality and Registration is your protection against an unwise choice. There's a Keepsake for every taste and purse. Extended payments can usually be arranged. Ask your jeweler to show you the new matched sets.



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details.



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your engagement,
write for Book!



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Please send valuable book, "Etiquette of the Engagement
and Wedding." I enclose 10 cents to cover mailing expense.

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Street and No.....
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Hot from Hollywood

Continued from page 6

DOLORES DEL RIO had all the girls in town in another dither when it was announced that a prominent artist was coming all the way to Hollywood just to paint her portrait. But every feminine star felt better when someone found out that the famous painter was a bosom friend of Orson Welles and was really here vacationing until Orson persuaded him to paint Dolores. That should give you some idea of how hot the Welles-Del Rio interest really is.

IT WAS a swank and important preview. Crowds milled, huge searchlights pierced the inky sky. Stars leaving the theater were wildly cheered by their admiring throngs of fans that packed the forecourt of the theater. As each celebrity's car was called a wail of acclaim rose and blatantly filled the night. Across the street and out of the limelight but cheering wildly and louder than anyone else, Charlie Chaplin, Paulette Goddard, and a group of pals had the time of their lives helping applaud their friends and favorites.

MOVIE-MAKING is in no wise all beer and skittles. Pity poor Gary Cooper! In "North West Mounted Police" you'll see excitement, romance and the splendor of dashing uniforms. But Gary had to wear a red flannel undershirt, and he's allergic to flannel longies.

WHAT price authenticity in Hollywood? You'll get some idea when you find out what the amount of the bill was that Walter Wanger got for vehicles used in one sequence of his new film, "Foreign Correspondent." The setting is Amsterdam, Holland, and almost every foreign made car in Hollywood was used. The bill came to \$4940.

ELSIE, that famous cow RKO used in "Little Men," was treated with far more consideration than any actor who ever came to movie town to play only one rôle. She arrived in a special baggage suite on the Chief, no less, attended by two valets and a maid. She was personally met by Gene Towne and Graham Baker. That alone is a privilege that would give any actor a brilliant send-off in Hollywood. She was whisked off to her specially built dressing room quarters at the studio. Her cocktail party at Ciro's was a command social appearance. Without being given a tremendous panning, Elsie swanked it up as no actor or actress ever dared.

THIS season's last glorious and most uncomplimentary film assignment for an ambitious young actor has just been handed Richard Denning. Over at Paramount he has been assigned to play Wayne Morris' twin brother in "Touchdown"—only Wayne, in reality, plays that part himself. He'll do the stint of both twins in a dual rôle. Denning is the same height as Wayne. He's had his hair dyed the same color, but the *only* shots of him that will appear in the picture will be those of the back of his head. He resembles Morris so closely that he will be used as a glorified stand-in.

THAT loud call of SOS coming from the RKO studios the other day was from a designer who got into a tangle with Madame Maria Ouspenskaya. He didn't know what kind of a woman he was working with when he dealt with this indefatigable Russian. The sequence called for Ouspenskaya to be seen in a photograph as a ballet dancer in her youth. She threw out her chin and snorted when he suggested they fake it. No halfway measures with her! In nothing flat she was in black tights and ballet tulle. She postured tirelessly, and suggested one new pose after the other. She's immensely proud of her trim figure and agility. The designer finally telephoned for help. "Somebody *do* something," he yelled, "I can't get Ouspenskaya out of the gallery, she's been on her toes for hours—and I'm exhausted!"

JOHAN HOWARD got the experience that landed him in pictures by singing on the radio and with a dance band. He led an orchestra, did some professional dancing, and he can play most any instrument, yet he has never been called upon to do any of these things on the screen. . . . The variety of a film star's environment and appeal changes strangely with the years. In a small, out of the way church in Denton, Texas, there is a plaque engraved with Ann Sheridan's name. She is honored there with a perfect Sunday school record.

THE movie colony's past and present loves could easily be written entirely in the language of flowers. In Hollywood when words fail, you simply send a profusion of appropriate blooms. It's rumored that Tony Martin still sends an unending chain of forget-me-nots to Alice Faye. Bill Powell still keeps Jean Harlow's memory close by having her favorite flowers always at her bier. Still in the flush of their romance, Dorothy Lamour never fails to get her two exotic white orchids from Greg Bautzer each day. Tyrone Power's dressing room is never without a bowl of deep red roses—Annabella supplies them. In the language of flowers they mean "I love you!"

MAY ROBSON has just been awarded a singular and touching honor. Her insatiable taste for seeing new pictures has been recognized with a fitting tribute. Every important preview always had May right down in the front aisles. (She won't like this, but her eyes aren't what they were.) May vents her choicest bits of cussin' on studio press agents if they forget to let her know when their new pictures are being shown. Now, all the popular preview houses have banded together and have made two seats available for May at every new picture showing. She won't have to worry any more about missing any up to the minute trend in the industry.

THE town's most amusing nickname has been pinned on Cary Grant. Since his ardent company-keeping with blonde Barbara Hutton Reventlow he's been dubbed "Count." . . . The young film player models at a recent charity fashion show could gleefully have choked Irene Dunne. Irene, not modeling any of the smart rags, stole all the attention anyway. She arrived in a knockout creation. The ensemble was in a smooth putty color from head to heels, accentuated only by sleek narrow lines of black trim.

(Please turn to page 14)

*NOW...SHE'S A DANCING
ROMANCING DEANNA DURBIN*

HER 8TH GREAT HIT
in a parade of perfect pictures... bringing
you more happiness than you've ever had!

Music by
the king of
lilting melody

**ROBERT
STOLZ**

Lyrics by
GUS KAHN

UNIVERSAL PICTURES
presents

Deanna
DURBIN
in
**SPRING
PARADE**

with **ROBERT CUMMINGS**
MISCHA AUER

Produced and Directed by the
creators of her screen sensations...

JOE PASTERNAK
and **HENRY KOSTER**

Butch & Buddy, Ann Gwynne,
Walter Catlett, S. Z. Sakall,
Samuel S. Hinds, Allyn Joslyn,
Reginald Denny

Screenplay by Bruce Manning
and Felix Jackson

Original story—Ernst Marischka

A HENRY KOSTER PRODUCTION

RELEASED SOON! WATCH FOR IT AT YOUR FAVORITE MOVIE!

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"Quilted" for Your Protection. Special "Quilting" makes Fibs the ideal internal protection...keeps Fibs from expanding abnormally in use — prevents risk of particles of cotton adhering — increases comfort and lessens possibility of injury to delicate tissues.

Easy to Use. Fibs, the Kotex Tampon, with new, exclusive features, is more comfortable, more secure, easier to use. Because of the rounded top, no artificial method of insertion is necessary! A Kotex product, Fibs merit your confidence!

Absorbs Faster Than Cotton. Because Fibs is made of surgical Cellucotton (not cotton) which absorbs far more quickly than surgical cotton; that's why hospitals use it. Mail coupon with 10c for trial supply today.

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FIBS—Room 1450A, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago.

I enclose 10c for trial supply of FIBS, the Kotex Tampon, mailed in plain package.

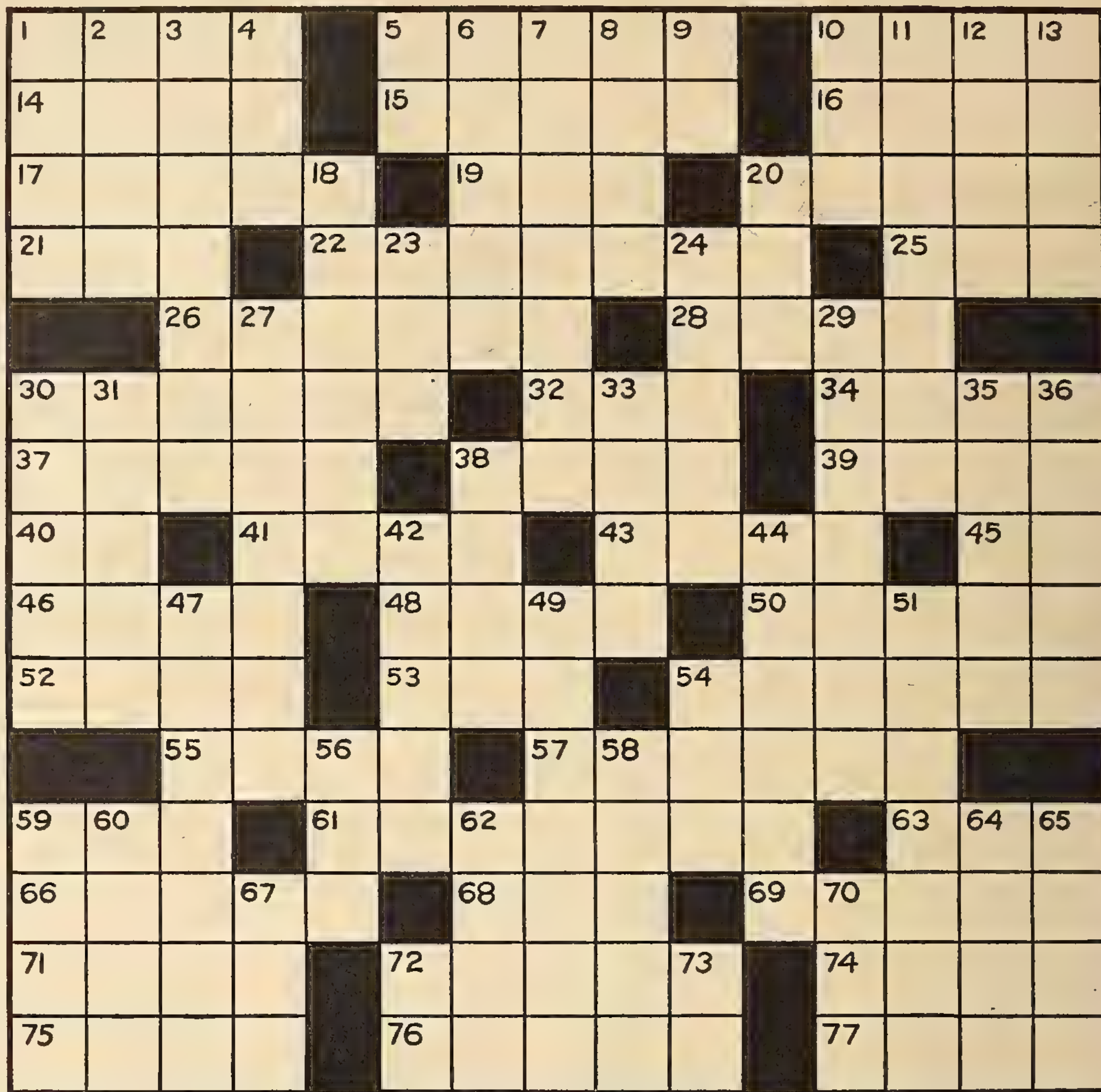
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SCREENLAND'S Crossword Puzzle

By Alma Talley



ACROSS

1. *Scarlett O'Hara's* plantation
5. Birds' bills
10. He's featured in "The Boys from Syracuse"
14. Inspired with reverential fear
15. Pixies
16. "..... With the Wind"
17. He's featured in "Captain Caution"
19. An untruth
20. Flowerless plants
21. A bond, fastening (obsolete)
22. Co-star of "Broadway Melody of 1940"
25. To dine
26. A building material
28. Versifier
30. Norma Shearer's new picture
32. Short poem
34. To pierce with a dagger
37. Tangle
38. Broad smile
39. Narrow band of cloth
40. The seventh note of the diatonic scale
41. To temper, as steel
43. The Orient
45. "I Was - - Adventuress," with Zorina, Richard Greene
46. Part of a church
48. Faithful (poetic)
50. Severe
52. Evergreen trees
53. The "Oomph Girl"
54. An ample quantity
55. Small amount
57. Wrinkle or fold
59. An eagle
61. Her new one is "Dulcy"
63. Small carpet
66. View
68. A pig
69. Every day
71. Short jacket

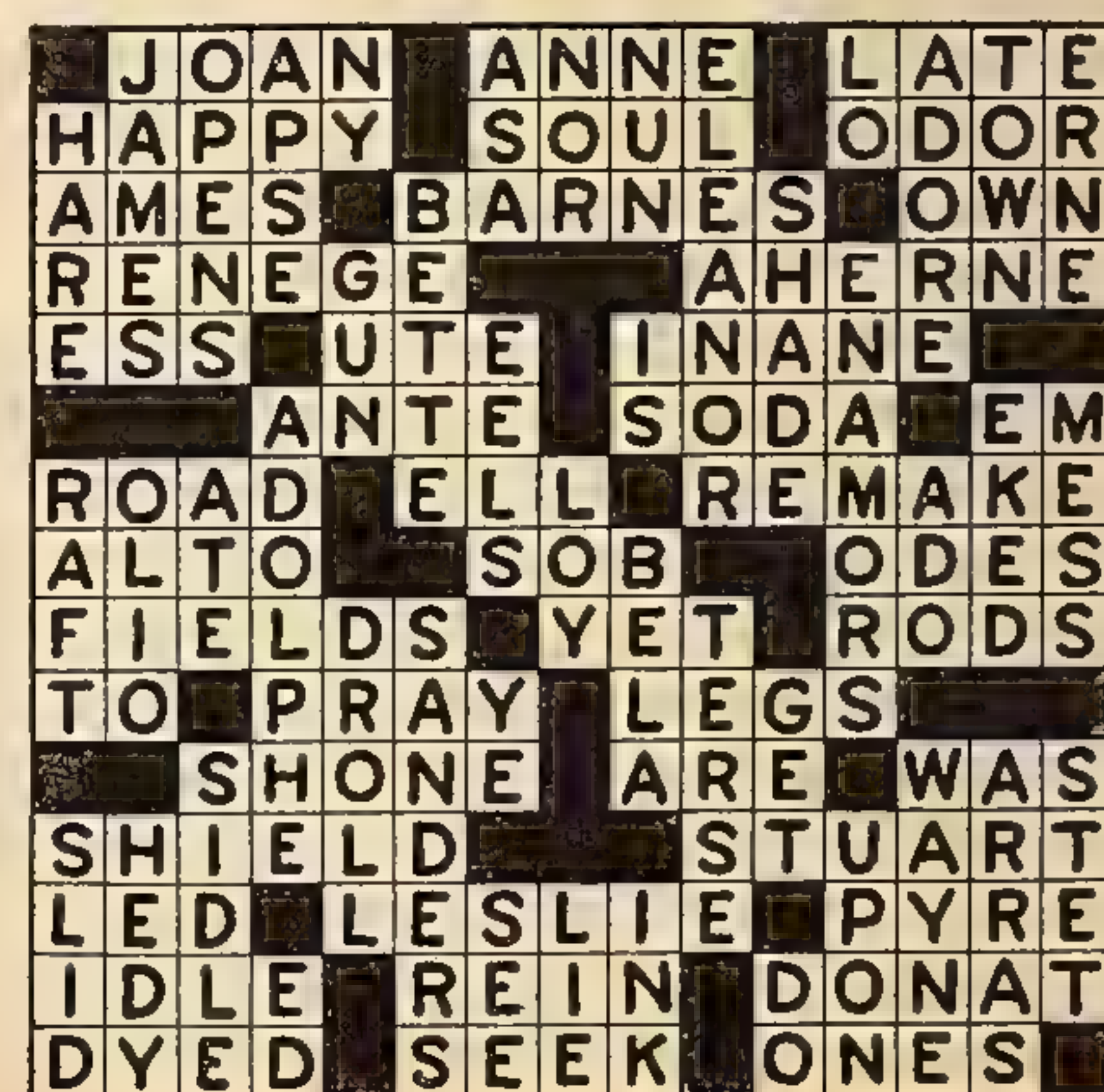
72. Orchestra leader, with Bonnie Baker
74. To harvest
75. Bombastic talk
76. Brazen girl
77. To be (Latin)

DOWN

1. Social finesse
2. Not here
3. Film co-starring Laurence Olivier and Joan Fontaine
4. Fuss
5. To have existence
6. Leading lady in "A Date with Destiny"
7. Flyer
8. Sharp
9. Steamship (abbrev.)
10. "That Certain - - -," a Deanna Durbin film
11. Her new one is "He Stayed for Breakfast"
12. She stars in "Irene"
13. Bird's home
18. She retired from the screen at eleven
20. Away from
23. He stars in "Millionaires in Prison"
24. Uncloses
27. Serious-minded
29. Properties
30. A literary composition
31. To shoot from cover
33. The face of a clock
35. Aside
36. "Buck - - - - Rides Again"
38. A valley
42. Famous mission fort in Texas
44. Land surrounded by water
47. Retired film star

49. Weights to hold a boat motionless in water
51. Foes
54. By
56. Mrs. Martin Johnson
58. He's featured in "Arizona"
59. At any time
60. Young girl in "Susan and God"
62. By means of (simplified spelling)
64. Exclamation of woe
65. Pattern, example
67. An explosive
70. "We Who - - - Young," with Lana Turner
72. Exclamation
73. Eastern state (abbrev.)

Answer To Last Month's Puzzle





"Too Many Girls" may be the title of Ann Miller's new film, but there never can be too many girls if they're as lovely and curvacious as the raven-haired, dancing Ann.

Hot from Hollywood

Continued from page 14

RICHARD CROMWELL proves again that he is one of the most versatile of Hollywood's talented young bloods. He has done enough of his own canvases to be able to give a one man show, which has just set the town on its ear. Not only did he get the praise of connoisseurs of line and detail, but he sold the picture that he's particularly proud of to song-writer Cole Porter.

EVEN Elsa Maxwell's enemies are feeling a little sorry for her these days. Her rôle in "Legacy" makes it necessary for her to do little else than puff on odoriferous black cigars throughout the picture. On the set, Elsa looks as wan and forlorn as Hedy Lamarr at a Joan Bennett party. Tobacco smoke gives her a desperately unstable feeling in her stomach. For once she isn't the life of the gathering!

THOSE pesky photographers just never leave the golden girls of the screen alone. They can't even eat lunch in peace. Every appearance at a popular Hollywood restaurant means a series of flashlights popping in their faces. But Lucille Ball can fix 'em. Lucille sat in the Brown Derby, chic as a Schiaparelli model. Soon a photographer was pushing a camera right up into her face. Quick as a flash Lucille popped off her sleek John Fredrick's bonnet and there, a la topsy, was her strawberry hair tight to her head in curlers. The amazed and frightened bulber backed away without as much as one shot.

S.O.S. — S.O.S. Swell Music—but Wrong Girl



**Stay popular! Every day..and before every date
prevent underarm odor with Mum**

IT WAS such swell music—and such a should-have-been swell girl! But just a *hint* of underarm odor—even in a pretty girl—and men are quick to notice...certain to disapprove!

To *stay* popular... from the beginning of the evening till it's time to go home... smart girls make a *habit* of Mum. It's never wise to expect your *bath* to keep underarms fresh! A bath removes only *past* perspiration, but Mum prevents risk of *future* underarm odor. Mum every day saves you worry—makes you "nice" to be *near*!

More girls use Mum than any other deodorant... and Mum makes new, de-

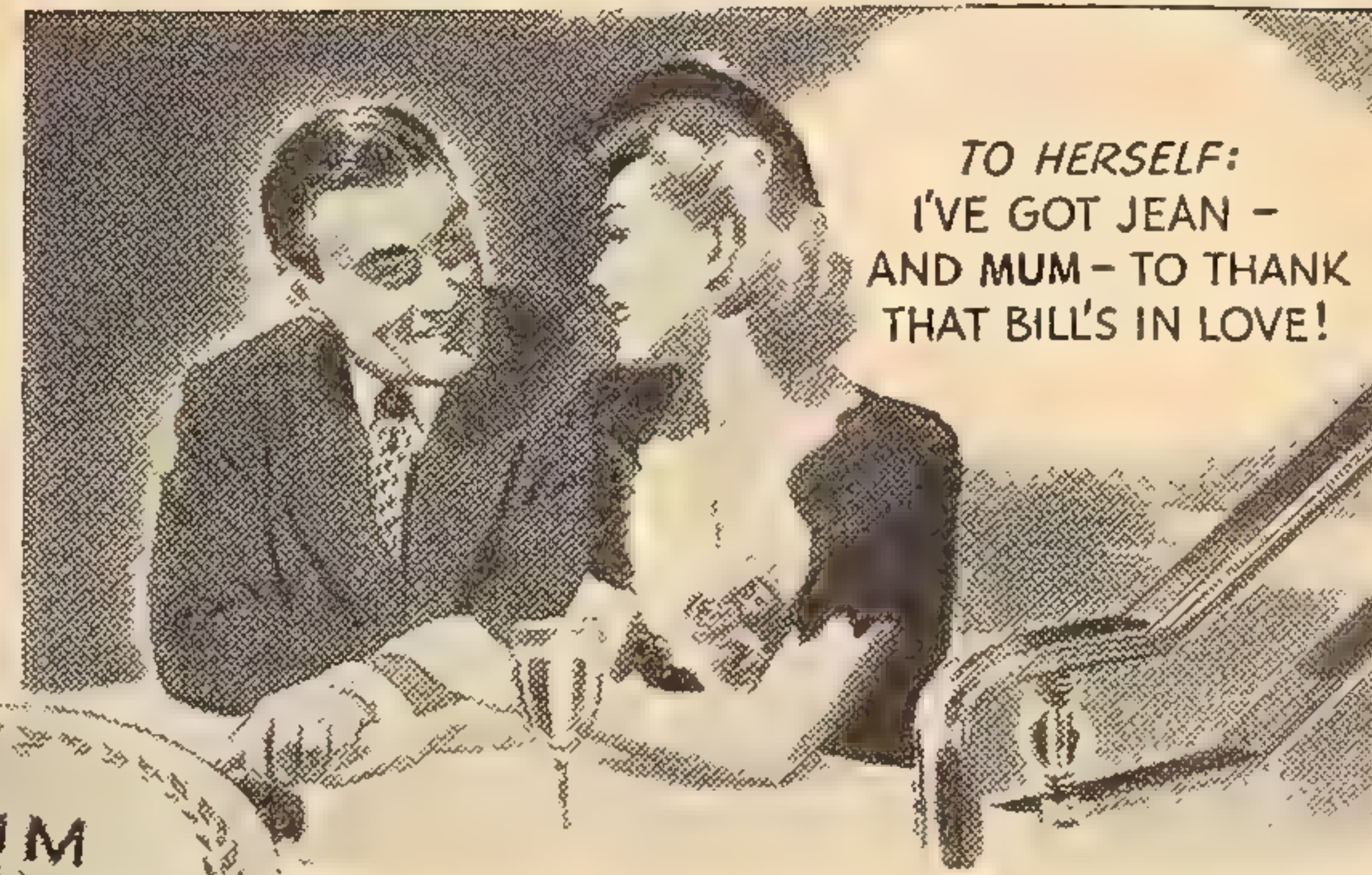
lighted users every single day! You'll be sure to like Mum for dependability and—

SPEED! Only 30 seconds to prevent underarm odor *for hours!*

SAFETY! The American Institute of Laundering Seal tells you Mum is harmless to *any* kind of fabric...so gentle that even after underarm shaving, it won't irritate your skin.

LASTING CHARM! Mum keeps underarms fresh—not by stopping the perspiration, but by preventing the *odor*. Get Mum today at your druggist's. Use it every day. Then you need never worry that underarm odor is spoiling your charm.

MUM AFTER EVERY BATH SAVES POPULARITY



For Sanitary Napkins

More women prefer Mum for this use, too, because it's gentle, safe... guards charm. Avoid offending—always use Mum!



MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

CONTINUOUS ACTION IN FEMININE HYGIENE

Now made
possible
by amazing
suppositories



• Women have long wanted it. Scientists have struggled to find it. And here it is at last! A dainty, safe method in feminine hygiene that gives continuous action for hours without use of poison. Yet!—has the remarkable ability to kill germs on contact.

Called Zonitors—these dainty, snow white suppositories spread a greaseless protective coating. To kill germs, bacteria on contact. To cleanse antiseptically. To deodorize—not by temporarily masking—but by destroying odor.

Zonitors are most powerful continuous-action suppositories. Yet entirely gentle to delicate tissues. Non-caustic, contain no poison. Don't burn. Even help promote healing.

Greaseless, Zonitors are completely removable with water. Nothing to mix, no apparatus needed. Come 12 in package individually sealed in glass bottles. Get Zonitors at druggists.

Zonitors

revealing booklet, sent in plain envelope, write Zonitors, Dept. 2009—Chrysler Bldg., New York City

FREE

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DURABLE PLASTIC CABINETS
Dual Bands - Magictenna - Microdial

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SONG POEM WRITERS

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Completed manuscripts considered for publication. Poems if found suitable. Legitimate talent encouragement. Dept. A, Cine-Mart Music Publishing Company, Hollywood, Calif.

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Remove superfluous hair privately at home, following directions with ordinary care and skill. The Mahler Method positively prevents the hair from growing again by killing the hair root. The delightful relief will bring happiness, freedom of mind and greater success. Backed by 45 years of successful use all over the world. Send 6c in stamps **TODAY** for Illustrated Booklet, "How to Remove Superfluous Hair Forever."

D. J. Mahler Co., Inc., Dept. 29M, Providence, R. I.

Inside the Stars' Homes

By
Betty
Boone

"Andy Hardy's Big Sister" — Cecilia Parker in private life — invites you to a Southern California breakfast, with new and tempting recipes

Pretty Cecilia Parker welcomes friends at the quaint gate of her home. At right, in her gay yellow kitchen with the pumpkin chiffon pie her guests cry for.



NO! We don't want to sell it. No, please, no. My husband won't sell it. We're going to keep it, see? **KEEP it!**

That was Cecilia Parker speaking, very much flushed and earnest, as she stood under the lantern at her rustic front gate. "It" referred to her house, a pretty little Mexican-style place with deep flowered window-boxes and patios decorated with colored tile. The delegation of eager women drove away and Cecilia greeted me somewhat shakily. It appeared that whenever the young Baldwins (Cecilia is Mrs. Dick Baldwin) buy a place and get it fixed up according to Dick's ideas, a line of purchasers springs up from nowhere intent on snatching it away from them. They had been coaxed to let their honeymoon house go because the offer was too good to turn down; and only last week Dick sold a favorite place up the street.

"We're building on our ranch in the valley," Cecilia confided. "It isn't finished and I don't know when it will be, but already people camp on our doorstep here and try to buy this house. We don't want to sell it; we're crazy about it! When we

finally move to the valley, we may rent it, but neither of us can bear to part with it."

Everything about the place means something to Cecilia. The post under the lantern came from Barbara Stanwyck's old house and Dick painted it to match his rustic fence. The pansies in the front window box were grown by Cecilia and have "stems as long as your arm." (I took some home—of course everyone says *my* arms are a bit long.)

It's a small home, a livable place, with the sort of things your real estate agent tells you to look for—entrance hall, plenty of closets, a big fireplace with a mantel, lots of windows, airy bedrooms and a kitchen any bride would gloat over. The kitchen's in yellow, yellow tile and washable paper, crisp curtains, electric stove and every conceivable gadget.

"We all have hobbies in this house—Dick's is fixing up houses, mine is

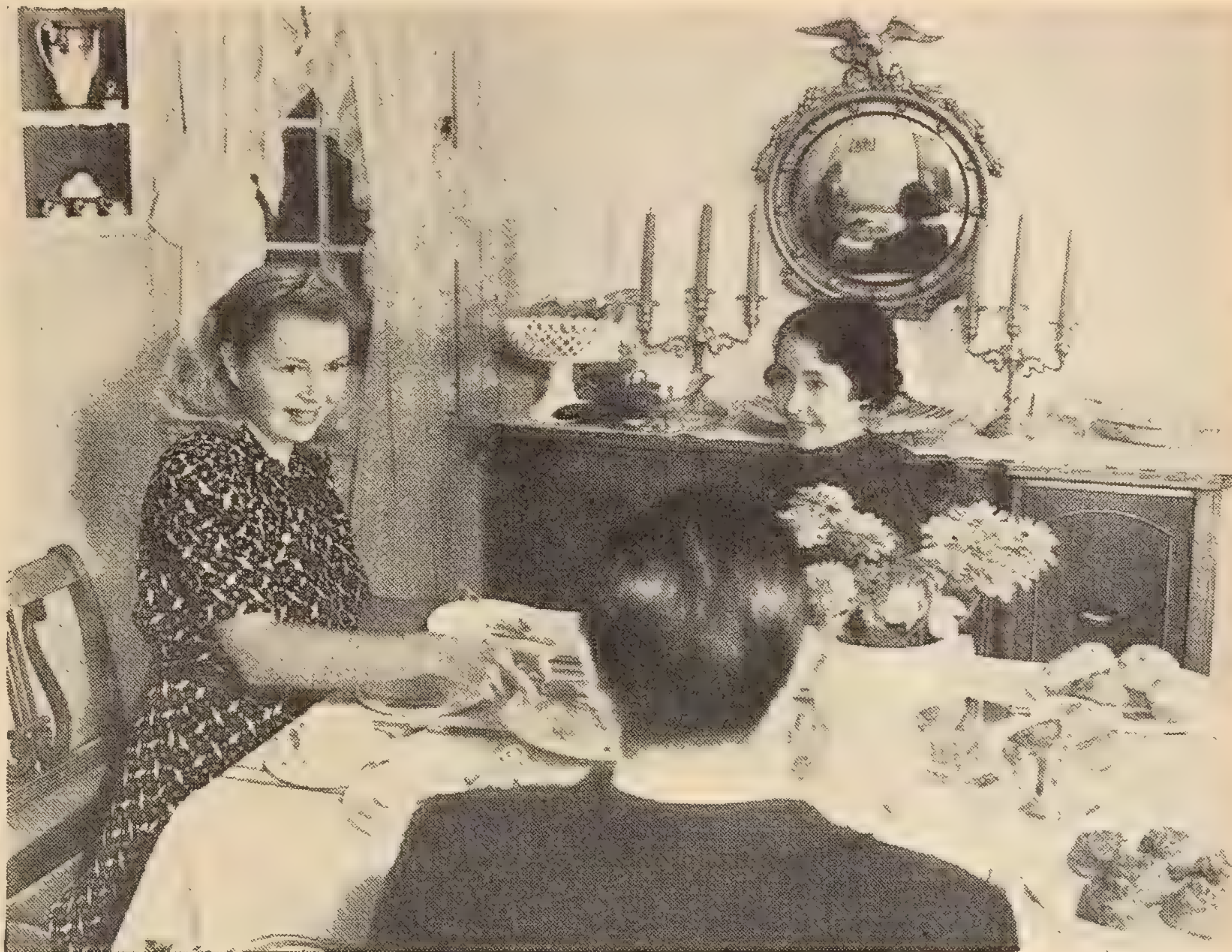


Cecilia isn't kidding about her cooking hobby—she collects not only recipes but kitchen gadgets. Above, with old wooden lemon squeezer. At right, she serves a special Southern California breakfast to her guests, including our Betty Boone.

of scarlet—scarlet leather cushions on the chairs, scarlet in the lamp shades on the chandelier, repeated in the hunting coats of the sports prints on the wall. The colors in kitchen and dining room have all the brilliance and gaiety of Mexico, but the living room is “pure Baldwin.” It has cream-colored walls, a soft green rug, a grand piano set in a studio window, a fine mantel over the fireplace, plenty of deep comfortable chairs, low tables with lamps

at good reading height, books and fresh cut flowers.

On the mantel are a pair of baby shoes with copper toes that once belonged to Dick and a tiny white kid shoe of Cecilia's infancy. By 1941 there should be another pair of booties there. Some time around Thanksgiving John Robert Michael Baldwin is expected to join the family. “I can't seem to think of any girls’
(Please turn to page 90)



cooking, and Dick's mother's is antiques. She doesn't live with us, but she has had a big part in helping us find what we want,” said Cecilia. “She adores hunting up quaint and beautiful things. Sometimes it's silver—she gave me all my lovely antique silver pieces—sometimes it's lemon squeezers.” She brought out a china figure whose head lifted off to disclose the squeezing ribs, and a wooden squeezer something like a nutcracker.

The silver was on the buffet in the dining room, a gay place done with touches

VIVACIOUS VASSAR SENIOR, BETTY BURLINGHAM, SAYS:

*If you want glamour... get
that modern natural look!*

IT'S EASY WITH THIS FACE POWDER
YOU CHOOSE BY THE COLOR OF YOUR EYES!

Powder that follows the *modern* trend in makeup—that gives you the fresh, *natural* look of gay, young “collegiennes”—that's what Richard Hudnut has created in Marvelous Face Powder, the powder you choose by *the color of your eyes!*

For eye color is definitely related to the color of your skin, your hair. It is the simplest guide to powder that matches and glorifies your own coloring . . . gives you that enchanting *natural* look that men adore!

So, whether your eyes are blue, brown, gray or hazel, it's *easy* now to find the powder that is exactly *right* for you. Just ask for Richard Hudnut *Marvelous Face Powder* . . . the powder that's keyed to *the color of your eyes!*

Marvelous Face Powder goes on so *smoothly* . . . clings for *hours* . . . agrees so well with even the most sensitive skin! *For complete color harmony*, use matching Marvelous Rouge and Lipstick, too.

*Hudnut Marvelous Face Powder and harmonizing Rouge and Lipstick
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RICHARD HUDNUT, Dept. M, 693 Fifth Ave., New York City
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Check the color of your eyes! Brown ☐ Blue ☐ Hazel ☐ Gray ☐

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SPECTACULAR!
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... revealing the story behind the heroic
Mormon trek westward! 20,000 people
seeking a land where a man—wives and
children—brave young lovers and a fighting
leader—could find the freedom they were
willing to die for!

DARRYL F. ZANUCK'S
Production of

BRIGHAM YOUNG

by **LOUIS BROMFIELD**

starring

TYRONE

with

LINDA

POWER • DARNELL

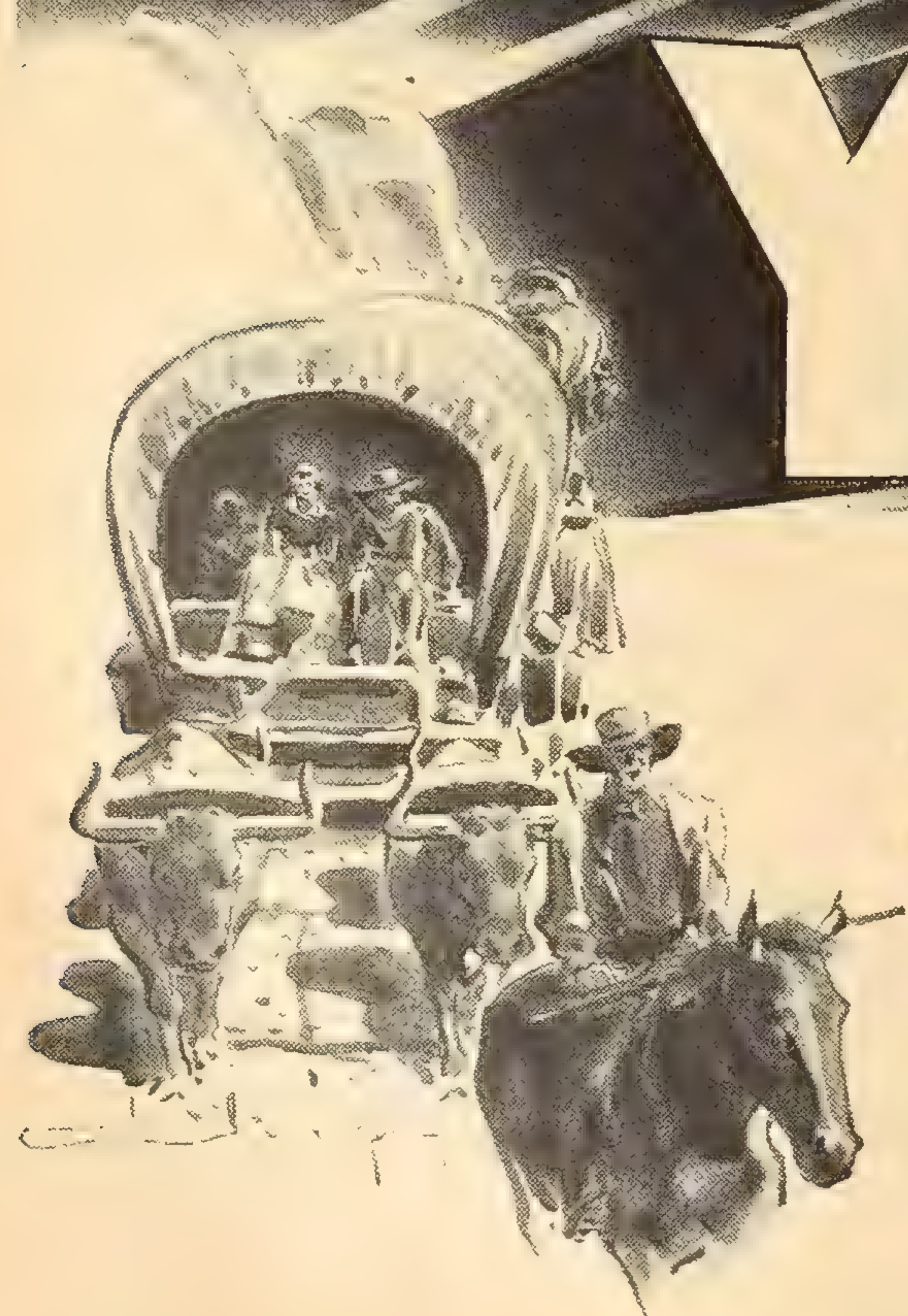
Brian Donlevy • Jane Darwell • John Carradine
Mary Astor • Vincent Price • Jean Rogers • Ann Todd

and **DEAN JAGGER** as
Brigham Young

Directed by Henry Hathaway

Associate Producer Kenneth Macgowan • Screen Play by Lamar Trotti

A Twentieth Century-Fox Picture



The Editor's Page



An Open Letter to Alan Hale

You know this man for his many fine film performances. Even though he has never been a star, Alan Hale is one of Hollywood's important actors. He has earned this tribute! Scene at left shows him with Ida Lupino in "They Drive By Night."

DEAR WONDER-BOY:

I've been owing you this letter for a long, long time—although I must say you certainly don't look it. Tell us your secret of eternal youth, will you, buddy? Guess some of the Hollywood Glamor Girls would give a lot to know it, too.

Now the reason it has taken me so long to write you this letter is that somehow you just aren't the sort of movie star who gets fan mail. You deserve as many letters as Nelson Eddy, but you don't get 'em. And it's about time something was done about recognizing you as the important person you really are.

Frankly, I think you, and other character actors like you, mean more to motion pictures than a dozen Glamor Boys. They may have more hair, and less chin—but you have the artistry, whether it's appreciated or not. I was reminded of how much we movie-goers owe you in the way of entertainment when in the past few weeks I saw you in two pictures: "The Sea Hawk," in which you did a grand job once more as Errol Flynn's right-hand strong man; and "They Drive By Night," in which

you achieved a genuinely fine characterization of a ridiculous but lovable good-time-Charlie in the clutches of Ida Lupino. Somehow we've been seeing you around so long that we've been taking you for granted; we've got so used to your cherubic countenance and genial laugh or awful roar that we overlook you and concentrate on the newer, younger faces—and figures. But that's not fair and I want to make it up to you. That is, I'm *trying*. I wanted to print a nice, dignified portrait of Hale—you know, one of those with tricky lighting and a soulful look. I wanted to—but I couldn't find one. All I could dig up was the funny-looking picture you see here—wearing a straw hat, of all things, and a broad grin!

Well, that's what I get for trying to glamorize a grand guy like you.

Delight Evans



Robert Montgomery couldn't find words with which to thank Bette Davis for her tireless efforts on behalf of the Red Cross, but his expression was enough.



Roz Russell, shown with Bette, also took part in the Red Cross Benefit Party at the Tom May estate in Beverly Hills. Workers wore distinguishing ribbon sashes.

HOLLYWOOD WHIRL



Maybe the William Powells, shown dining at the Grove are no longer considered newlyweds, but Diana still look at Bill with that adoring bridey look in her eye



Looking strangely unfamiliar with his long moustache, Fredric March attended the party for raising Red Cross funds with Mrs. March and Richard Barthelmess.



All young lovers like to be by themselves and Jimmy Stewart and Olivia de Havilland are no exception. They've found a quiet corner table at the Coconut Grove, above.

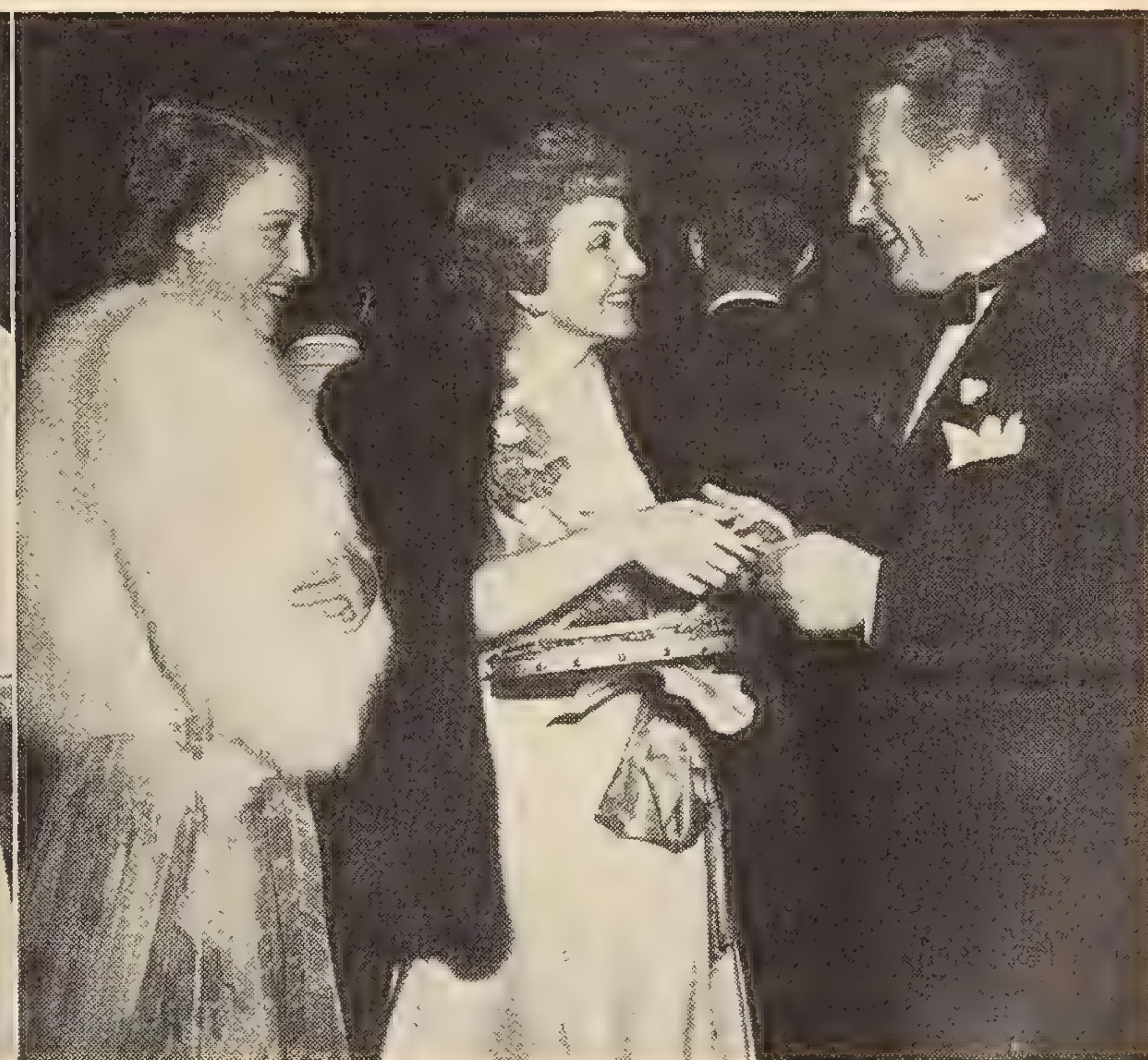


Alan Hale, Brenda Marshall and Bill Holden attending the "Sea Hawk" preview, where Brenda announced her engagement to Bill, who's wearing a beard for "Arizona."

Whether it's a Red Cross fund raising party or a private little party for two, like the Stewart—de Havilland one, SCREENLAND'S cameraman, Len Weissman, catches them all



Irene Dunne, Jeanette MacDonald, and Myrna Loy, three of the Hollywood beauties who solicited subscriptions for the Red Cross, seem happy over their generous receipts.



Claudette Colbert made Gene Raymond come through with another contribution as his wife, Jeanette MacDonald, who got Gene's first liberal donation, looks on smilingly.

Why My Marriage Ended in Heartbreak!

A Hollywood Bride Tells

How two grand young people, terribly in love, tried to lick the movie-marriage jinx—and failed. The inside story of the Wayne Morris separation

By Elizabeth Wilson



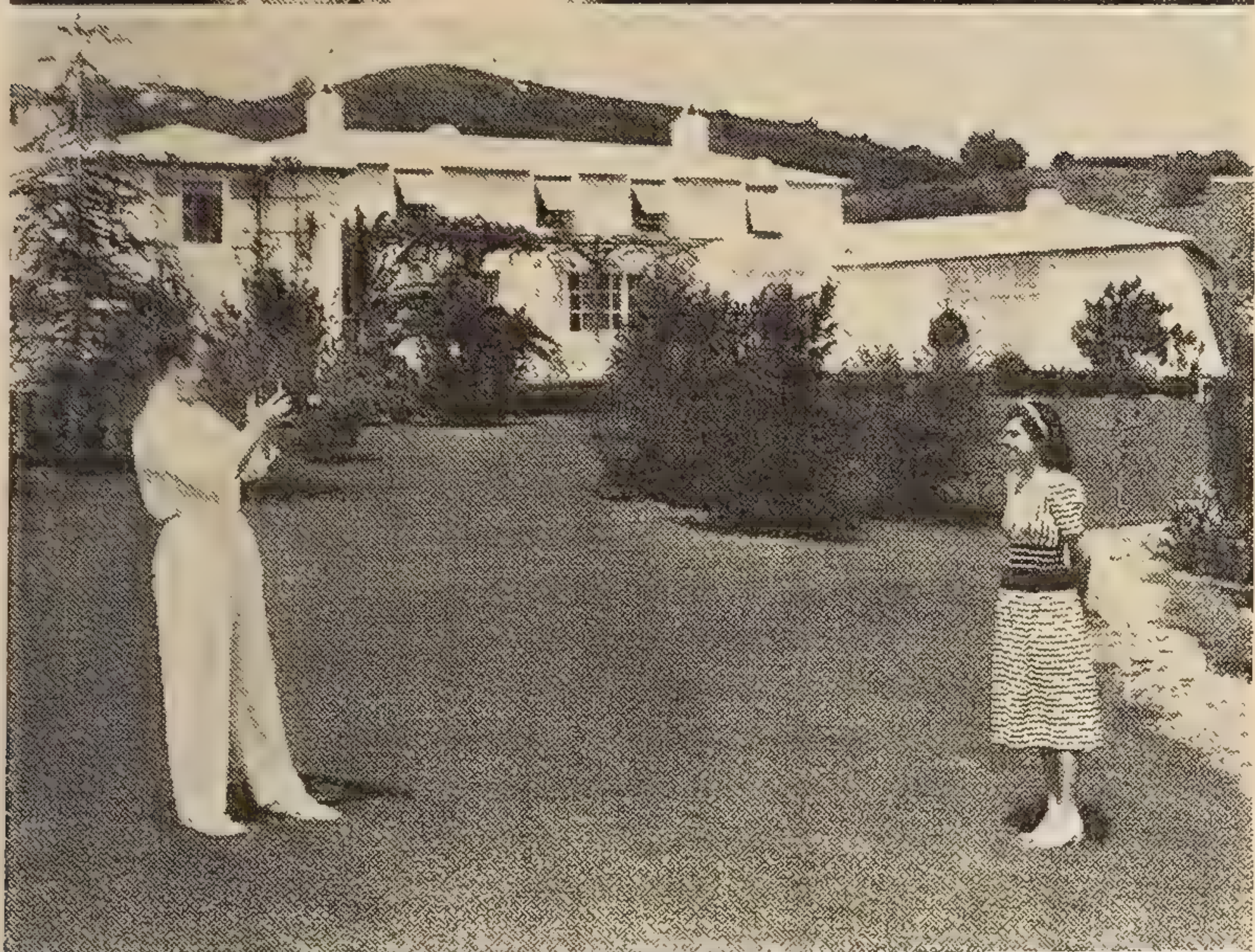
ONE of the most beautiful homes in Brentwood is now for sale. On a high knoll facing the blue Pacific it stands, lonely and aloof, wrapped in the brooding stillness of a love that is lost forever, a happiness that will never come back.

It is the home of two grand young people who couldn't make a go of marriage. It is the home of blond, broad-shouldered Wayne Morris, and of his lovely, dark-eyed wife, the former Bubbles Schinasi. They no longer want their home. Hurt and heartbroken, and terribly bewildered by it all, they no longer want each other.

To this home, a wedding present



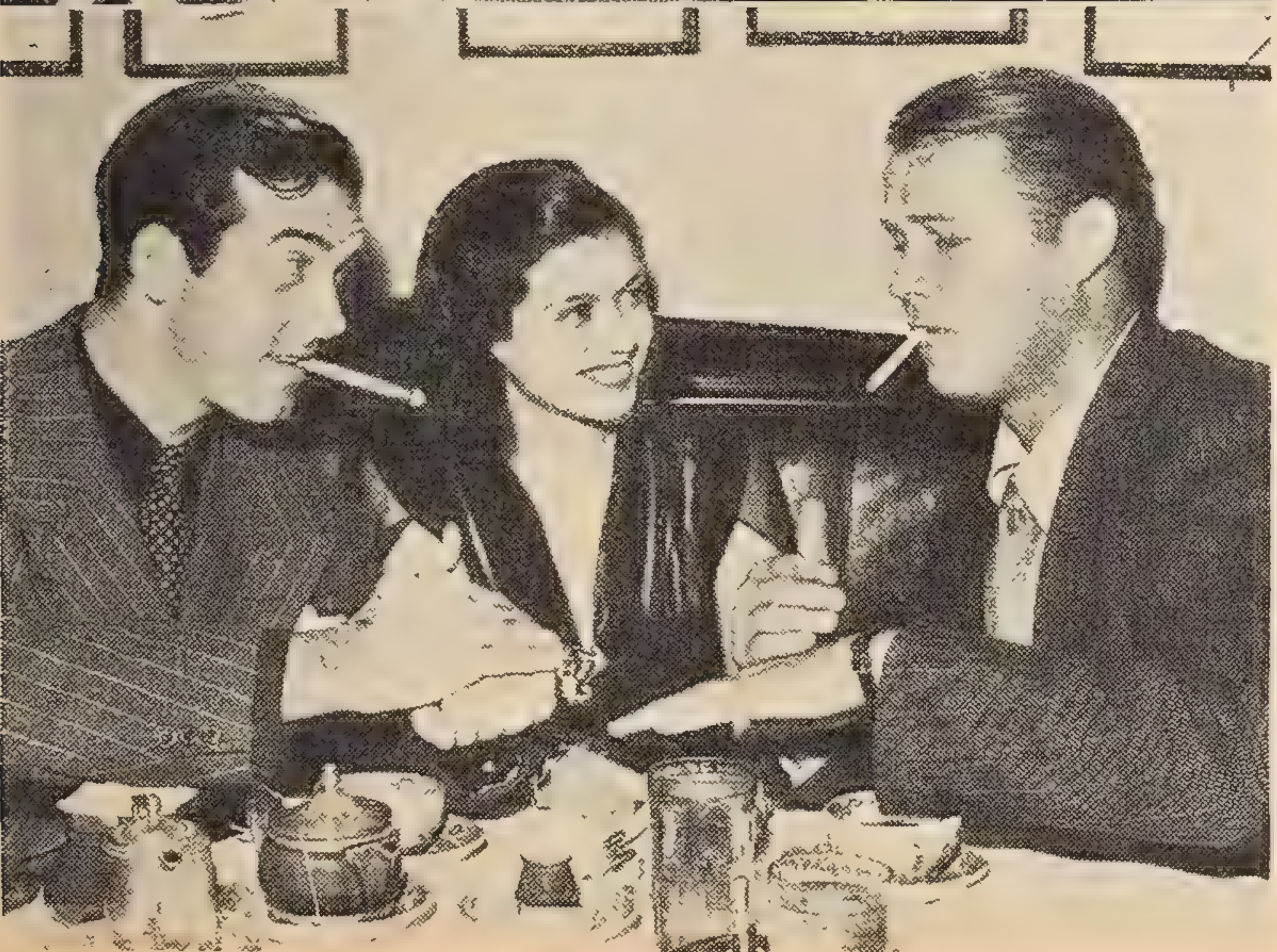
← **Pretty New York heiress, Bubbles Schinasi, marries movie actor Wayne Morris, tries to fit in Hollywood's hectic whirl**



← **Their luxurious honeymoon house, gift of the bride's mother, is now for sale. Kids couldn't find happiness in it**



← **The young wife tried desperately hard to adjust herself to personal appearance tours, other movie publicity duties**



← **Last pathetic efforts to recapture their lost romance found Bubbles and Wayne making the gay rounds with friends**

from his gracious and attractive mother-in-law, Wayne brought his eighteen-year-old heiress bride less than two years ago, carrying her across the threshold in the well-known tradition of bridegrooms. And to this home last December he brought his infant son, Michael, who even at the early age of two weeks was the "spittin' image" of his old man.

Not so many months ago there was laughter around the Morris' luxurious swimming pool where gathered on hot afternoons Hollywood's younger set—Jane Wyman and Ronald Reagan, Anne Shirley and John Payne, Frances Robinson, Patricia Ellis, and others. There was laughter and the sound of music in the huge playroom on the second floor where Bubbles played Gershwin and

Eddy Duchin records, and Wayne took on all comers at billiards or ping pong.

But now all is silence. Wayne has moved to an apartment hotel in Hollywood. Bubbles, heartsick in a house filled with memories, stays for the most part with her mother and grandmother, her young sister and brother, who are spending the summer and early fall near the beach at Santa Monica. The imposing Morris estate in Brentwood, with its spacious rolling lawns, the honeymoon home of Wayne and Bubbles, is for sale.

When Bubbles (her real name is Leonora, but no one ever calls her that) married Wayne at the Victor Hugo in Beverly Hills on January 8, 1939, exactly two months

and three weeks after their first meeting, the Hollywood writers and columnists fairly drooled all over their typewriters. To be sure, big, blond, twenty-four-year-old Wayne and his slender brunette Bubbles, who looks very much like a fairy princess from a childhood story book, were quite the youngest and most handsome couple Hollywood had seen in many a moon. No wonder the columnists cooed and gurgled. "These two young people have everything," they wrote. "Wayne is one of Hollywood's most liked movie stars, and Bubbles is one of New York's most popular young socialites. With Wayne's fame and Bubbles' fortune, with their youth and attractiveness, their marriage is bound to be a happy one." And so we all believed.

Why then did their marriage end in heartbreak? It's rather a pity to have to blame Hollywood—poor Hollywood gets blamed for everything these days—but I'm afraid Hollywood must be blamed for the failure of another marriage. Bubbles herself refuses to place the blame on Hollywood where she has spent seventeen of the most eventful months of her young life. "I like Hollywood," she says. "Of course I like New York better. I was born there, it's a part of me, it's my home. I shall return there this fall, but Michael and I will spend a part of every year in Hollywood."

I first met Wayne and Bubbles on the train which was taking a bunch of writers and (*Please turn to page 76*)

Pat O'Brien's Message



Above, Patrick William O'Brien, in Knute Rockne make-up, met his namesake, John Patrick O'Brien (holding football), in Notre Dame's football stadium. Johnny plays Right End on Notre Dame's 1940 first-string. Pat played sub-quarterback at Marquette University and competed against Notre Dame in 1921.

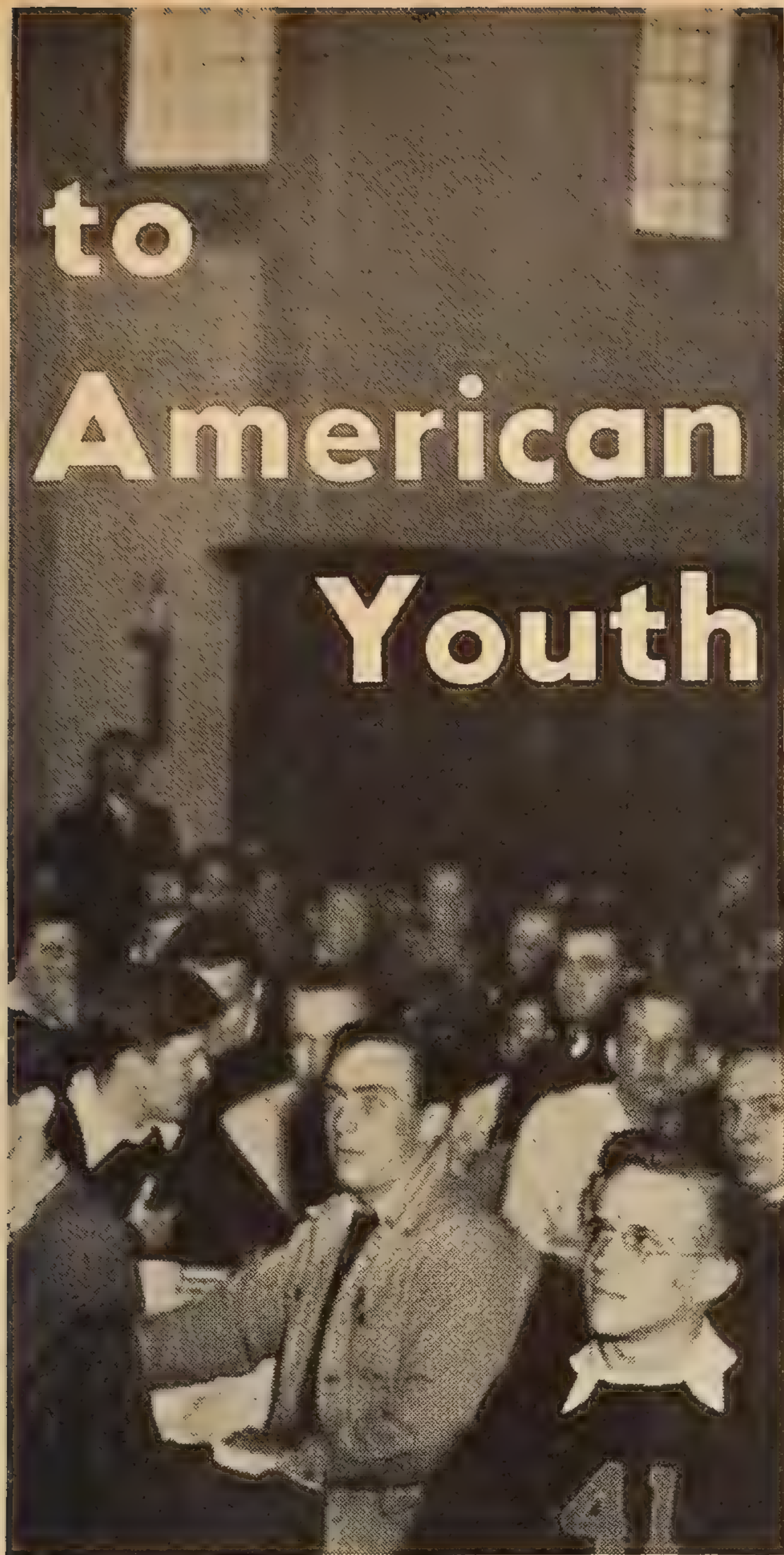
"THE only time I ever feel like quitting motion pictures is when I think of you kids."

That's how Pat O'Brien began to give his advice to you kids. And although he was, presumably, talking to me, at least I sat across the luncheon table from him, he almost seemed to forget I was there, he seemed to be talking right over my shoulder to YOU.

As for me, I neither resented his detachment nor felt any surprise. For Pat was in his incredibly realistic make-up as Knute Rockne and so uncannily did he resemble the late, great coach that it's no wonder Mrs. Rockne wept when she saw him make love to Gale Page, who plays Mrs. Rockne in the picture; no wonder it was eerily easy for me to confuse the two men in my mind so that the detachment of O'Brien's (?), Rockne's (?) manner seemed natural, even a trace supernatural.

Why, when Mrs. Rockne first came to Hollywood to advise on "Knute Rockne—All American," Pat, with that sensitiveness of his which, unfailingly, touches the hearts of people gently, invited her to dinner at his home the night she arrived. There he showed her a series of stills taken of his Rockne make-up in successive stages so that when she saw him actually before her, the shock would not be too great.

So, then, his eyes beyond me, somewhere out there in the world where all you kids live and learn, he was saying: "You've got one big danger to meet and overcome, kids. It's this: It's too easy for youth today to get soft, inside and out. That's what I had in mind when I said I sometimes think of quitting motion pictures. Just because you kids see fellows like us, making big dough, getting a lot of fame and hand-clapping and spotlight, you



Listen, you kids! Pat isn't preaching, he's telling you out of his own 40 years' experience how you can make the most of being good Americans in this troubled world

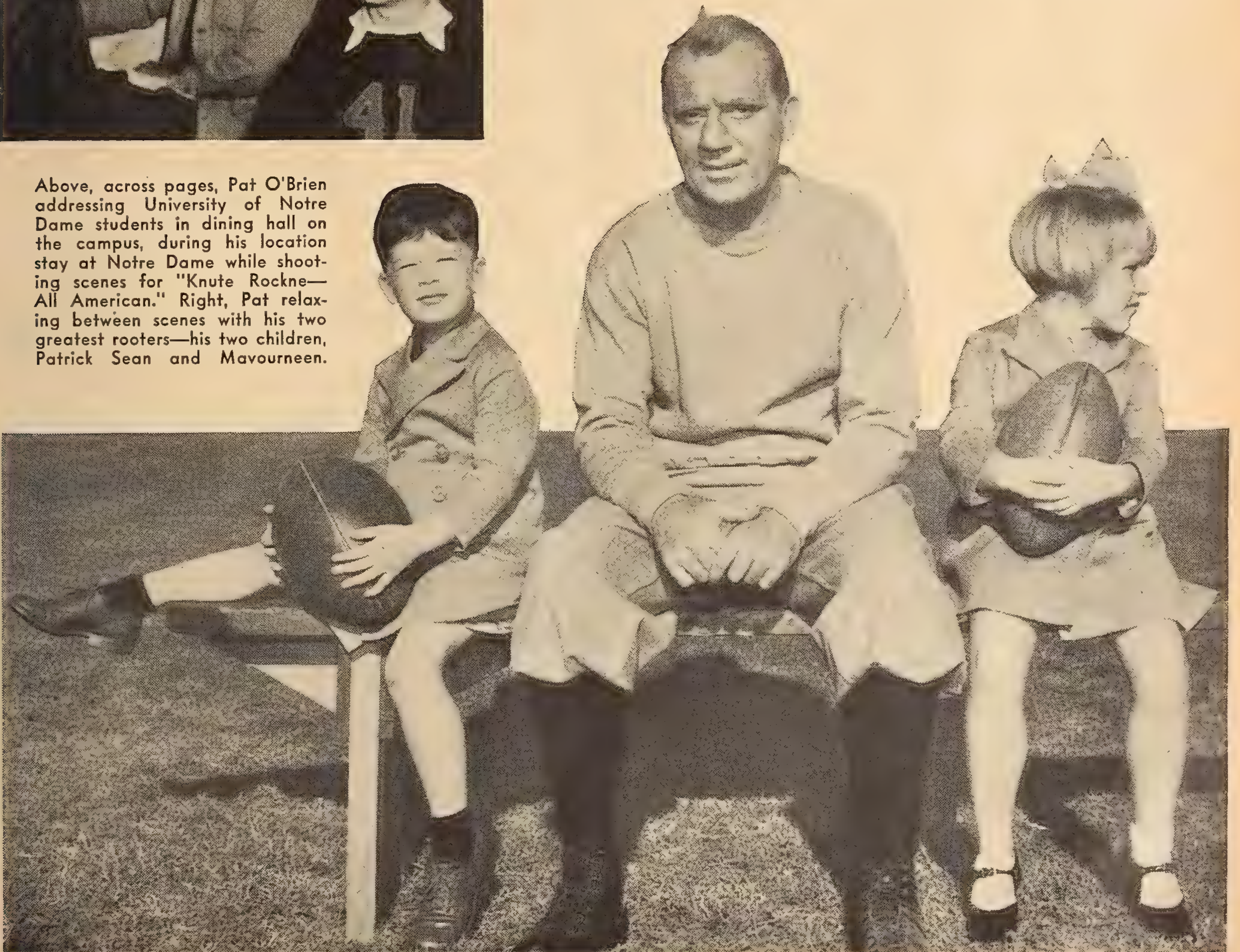
As told to Gladys Hall

may think it all came so easily. You may think, 'When those guys get it soft and easy like that, why try?' Matter of fact, kids, for guys like Cagney and Tracy and Brent and Gable and lots of us, it came so hard. And you kids can believe it or not, can tell me I'm a fine one to talk and you won't buy, but I tell you the harder it comes, the greater the glory and, what is more important, the deeper the satisfaction.

"Sure, some of us in this business do a sky-rocket act, get Up There in that well-known 'overnight' time. But check on it, kids. Watch and wait and see how long the easy-does-it fellows *stay* up there before you make snap judgments. It's always a darned sight easier to fall down, you know, than it is to climb up, especially if you haven't built a good, strong ladder under you. Make a note of that, too.

"I'll come back to myself in a minute, tell you a few of the chores I did before, long before I ever saw my name in electric lights or fat figures on a pay-check. Why, I remember like it was yesterday standing on the corner of 42nd Street and Broadway, hungry as a hyena, and watching fat old dodoes rolling (Continued on page 91)

Above, across pages, Pat O'Brien addressing University of Notre Dame students in dining hall on the campus, during his location stay at Notre Dame while shooting scenes for "Knut Rockne—All American." Right, Pat relaxing between scenes with his two greatest rooters—his two children, Patrick Sean and Mavourneen.





Loretta Young Finds Real Love At Last!

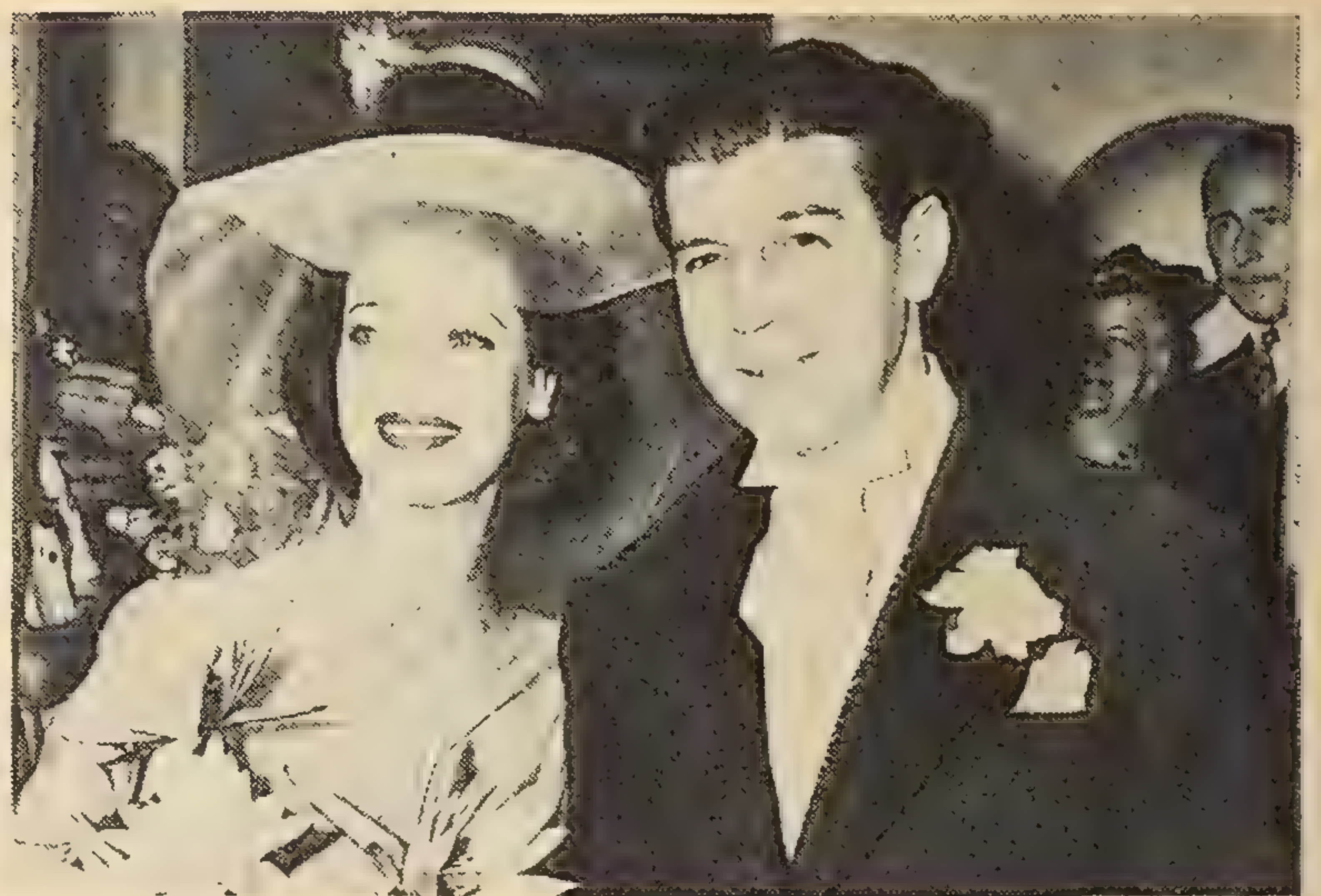
By
Liza

New portraits of Loretta Young by Columbia Pictures, for whom she appears in "He Stayed for Breakfast," with Melvyn Douglas.

THE happiest girl in Hollywood today is Loretta Young. Loretta's usually a very calm, matter-of-fact sort of person, with more poise than an Irene Dunne; but today I found her actually fluttering from telephone to hair brush to memo pad. "I know it's wicked to be so happy," she said, briskly brushing her lovely hair, which she will tell you is horrible hair because it's so soft it will never stay in place. "I know I shouldn't be so happy with all this suffering and sorrow in the world. But I *am* happy. I can't help it."

Loretta, whom I have known for eight years, and I were talking in the bedroom of her charming Colonial house in Bel Air. Her wedding day was only a few days off. (By the time you read this Loretta will have knelt before the altar at St. Paul's Catholic Church and become the bride of good-looking radio executive Tom Lewis.) The room was in delightfully feminine confusion. On the chairs and on the bed were scattered boxes and tissue paper, heavenly French nightgowns, divinely beautiful negligees, lingerie, hosiery, slippers, and all the odds and ends of a clothes-loving young woman's trousseau.

But the *pièce de resistance* was the wedding dress. Created by "Irene," and guaranteed to take your breath away by its sheer loveliness, it is made of a layer of pink net, a layer of purple net, a layer of light blue net, a layer of darker blue net—and gives the effect of smoke. Hollywood has never had a wedding dress as beautiful as that.



Wide World

While I was oh-ing and ah-ing, Loretta was called to the phone again and I heard her tell one of Hollywood's hostesses that she appreciated it and all that, but please don't give her a shower. "No showers," she said sweetly but positively. "I think the Red Cross is more important."

Turning to me she said, "Isn't that dress a dream! I'm going to carry blue and purple water lilies with a spray or so of pink lilacs. I never knew I could be so happy."

It will be a small wedding, I (*Please turn to page 88*)

"To think she had sense enough to pick a swell guy like that!" says Hollywood of the romantic marriage of the screen's most glamorous bachelor girl

The real thing this time! Loretta Young as the bride of advertising executive Tom Lewis (with her on facing page) finds all her dreams coming true. After her elopement at 17 with Grant Withers (below) and her annulment, Loretta's life was a series of gay parties and handsome escorts—Brod Crawford, David Niven among others.



THE girl thought it was enough for anybody, this roof and the stars and the moon. What if she couldn't see the stars for all the smoke spreading skyward over the city and the moon behind the murky mist was scarcely more than a luminous shadow—they were there, weren't they, any fool knew that. And she'd seen them often enough in the movies to know what they looked like, not to count the time they'd been scattered all over Jimmy's and her head coming home on the Hudson River boat after the office outing.

And the roof! What more could anyone ask? When she didn't look down so her eyes avoided the crazy criss-cross of the washlines hung on their pulleys from one house to the next and she didn't see the kids playing in the alley or Mr. Murphy in his shirtsleeves and policeman's pants reading his paper on the fire-escape or Mrs. Schwartz and Mrs. Casey leaning out of their kitchen

windows and shouting their animated conversations; but instead looked straight up at the sky so she didn't really see anything, but only felt the cool breeze from the river fresh on her face, and with music coming out of Jimmy's portable radio—why, with just imagining a little she could almost swear she was on one of those cruises she saw advertised in the papers all the time.

But the boy wasn't so easily satisfied. He didn't like being poor and he was always trying to think of ways of bettering himself. That's why he was forever going in for all the contests he heard about on the radio. Not only going in for them, but believing right up until the very end when the contest winners were announced that some of those easy riches were going to tumble right into his arms. Right now it was the Parker House Coffee slogan contest he had entered, and the winners were to be announced that night.

(Please turn to page 72)

We all want to win! Here's what happens when an office boy and his stenographer girl friend find their dreams coming true. Fictionized from the Paramount picture by Preston Sturges, who also wrote "The Great McGinty." It's good reading and good fun

Complete Fictionization by

Elizabeth B. Petersen

Copyright, 1940, by Paramount Pictures. Complete cast and credits on Page 72.



Hooray-

We're Rich!

Suppose YOU suddenly won a prize of \$25,000. What would you do with it? Read how Dick Powell and Ellen Drew spent the money in our fictionization of grand new film, "The New Yorkers"





Decorations by Leonard Frank



First close-ups of Daniel David Milland, made by Dad. Left, Mrs. Milland's own family snapshot.



"Let's be different and not bore people about the baby," said Ray Milland to Mrs. Milland. She smiled. You'll see why when you read this heartwarming story, with exclusive pictures from the family album

By Jerry Asher

DARLING," said Ray Milland tenderly, "let's not be like everyone else. Let's be different and not bore people with long drawn-out stories about the baby. We'll just talk about him when we are alone here at home. Promise?"

Mrs. Milland made a lovely picture lying there in her four-posted white organdie-canopied bed. The late afternoon sun streaming in through the bedroom windows seemed to warm the petals of the vivid rose-patterned

walls. It was one of those sacred moments—almost embarrassing to two people deeply in love. Lounging across the foot of the bed, Ray gazed adoringly into the eyes of his son's mother, who had just that day returned from the hospital.

"I'll try my best, Jack," said Mrs. Milland, using the only name she knows for him. Her voice was sincere. She appreciated the honest emotion that accompanied her husband's words. But she smiled knowingly to herself.



Just glance at the expression on the proud father's face in these pictures, and you'll know why Jack Benny called Ray Milland "Mr. Dionne." Lower right, Ma, Pa, and Junior.



DAVE



The date of this intimate little peek into the private life of a Hollywood father is March 16th, just ten days after the precarious and premature birth of Daniel David Milland. Time marches on. We find the youngest of the male Millands hale and hearty, completely unimpressed by the importance of his existence. His famous father, it seems, is enjoying a change of heart.

This time we catch up with proud papa at a party given by the Jack Bennys. The huge drawing room is crowded with famous people. In one corner the host is working himself into a lather, telling a story to Robert Taylor, Tyrone Power, and Cesar Romero. Just as Benny reaches a hysterical climax, Ray Milland crashes the group. "Did you see these new pictures of the baby?" he cries. Completely ignoring his cool reception, he drags out a portfolio. Now Gary Cooper carries around snapshots of his youngster in his wallet. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., sports a miniature of daughter Daphne in a locket on his watch-chain. But Ray Milland, completely undaunted, exhibits huge life-size portrait heads!

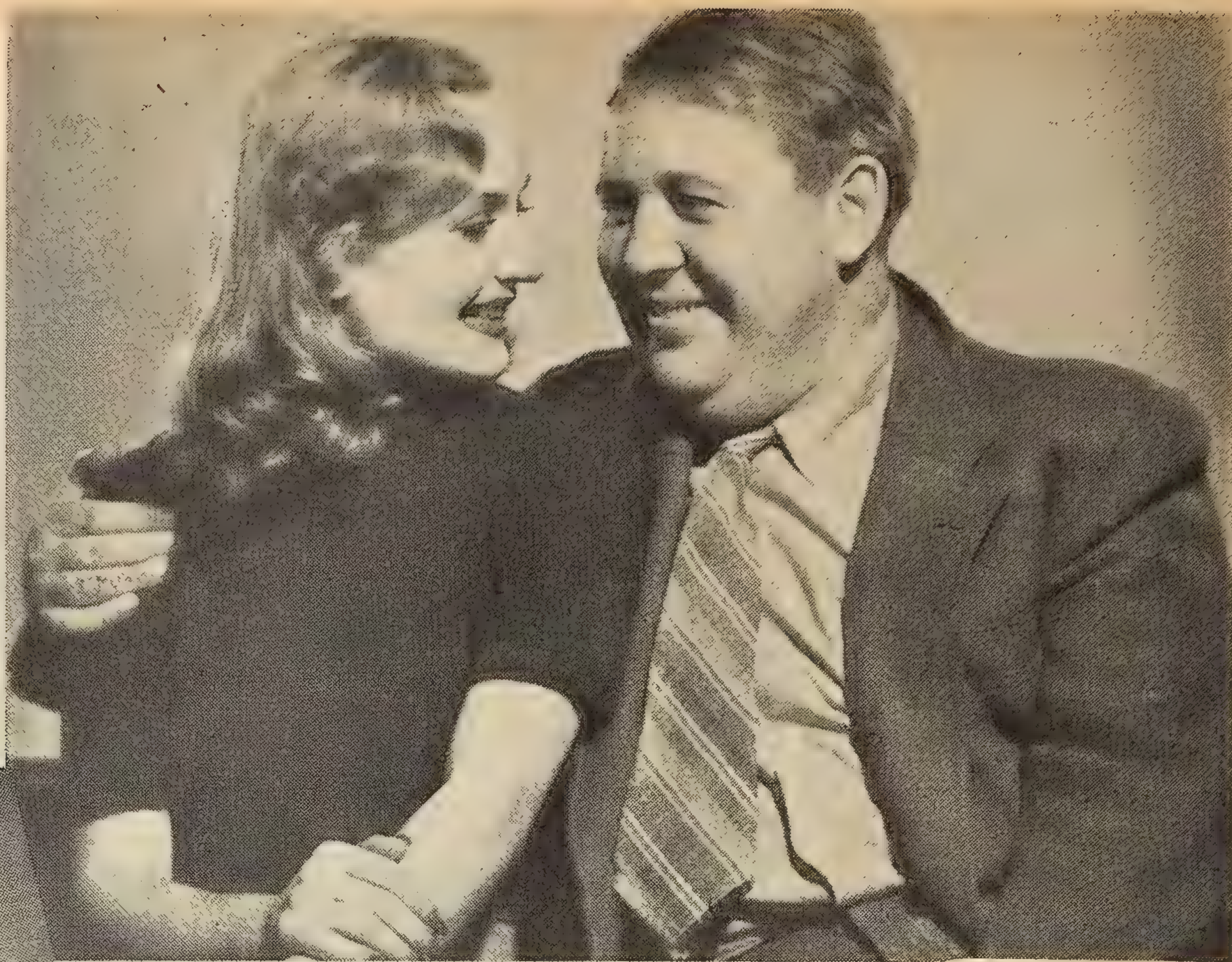
"I'll finish that story when *Mr. Dionne* relaxes,"

cracks Benny, with good-natured sarcasm.

Amusing as it is, Ray's paternal pandemonium is not without justification. Eight years of married life transpired before the advent of little "Dee-Dee." They were building their new Beverly Hills home (built with mellowed wood from a scuttled ship) when their cherished dream one day became a reality. Hurried last minute plans included repapering the (Please turn to page 84)



When Charles Laughton, mighty man of movie drama, talks out of turn, the result is a salty interview packed with dynamite, like this!



Gentle TITAN

"I'm no good at these blasted stills," says Charles Laughton. But, above, he seems to be enjoying this one with Carole Lombard, who is his co-star in the new picture, "They Knew What They Wanted."

By Malcolm H. Oettinger

CHARLES LAUGHTON doesn't like Hollywood society but in every other respect considers it an honest place. This reverses the usual reports on the mad Mecca of the movies. It is customary to curse the front office, the producers, the supervisors and the terrible demands of the publicity department, then coo about Norma, Marlene, Connie and Ronnie. But this Laughton is different.

"Fear rules Hollywood," he said. "And snobbism of the most vicious sort. People hesitate before accepting a mere dinner invitation for fear the right people may not attend. They debate going to a premiere. Who will be there? Who is behind it? It's all very silly and a trifle nauseating. Elsa and I go where we please, choose our friends with a free hand, and confine our acting to the screen."

"If I may say so, 'we'll live and pray and sing and tell old tales and laugh at gilded butterflies and hear poor rogues talk of court news; who loses and who wins, who's in, who's out,—as if we were God's spies.'" He smiled at the patness of the quotation. "That bit from King Lear, act five, scene three, indicates that Shakespeare had a horrible premonition of present day Hollywood."

To interpolate a speech from Lear into ordinary conversation might seem presumptuous, not to say hammy, in any one but Laughton, or perhaps Barrymore. But the British star rendered it so naturally that it fitted in.

He is a large, spreading man with pendulous lower lip, lop ears and unruly hair, who makes you forget his appearance once he begins to talk. He is evocative, stimulating, witty in a sly fashion, and at home in many fields.

Since we had met in Hollywood five years ago, when he was doing one of his lesser portrayals in "The Barretts," he had taken a fling at producing his own pictures, Mayflower Productions, with Eric Pommer, once the guiding genius of Ufa, as his partner. The war put an end to this activity, with both partners contracting with RKO to deliver two pictures a year.

"In London we tried to do only the sort of pictures we liked," said Laughton, "and we approached them with enthusiasm born of belief in them. Propaganda had no place in our productions nor were we concerned unduly with that mystic control, box office."

Did he find producing with his own money very different from previous picture work?

"Certainly not," said Laughton blandly. "I've always had a pretty fair understanding of production problems. I've seen the advisability of shooting fifty men from such an angle as to make them look like a mob of five hundred, marching troops past the camera and photographing them five ways for a montage effect—similar economic strokes of genius. And I've always realized that time is money. That a shooting schedule had to be maintained. My people have always been (Please turn to page 89)

EVERYBODY'S TALKING ABOUT

"ESCAPE"!

Most powerful new screen drama, from
sensational novel by Ethel Vance,
co-stars Robert Taylor, Norma Shearer



LOMBARD—LADY INTO GAMIN!

or
Why Carole is Mrs. Clark Gable

Sometimes she's
the elusive beauty;
then she'll be a gay
outdoor girl. No
wonder she still
fascinates Clark!





Lady of Luxury



Photographs by Alex Kahle
RKO Radio Pictures
Jewels by Paul Flato
Hollywood
Furs by Willard H. George
Los Angeles
Hats by Vicki Lynn
The Mad Hatter
Beverly Hills

Irene Dunne, Hollywood's Best Dressed Woman, gives us exclusive pre-view of her new precious furs and jewels

Miss Dunne, on facing page, wears a long coat of crossed fox over her tailored tweed suit of golden pheasant tones. Her hat, an autumn leaf felt, is trimmed with golden pheasant tail feathers. The lapel of her suit is accented by a stunning gold branch with diamond and topaz blossoms. Her alligator bag, doeskin gloves and cashmere sweater are of a matching dark brown. Below, a close-up of Irene Dunne in her most glamorous afternoon ensemble. A huge gold and diamond poppy is clipped to one side of her mink cape; her hat and bag are of orange, green, and brown plaid faille. At right, she brightens her black faille dress with an unusual clip of moonstones and a diamond dove in flight, carrying a diamond olive branch. Her soft gray-blue velvet hat is trimmed with ashes of roses feathers. Her short jacket is of blue fox.





Hurrell

Errol Flynn

Fresh from his triumphant voyage in "The Sea Hawk," ebullient Errol plunges into new adventure in "Santa Fe Trail"

Jane Wyman

"Extra added attraction" of many a movie,
Miss Wyman once more proves her
versatility in "Tugboat Annie Sails Again"

Scotty Welbourne



They're Together Again

LINDA
DARNELL



in "Brigham Young"

TYRONE
POWER



BLONDE OR BRUNETTE?

Since Virginia Dale's first film hit in "Buck Benny Rides Again," this pretty blonde from Charlotte, N.C., has appeared in "Dancing on a Dime" and will be seen in six pictures in the next year—and none too many



A LITTLE OF BOTH, PLEASE!

Patricia Morison's provocative beauty and definite acting talents have made her an actress to be watched with more than usual interest. See her in "Rangers of Fortune," with Fred MacMurray



By



Presenting, by popular demand of her devoted fans, the latest and prettiest portrait of Jeanette MacDonald. Her next: "Bittersweet," with Nelson Eddy, as usual, opposite

Request!

Here you are, girls! The most lively and likeable new portrait —and in uniform, too—of your favorite, Robert Cummings. He has his best rôle in a long time opposite Deanna Durbin in "Spring Parade." And—news—he sings with Deanna



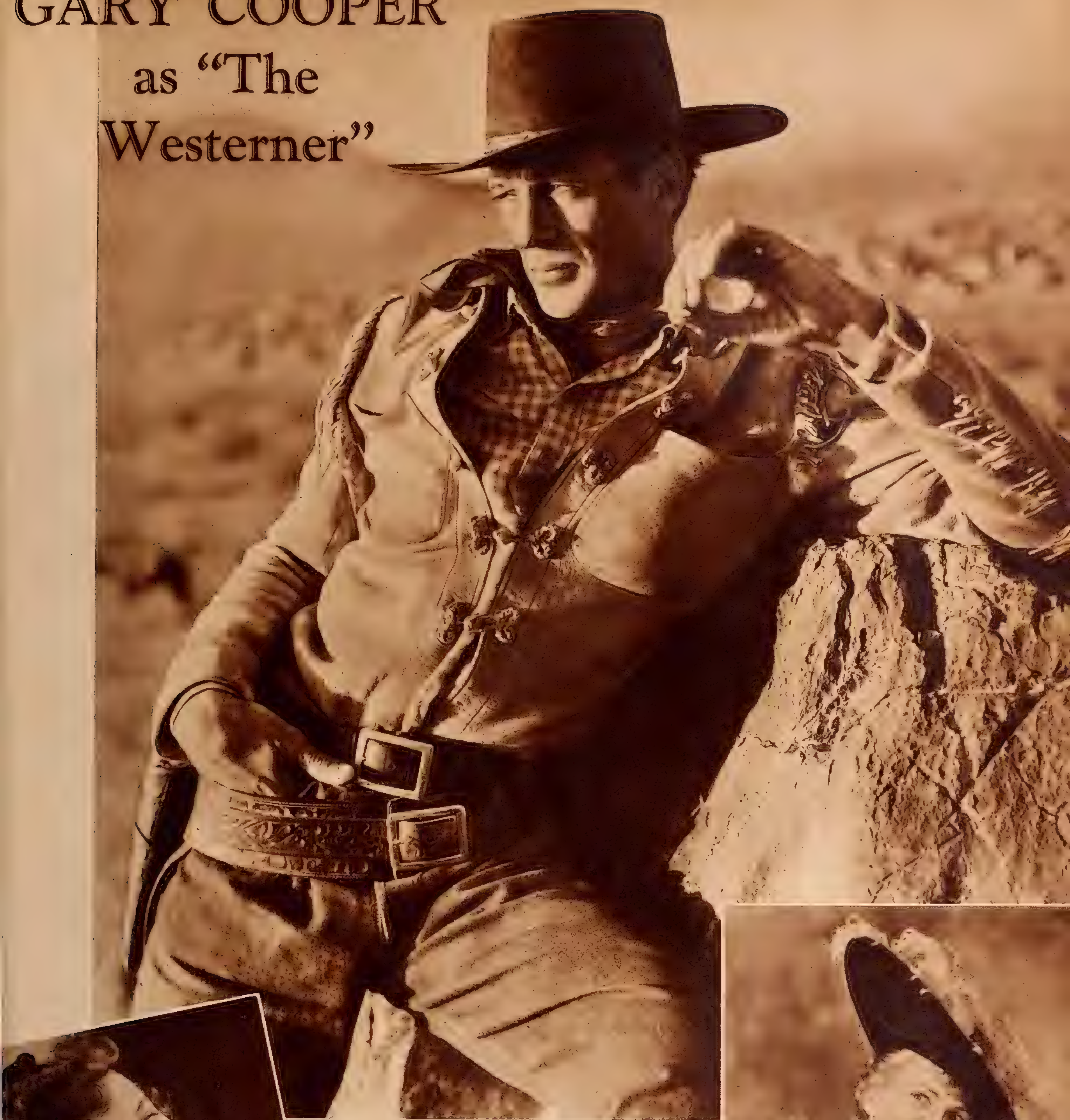
BETTE DAVIS in Modern Dress

After her two costume dramas—"Elizabeth and Essex" and "All This, and Heaven Too"—Miss Davis wears today's clothes and coiffure in the 1940 version of Somerset Maugham's "The Letter," with Herbert Marshall



GARY COOPER

as "The Westerner"



Cooper is seen as you like him in a typical hard-ridin', hard-shootin' rôle in Samuel Goldwyn's production of "The Westerner." Gary's femme following will rejoice to know that romance is not neglected in this new picture—the star shares his shy love scenes with two lovely ladies: Doris Davenport, left; and Lillian Bond





This still, photographed in Williamsburg, Virginia, was selected by Cary Grant for our page.

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL STILL OF THE MONTH
Martha Scott, Cary Grant in Columbia's "The Howards of Virginia."

YOUR GLAMOR GUIDE . . . YOUR GLAMOR GUIDE . . .



New days—new ways! New ways with hair, in the appealing pompadour you'll be trying soon. With it, little pillboxes worn far back, bonnets that bare the brow, jewelled or metal ear-clips. New ways with clothes. Pinafores to the fore, even for evening. A great vogue for velveteen. Less swirl to skirts, less brevity to jackets, less bulk to furs. New ways with color. Deep blues for winter wearing, huckleberry and purple shades galore, blue-greens and rusty, red-fox browns.

Two contrast colors for accessories with a third in your dress. Or all accessories in one matching deep tone. Red, white and blue triumphant everywhere. Belts and bags in ruddy polished cowhide. New ways with faces, too. A deeper, more vehement crimson on your lips, a bronzier tint for your cheeks. And new ways for your figure. The waistline where it was, the shoulders less stressed . . . and very significant, the whittled-down hipline prophetic of a slimmer silhouette.



YOUR GLAMOR GUIDE . . . YOUR GLAMOR GUIDE . . .

By Margot Maye

COAT CUES

Reversible hoodcoat, ultra useful! Over-plaid tweed on one side, natural gabardine on the other. The hood unbuttons off, for town. Wear it over a plain wool dress with tailored accessories. Its boxy lines look well on all figures. About \$11.00 is all, at J. Goldsmith & Sons, Memphis; The Dayton Co., Minneapolis; Frederick & Nelson, Seattle. Hold everything—in a grand carry-all like this half-circle feedbag in cowhide, calf or suede. About \$3.00 at Bonwit Teller; Field-Schlick, Inc., St. Paul; Neiman-Marcus, Dallas.



Two more country-city coats, high in style, low in price! First, subtle colored stripes in a fitted topcoat. News because of the button interest . . . the pockets in tiers . . . the fashion-first fabric, patterned fleece. Best on slim or average figures because of the bold design and snug waistline and best worn over a plain dress with no conflicting print or stripe pattern. All you pay is about \$11.00 at Sattler's, Inc., Buffalo; Famous-Barr Co., St. Louis. The calot is of felt braid, punctuated by a fluffy quill. Just simple enough to complete the costume smartly, since the coat has so much color and detail. Only \$2.00 at Ohrbach's; B. Forman Company, Rochester; The May Co., Cleveland.



The fleece is in, very much in for Fall! Here, it's that talked-about plaid-back fleece, cozy enough for the coldest days. Oatmeal color with cheerful yellow and brown plaid on the reverse. Because of its thick fabric, this coat is best for slim figures. Pleasantly enough, only about \$17.00. Write for store names. Her backward halo is softly draped in rust felt, better on regular-featured faces. About \$5.00 at R. H. Macy & Co.; Jordan Marsh Co., Boston; Livingston's, San Francisco; The glad plaid bag, very schoolbag in style, has complete fittings, even to a memo pad! Wool and rayon fabric. A find for \$1.00! Strawbridge & Clothier, Phila.; Sibley, Lindsay & Curr, Rochester; Sanger Bros., Dallas.



She marries—in a charming dark crepe frock with draped bodice and front-full skirt. The pastel lace yoke and cuffs are exquisitely jewelled with tiny pearls and rhinestones. After the wedding, it's perfect for bridge parties and dressy evenings. About \$30.00 at Dana de Paris, New York; John Wanamaker, Philadelphia; Carson, Pirie, Scott Co., Chicago. Little bonnet of black velvet with baby bows massed over the brow. \$7.00 at Dana de Paris; L. S. Ayres, Indianapolis; J. W. Robertson, L. A.

FALL BRIDE-ON-A-BUDGET



She dances—in a dramatic Spanish-influence gown of satin-striped Celanese rayon moire of vivid emerald green and white. Enormously effective and only about \$20.00 at Dana de Paris, New York; Himelhoch Bros., Detroit.



She goes shopping in a short jacket of skunk-dyed opossum with tuxedo front, good with tailored or frivolous clothes and even as a formal wrap. About \$40.00 at R. H. White Company, Boston; Erlanger Dry Goods, Alliance; Herman's, Milwaukee. Felt Buster Brown beret with peephole crown, about \$5.00 at John Shillito Company, Cincinnati; Famous-Barr Co., St. Louis. The shirred suede bag has insertions of faille, is only \$3.00 at Higbee Company, Cleveland; Wanamaker's, Philadelphia. She goes calling in a rayon crepe frock with a wide belt studded in turquoise and gold. Good economy—it's only about \$8.00 at Ed. Schuster & Co., Milwaukee; Frederick Nelson, Seattle. Baker-cap beret in felt with contrast belting, only \$2.00 at J. L. Hudson Company, Detroit; Kauffman's, Pittsburgh; Paris Company, Salt Lake City. Her broadcloth bag, studded in gold, \$3.00 at Best & Co.; Halle Bros., Cleveland.



Lots of talk about slacks. Hers on the left are the new fly-front kind, topped by a mannish bush jacket with huge pockets and brass buttons. Very grand in rayon-and-wool gabardine. Perfect for slim or average figures, but everything underneath should be under panty-girdle control! Slacks and jacket, each about \$4.00 at Saks 34th Street.

Corduroy can take it! Miss Spirit-of-Halloween cuts up in a kneecap-skirt of washable pinwale corduroy with lighter-toned lumberjack top. Kneecap skirts should never hit *above* the knee, you know! About \$3.00 for the skirt, about \$4.00 for the topper at Hochschild-Kohn, Baltimore; S. Camp, Washington, D. C.; Falk Mercantile, Boise. With kneecap skirts, short socks are taboo. The right kind are knee-high, like these of cablestitched wool. Only \$1.00 at Lord & Taylor; the Blum Store, Philadelphia; Sage-Allen Co., Hartford. Felt calot with chipper quill, about \$2.00 at John G. Meyers Co., Albany; John W. Thomas Co., Minn.; A. Polsky, Akron. Tan cowhide moccasins, \$4.00 at Davison-Paxon, Atlanta.



Economy Angle on the Great Outdoors

Gabardine gets around for sports. Dutch-treat jumper of rayon-and-wool gabardine, buttoning down the back for perfect fit. With it, a lighter-toned little shirt of the gabardine. This outfit's ideal on slim young things; larger sizes should wear jumpers with unbroken princess lines, gored from top to hem. Jumper about \$4.00 and shirt \$3.00 at Robertson Bros., Des Moines; George B. Peck, Kansas City; Hall Bros., San Francisco.

Below left: Gadget bags like this fat little capeskin pouch are convenient as well as cute. They'll hold all your odds and ends and are not extravagant at \$2.00. Woodward & Lothrop, Washington, D. C.; Hess Brothers, Allentown. Spun-rayon beauty of a blouse in knockout bold stripes. Gray with red, kelly or copen or cinnamon with brown. \$2.00! Saks 34th Street; Carson, Pirie, Scott Co., Chicago.

Below right: Duet in plaid. The little jacket's of wool plaid with knit sleeves and scallop-edging. With it, a gay, gored skirt of the plaid. Red with brown, blue with natural. About \$4.00 for each at L. Bamberger, Newark; Grace P. Hawks, Salt Lake City.



SHE NEARLY HAD A FIT!

This is the story of a girl who bought a dress, even as you and I. It was a nice one she found BUT because alterations always annoyed her, she never bothered with the little adjustments that would have made the dress really flatter her figure. False economy! See her sad story told in pictures, the horrid examples on the left and the right versions on the right. And all purposely exaggerated to show the pitfalls that can keep you from *really* having a fit!



SHOULDER

Very sad and sorry. When it's left too low, as here, you get a dejected, down-in-the-mouth air. This fitting fault completely ruins an otherwise smart appearance. See that your shoulder seams fall precisely at the shoulder-bone. Pick them up with tiny darts if they don't!



SLEEVE

Whoa, there! Much too long and not even a whit fitted in. Another very common oversight. Sleeves must never droop down but come just to the wrist-bone. Then, the arm portion should never be sloppy and loose (unless it's a loose-fitting sleeve) but snugly close-fitting.





SKIRT

What a whirl, *too* much in fact! Overfullness spoils a garment's lines, distorts the way it hangs. Too much flare is as bad as too little. All excess width should be taken out at the side seams so there's nary a hint of awkward bulge.

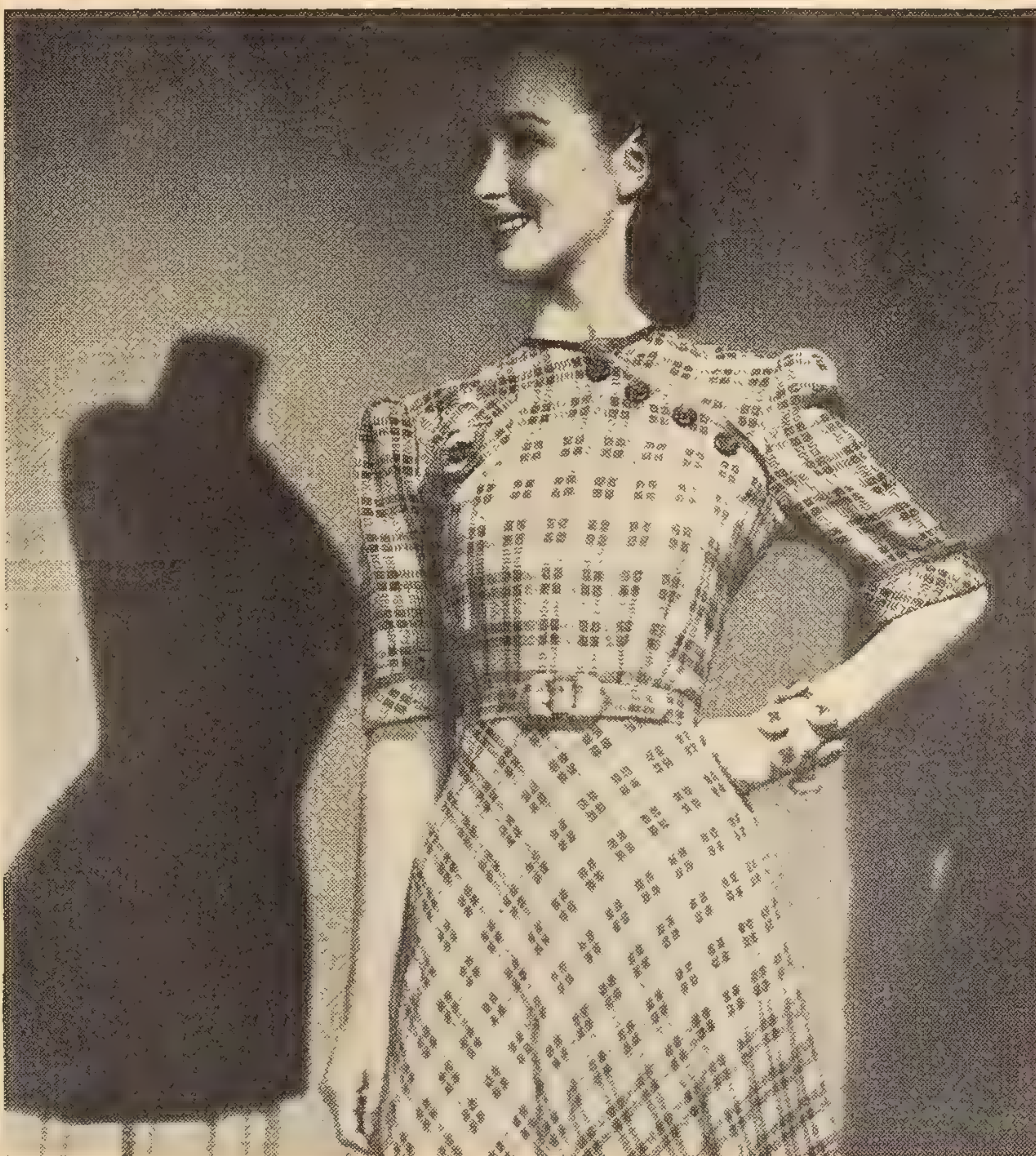


WAIST

Just too low-down! Another too-frequent fault. Low-slung waistlines make you look dumpy and dowdy. The waist should be indicated at the figure's natural in-curve with all extra fabric removed to give a sharp, incisive line.

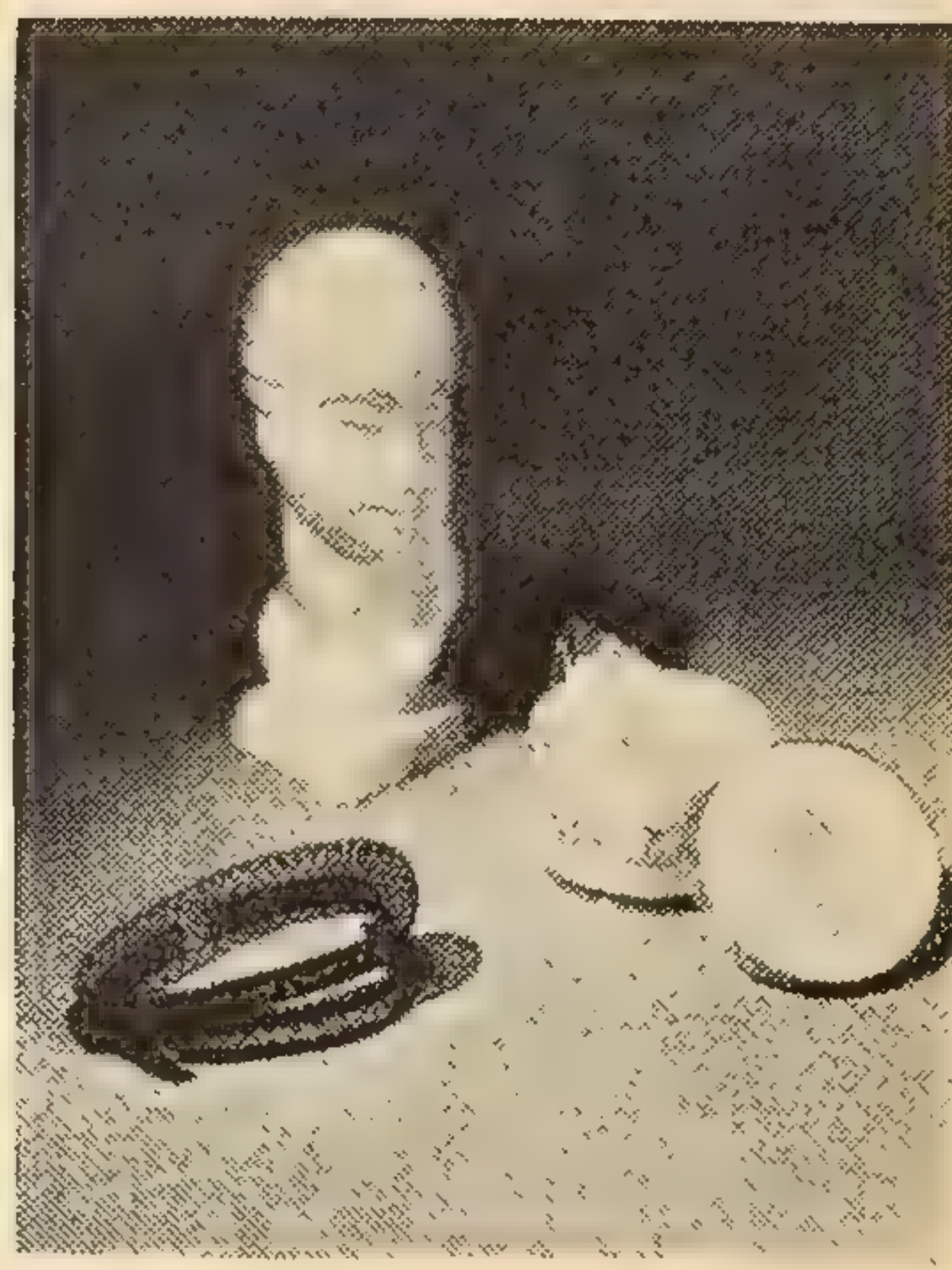


Here, our heroine really has a fit. Her young-minded dress is of spun-rayon, all sprightly checks. The skirt's nicely full and there's a clever sideways neck. Little tab pocket and touches of sou-tache braid are other new notes. Blue, earth, oxford or green, all with white. The price is unexpectedly less than \$7.00 at The John Shillito Co., Cincinnati; Carson, Pirie, Scott Co., Chicago; Schuster's, Milwaukee. Button-button bracelet, a Martha Sleeper design. Catalin buttons strung on cord. Only \$1.00 at Saks Fifth Ave., New York; The F. & R. Lazarus Company, Columbus; The May Company, L. A.



YOURS FOR LOVELINESS

Du Barry Face Freshening Fillip is the face formula for Fall! First you cleanse with the Dry Skin Cleansing Cream. Next you mix a little Special Cleaning Preparation with water, applying the paste to face and neck. When almost dry, scrub briskly, then wash off. Weather-worn skin flakes away, revealing fresh "baby" skin! Yours for \$1.00 which the cleansing cream alone usually costs. So you really get a "buy." At better drug and department stores.

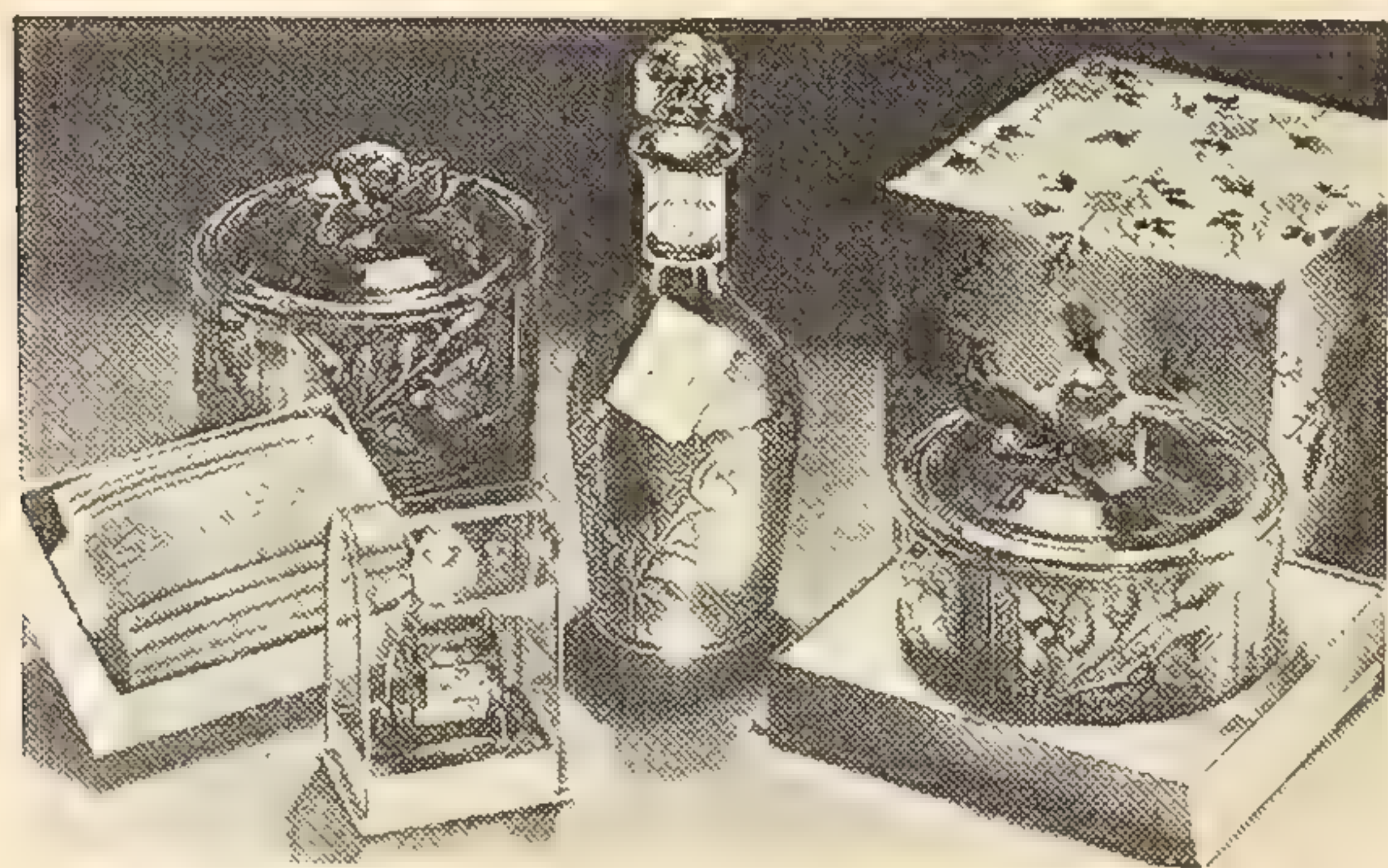


To keep up with fashion, you'll wear a pompadour. To keep up your pompadour, there's Ben Hur's Coiffeur-ette, on the left. A roll of woven horsehair on a hair-roller, worn fore or aft. About \$.50 at R. H. Macy & Co. Handy indeed is MiLady's Turban of processed Pliofilm. Wear it in the shower or house-cleaning. Light as a feather and lightweight price, too! Two in the little round box at the right, only \$1.00. Department stores, everywhere.

Finding the precisely correct shampoo is important! Admiration has all the answers. Foamy Oil Shampoo for average hair leaves the hair immaculate. For hair that needs conditioning, Non-Lathering Olive Oil Treatment cleanses without lathering and the olive oil base lubricates. Non-Lathering Pine Tar Treatment is ideal for oily hair. Its astringent effect helps counteract oiliness. On sale at drug and department stores. There are several sizes, too—\$.50, \$.75 and \$1.25.

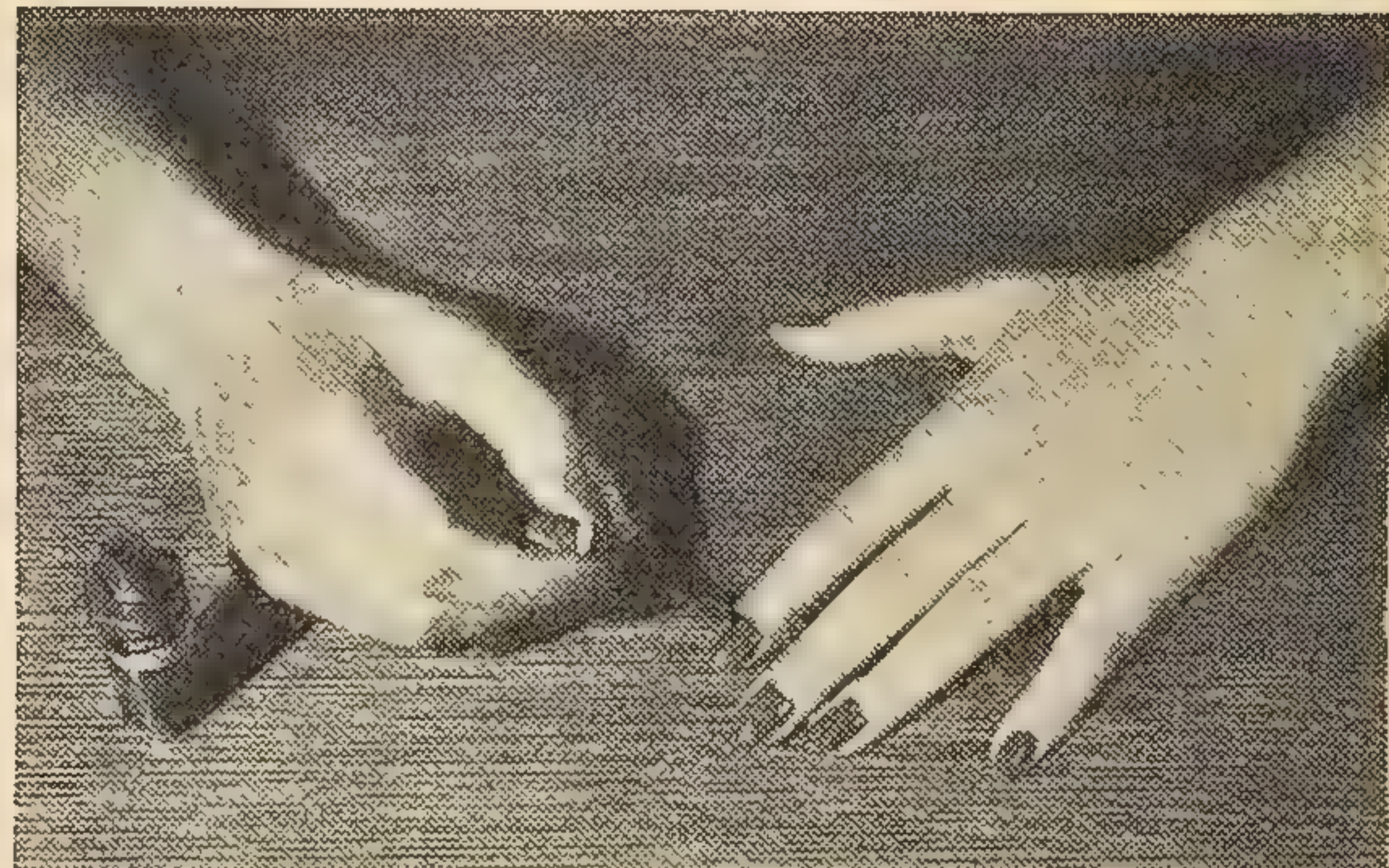
You'll whoop with glee over Elmo's new "Indian Love Call" colors in Climatized Lipsticks and Creme Rouge inspired by the rich tones of Indian pottery and beaded leather. Indian Paint Brush, a light flame, for copper, brown. Navajo, a true crimson, for blues, black. Pow-wow, a deep red, for purple, wine. Elmo's Climatized cosmetics are especially blended and contain ingredients that help offset the effects of the wind, cold and sun. Cosmetic counters and drug stores, \$1.00 each.

For a limited time, enjoy two fine beauty aids at the price of one! Free with each fifty cent jar of Woodbury Cold Cream, Facial Cream, Cleansing Cream or Dry Skin Cream . . . a twenty-five cent bottle of Almond Rose Hand Lotion. Smooth it on daily for lovely silky hands. Take advantage of this special value at chain, drug and department stores.



For American beauties, an enticing new series of American Beauty bath luxuries. Fragrant bath crystals and airy dusting powder in glass jars with an old-time rose pattern. Sparkling cologne in a lovely matching decanter. Each, \$1.00. Two drams of the perfume, \$1.00, and four nine-ounce bars of the Savon Sachet for \$1.00. At drug and department stores.

Perfumed nail polish remover by Barbara Gould is a new note, pink-tinted and lightly scented. Because of its oily base, it will not have a drying effect. Neither will it dry or impair the nails and cuticle in any way at all. Ask for it at the cosmetic counter of your favorite store or at drug stores. Not an extravagance, either. The price is only \$.25 for two ounces.



Time to sleuth for a smart new Autumn nail-polish shade. Dura Gloss has two that are definitely different! True Red is clear, brilliant, a perfect splash of color with deep browns and forest greens. Red Wine has the mellow vividness that blends beautifully with winter blues, purple tones, black. The bottle "nail" cap shows the color, on. Chain stores, \$.10.

PEARLS PREFERRED

FOR centuries, lovely women have worn pearls as their preferred ornament. Today, too, their classic charm and correctness with all clothes gives them a stellar rôle in the style scene. Here we show you how to pick your pearls, just what kind are most flattering for just what type. Coro Pearls, illustrated, at Franklin Simon & Co., New York; William F. Gable, Altoona; Mabley & Carew, Cincinnati. On the right—To be smart is to be sideways. These are the very new side-draped pearls, designed to wear with the new one-sided silhouette scheduled to be a fashion "first." The price is \$3.00.



Below—For slimmer, longer necks, massive jewelry is ideal. Bulky ornaments foreshorten nicely. The smart thick twist of pearls is excellent, giving quite an optical-illusion effect by disguising scrawniness and lending rounded contours. Only \$1.00.



Above—For broad, square jaws, earrings of double pearls in a downward row are good. These carry the eye down, thus add length. Dangling pearl earrings are also flattering. For this broader face, a simple one-strand necklace is best. The earrings are \$.50 and the necklace is \$1.00.



Above—For the thicker, shorter neck, clumpy ornaments are bad. Massive jewelry subtracts from height. To add height, a simple classic 3-strand necklace is ideal, worn with a low v-neckline which helps create the longer line so needed. The price of the necklace illustrated is only \$1.00.

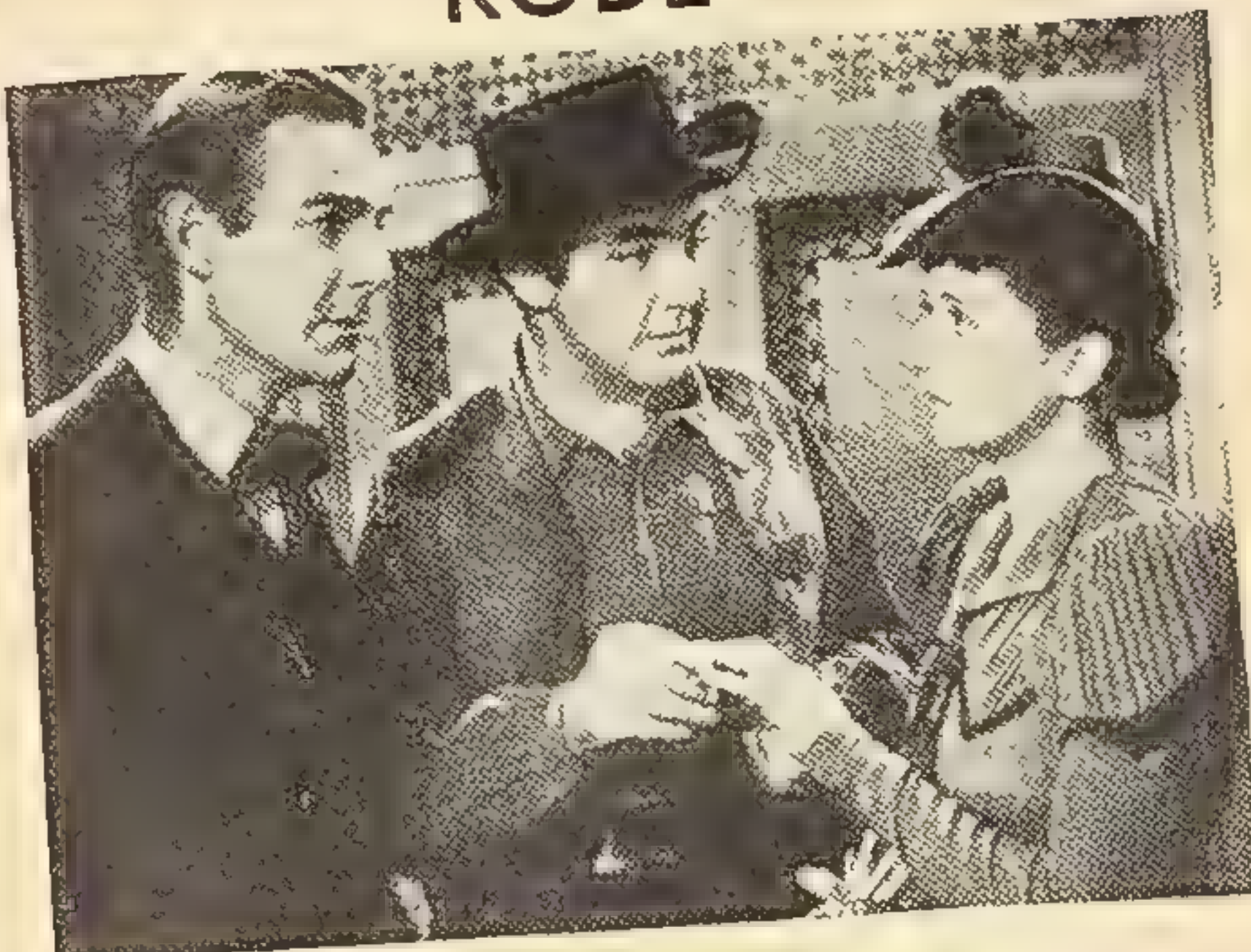


Your **GUIDE** *at a* **GLANCE**

SELECTED BY

Pick your pictures here and guarantee yourself good entertainment without loss of time and money

"WHEN THE DALTONS RODE"



ONE-WORD GUIDE:
ACTION!

APPEAL: To every red-blooded movie fan who loves a good "Western."

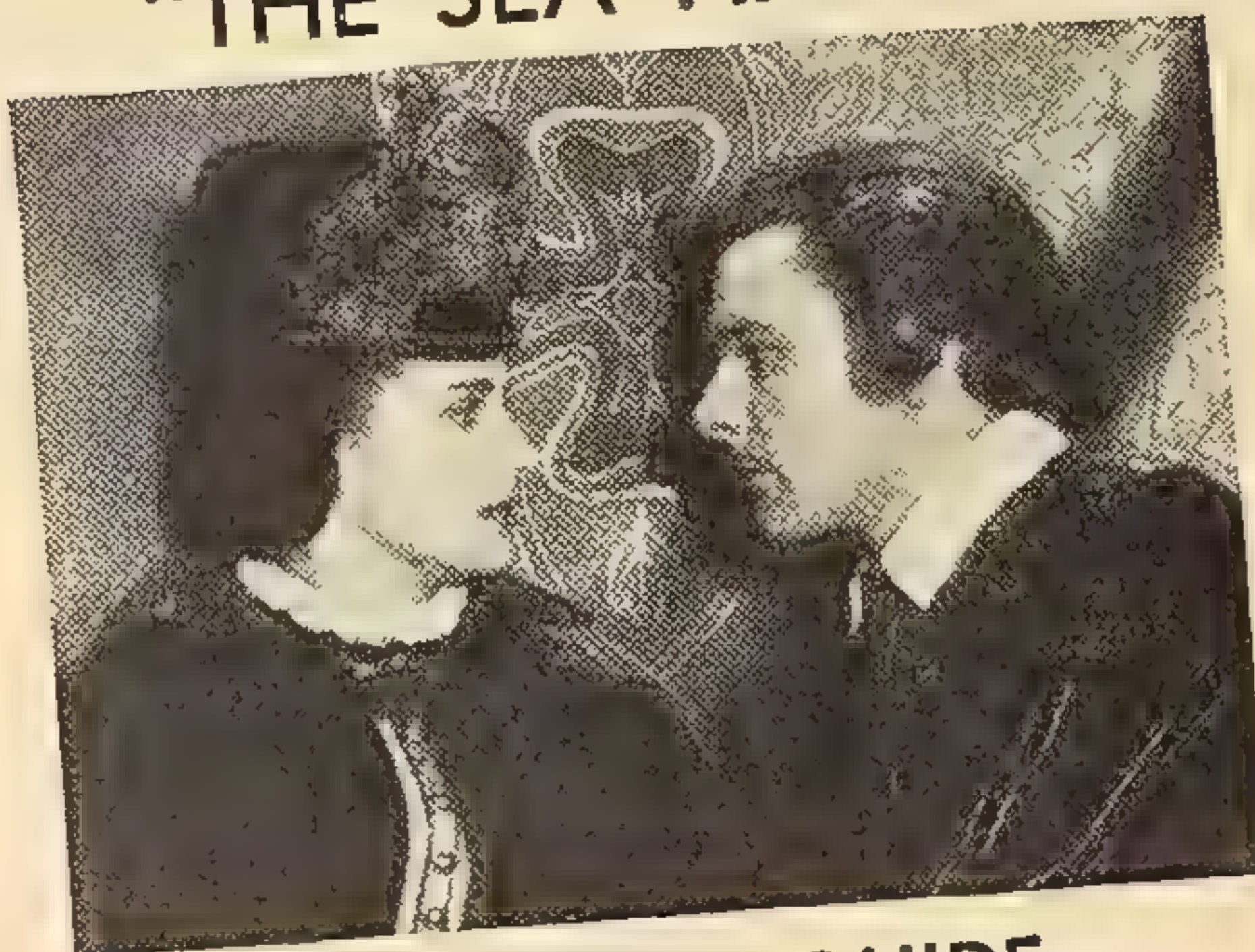
PLOT: Streamlined super-Western melodrama of exploits of Dalton Brothers, Kansas daredevils who became outlaws in land-grabbing days. There's a hold-up or a chase every few feet; in fact, it's cliché cinema and proud of it. And you'll love it.

PRODUCTION: Everything you demand of a Western, only more of it: more hold-ups, more killings, more of everything. The ridin' and the shootin' are on a colossal scale. May give you an earache but worth it. Photography is superb, with gorgeous outdoor pictures.

ACTING: Simply swell, especially Broderick Crawford as the most reckless of the Daltons—he's shooting his way to stardom. Brian Donlevy, Andy Devine, Frank Albertson are next best in order named. Mary Gordon is fine as mother of the Daltons, but Kay Francis and Randolph Scott are pallid as the stock romantic leads.

Universal

"THE SEA HAWK"



ONE-WORD GUIDE:
SPECTACULAR!

APPEAL: To romanticists who can't get enough of Elizabethan adventure.

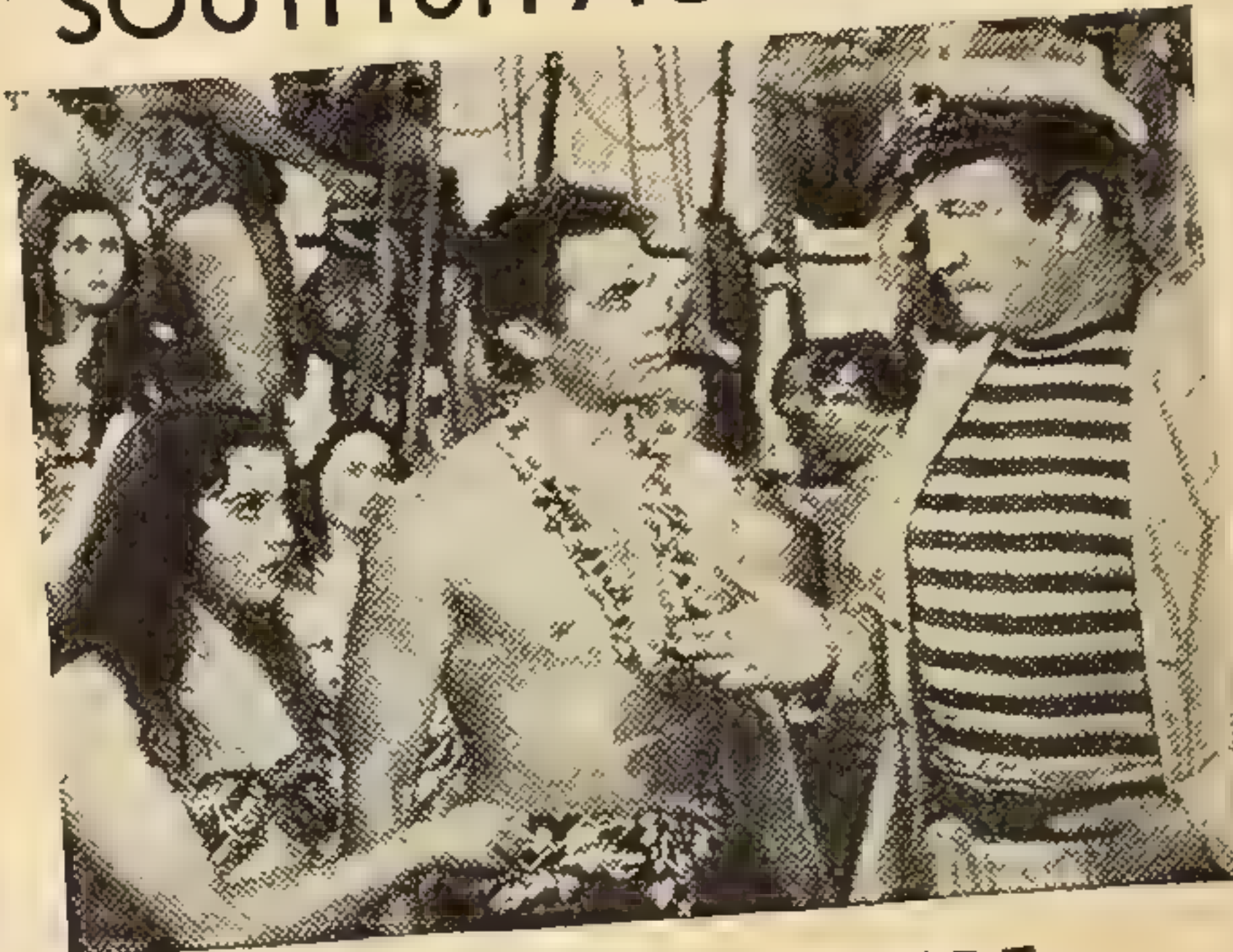
PLOT: Derring-do on the high seas for the glory of good old Queen Bess, with incredibly brave and patriotic "pirate" bringing home the booty as he thumbs his nose at Spain. Court intrigue too often interferes with robust action aboard the *Albatross*, but when the story's all at sea it's a thriller.

PRODUCTION: Lavish and beautiful, with grand scenes of sea fights and handsome pictures of palace life, Hollywood version. Michael Curtiz's direction is sufficiently spirited when script calls for action; but bogs down to dreary stateliness when dialogue gets in the way. Your ears may be bored but it's a feast for the eyes from start to fadeout.

ACTING: Field-day for Errol Flynn in the title rôle, his best since "Captain Blood." Brenda Marshall is a nice, unaffected heroine who won't annoy the Flynn fanettes. Flora Robson is a technically expert but uninspired Queen. Claude Rains, Alan Hale best in support.

Warners

"SOUTH of PAGO-PAGO"



ONE-WORD GUIDE:
ROMANTIC!

APPEAL: Plenty, if you've never outgrown your yen for South Sea Island stuff.

PLOT: White man—and woman—come to South Sea paradise; native boy love white woman, but white woman after pearls. Don't stop me if you've heard this one before, because it's always good, especially when native boy is Jon "Hurricane" Hall.

PRODUCTION: All you want of a South Sea picture, with tropical touches galore including pearl-diving, native dances, and luscious scenery. Granted you enjoy this sort of thing, you'll get more than your money's worth.

ACTING: In his first rôle since "Hurricane," photogenic Jon Hall is the native boy-oh-boy, giving a good, modest performance as well as exhibiting the screen's foremost physique in diving and native dancing. Little Olympe Bradna is a charming native sweetheart. Victor McLaglen is his usual lusty self as the invading white man. Stolid Frances Farmer, as a white siren in the South Seas, season's worst casting.

Edward Small-United Artists

to the **BEST CURRENT PICTURES**

Delight Swans

"THE BOYS FROM SYRACUSE"



ONE-WORD GUIDE:
HILARIOUS!

APPEAL: Frankly for nonsense-lovers—it's all in fun.

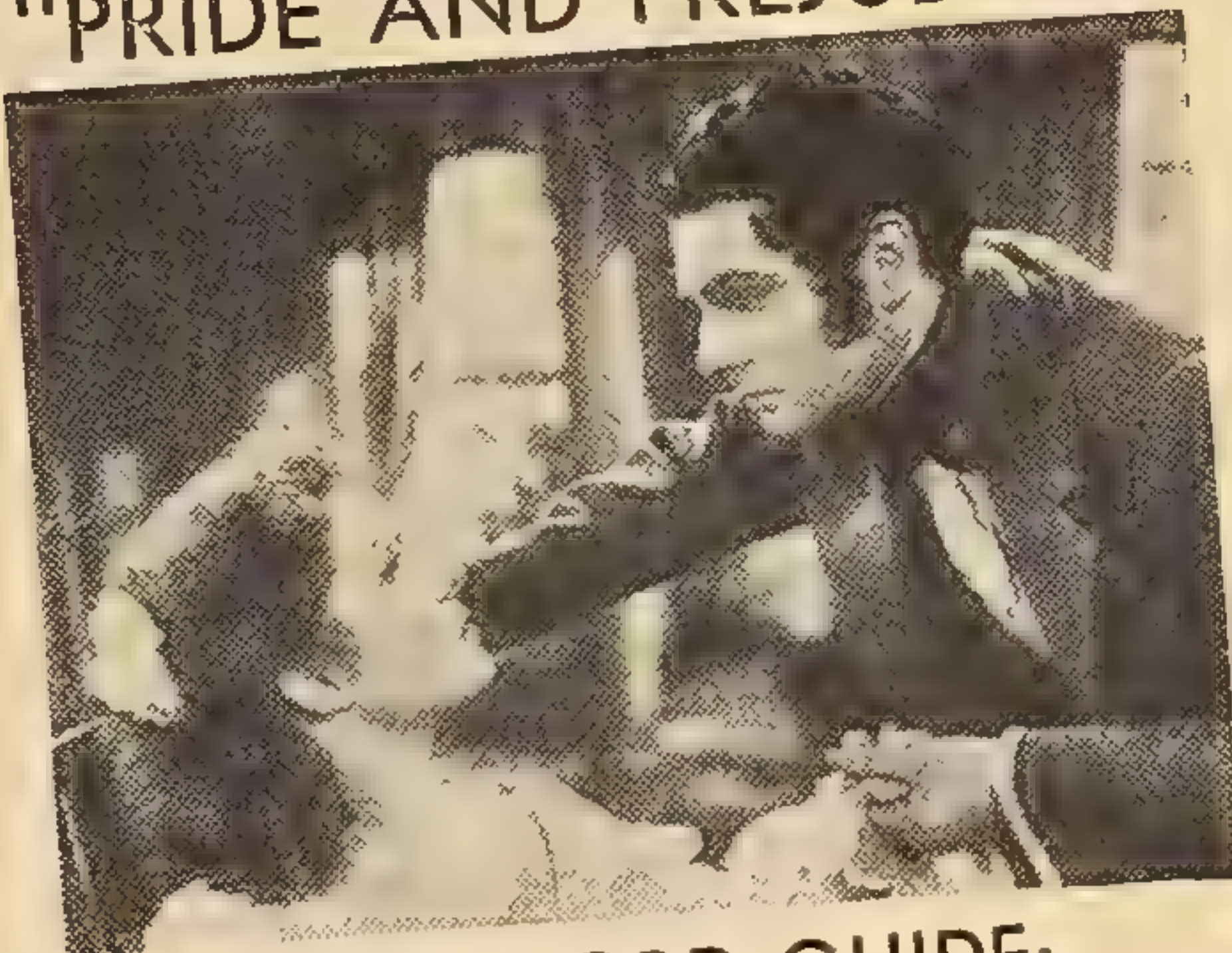
PLOT: Just one mix-up after another, involving two sets of twins in ancient Greece, adapted very freely from George Abbott's Broadway stage success by Rodgers and Hart, with not too deep a bow to one W. Shakespeare for "A Comedy of Errors."

PRODUCTION: You get the costumes, the chariot-races, and the gladiators of old Greece, embellished with modern gags, tunes, and gals. Interesting to note that producer whose first picture this is used to be film sales manager supposed to know what you audiences want. Well, does he?

ACTING: Grand in a wild and wacky way, with Joe Penner and Martha Raye, the two leading cut-ups, at their best, or worst—anyway, they are howlingly funny. Allan Jones provides his manly presence and voice, Rosemary Lane and Irene Hervey their beauty and charm; Charles Butterworth, Alan Mowbray, Eric Blore good for guffaws.

Universal

"PRIDE AND PREJUDICE"



ONE-WORD GUIDE:
CHARMING!

APPEAL: If you're weary of melodrama and crave soothing, nostalgic entertainment.

PLOT: Jane Austen fans don't need to be reminded that this is the gently malicious masterpiece about the five sisters in search of their futures. Others may find it difficult to work up any enthusiasm in 1940 over the problems of English society in 1793.

PRODUCTION: Picturesque perfection! The quaintness of settings and costumes is carried out in the correctly "period" direction of Robert Leonard, who seems to believe that characters as well as coiffures were different back in those days. You may not agree, but you're sure to find the leisurely pace a pleasant change.

ACTING: Delightful if not important, with Laurence Olivier and Greer Garson an interesting duo, though not repeating their successes of "Wuthering Heights" and "Good-bye, Mr. Chips." Good cast includes Ann Rutherford, Maureen O'Sullivan, Marsha Hunt, Mary Boland, Edmund Gwenn, Edna May Oliver.

M-G-M

"THEY DRIVE BY NIGHT"



ONE-WORD GUIDE:
REALISTIC!

APPEAL: For rugged movie-goers with sturdy stomachs and sense of humor.

PLOT: Almost of documentary significance in its strong first half, this reveals private lives, if any, of night truck-drivers as they struggle for existence—tough, timely, important commentary—until a typical movie plot-twist turns it into formula melodrama.

PRODUCTION: Excellent in every department, with Raoul Walsh's direction packing a wallop, uncompromising realism in every scene from customs to cuspidors. Not a false note until story compels it by dragging in familiar murder trial—even then, direction and acting stick to standard.

ACTING: Superb! Although Ida Lupino has biggest part and plays it magnificently—see our Honor Page—other three principals equally good considering their material. Humphrey Bogart particularly splendid, Ann Sheridan sympathetic rather than Oomphy, George Raft though least effective still fine. These four, with another fine performance by Alan Hale, make this a film to remember

Warners

Fun on a dude ranch with the "honorary sweetheart" of American college youths—Ann Rutherford, also known as Polly Benedict—and our cute girl reporter

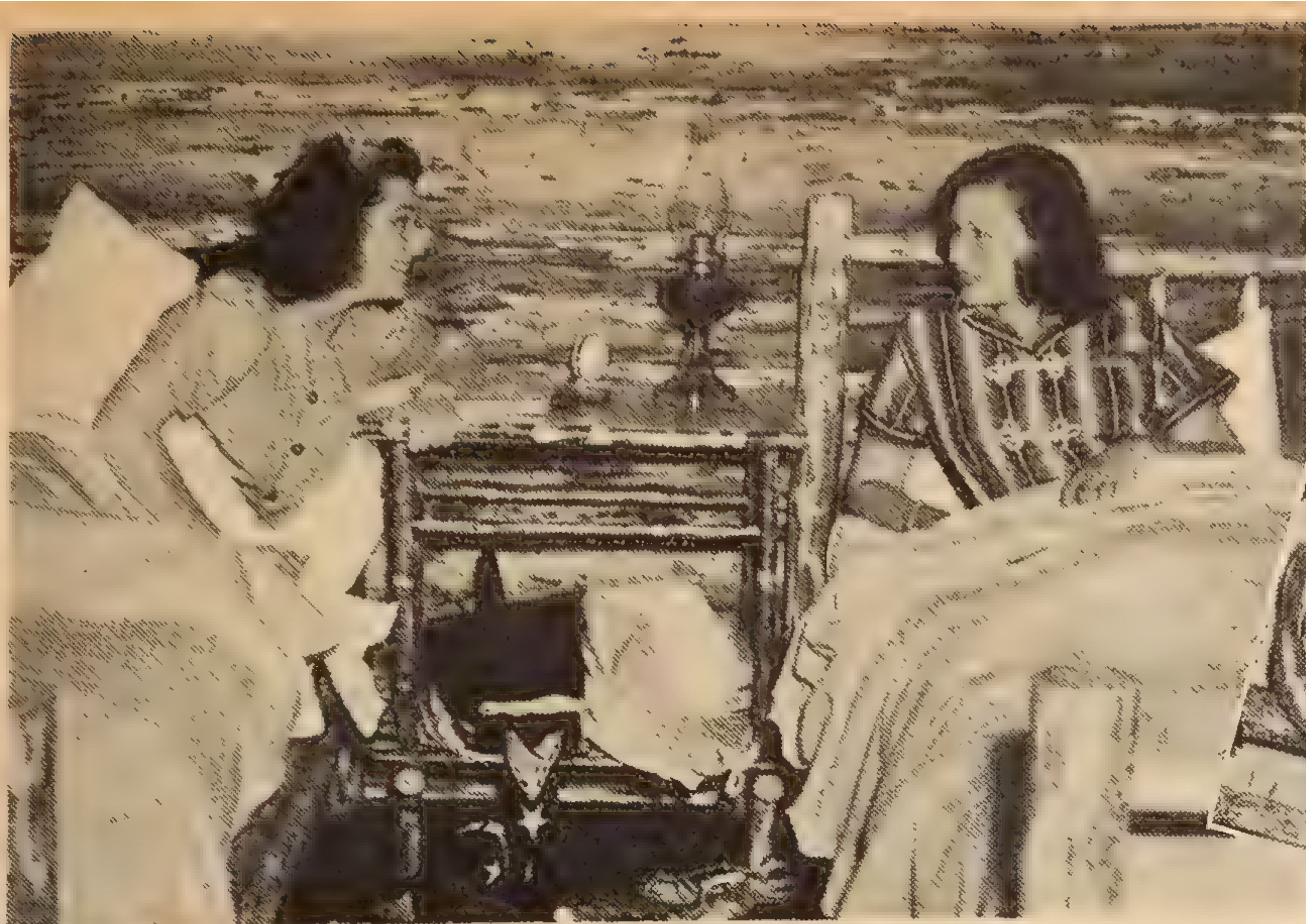
By May Mann

with

Romancing



Ann Rutherford and May Mann had the time of their young lives on a dude ranch location for "Bad Man of Wyoming," Wallace Beery picture with Ann playing her first grown-up lead. Pictures show the pretty girls' progress from their arrival through their crowded days of good times.



Ann says,
"Ooh, those
cowboys!"

Cowboys
say, "Oh,
that Ann!"



ANN

Rutherford

IMAGINE going to Wyoming for a couple of weeks on a dude ranch with Ann Rutherford, who's weighted down with frat pins as "honorary sweetheart" of Sigma this and that fraternities! Not to mention ridin' and ropin' in the great open spaces—dude wranglers and cowboys.

Ann and I had been doing a good job of imagining ever since she heard she was going to Wyoming to be in Wallace Beery's picture, "Bad Man of Wyoming." Ann was doubly thrilled. This picture marks a milestone (*Please turn to page 95*)





UNVEILING THE FUTURE



What is Norvell's advice to Mickey Rooney in view of the early disaster in romance shown in his chart?

What are Norvell's warnings to Brenda Marshall regarding love and marriage? What is Brenda's star-given destiny?



RECENTLY when I was visiting Mickey Rooney he said, "You know, Norvell, I read everything you write." I've known the boy wonder a long time and I've never known him to handle the truth lightly either in the interests of publicity or the prosecution of charm, so that statement appalled me.

"Come, *Andrew*," I said in my best *Judge Hardy* manner, "man to man, you wouldn't give an old pal the business, would you?"

"Really I do," Mickey insisted. "You see, I believe

you've got something in astrology!" With that incentive I could do no less than set up Mickey's chart. He was born on September 23 in the air Sign of Libra. This sign rules all those born between September 23 and October 22. Mickey is typical of those born in Libra. He is high-strung, intuitive, stubborn, strong-willed and discriminating. This sign is symbolized by the scales, and its subjects are forever weighing life's values, usually choosing the best bargains.

When his boss, Mr. Mayer, told Mickey to choose

NORVELL

WITH



What did Norvell reply to Gene Autry when the cowboy asked whether he and his horse, Champion, were compatible?

How long should Linda Darnell wait before marriage? Would it be wise for Linda to marry an actor or producer?



between being a playboy or an actor, Mickey, as we know, renounced the fleshpots of Broadway and the Sunset Strip to settle down to some really fine work. Since that time his greatest success has come to him. This proves a very important thing: when Libra subjects once settle on the things they want to do, nothing in the world can stop them. As time has shown, Mickey was wise in his choice. In fact, he will always choose what is best for him except in affairs of the heart.

Mickey was born under the rulership of Venus, planet of love, and his chart shows danger of early disaster in romance. This always seems to be the *bête noir* of Libra. They always find romantic happiness later, but only after a great deal of mistaken effort. (Please turn to page 78)

YOUR HOROSCOPE SENT FREE!

Send for your FREE astrology reading according to your birthdate. Norvell forecasts for the screen stars of Hollywood. His predictions have come amazingly true for them in the past. What will Norvell predict for you? Fill out the coupon and send to NORVELL, Box 989, Dept. G, Hollywood, Calif. Be sure to enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope for your reply.

Please send me NORVELL'S Horoscope. I enclose self-addressed, stamped envelope.

MY NAME IS

MY ADDRESS IS

CITY

MY BIRTHDATE IS

Here's Hollywood

IT'S YOUNG!

IT'S GAY!

IT'S GRAND!

IT'S HOLLYWOOD!

Mickey Rooney and Judy Garland give their own version of La Conga in "Strike Up the Band," their new picture, and after these two get through with it, La Conga will never be the same.



By Weston East

IT SEEMS as if Peter Ashley, he's the young fellow Warners are giving such a build up, is just never going to get his messages delivered to Bette Davis. Pete has lived in China and knows some mutual friends of Bette's there. These distant friends keep sending messages to him to deliver to Bette for them. (It's all a plot to have these two meet.) Peter is not bashful by any means, he's a paragon of poise and good breeding. He's been taken to Bette's set a number of times and was determined on each visit to make himself known. However, when once in range of her compelling personality, he loses all confidence. He decided to wait until another time to make a better impression. Meanwhile, all those messages are getting very stale.

IT'S a new gag for getting a big shot's attention at a stellar party and will almost always get results—provided, of course, you can manage to crash the party in the first place. A little girl tourist pulled it very successfully at a recent big social event. She brazened her way into the crowded drawing room and got her clutches on the first unattached stellar male she met. With tears in her eyes she begged, "Please, won't you talk to me a little bit? My boy friend is making a fool of himself over another girl. People are whispering. Won't you help me brave it out—make it seem you're giving me a rush?" Any gentleman would fall for the line. This particular girl made all the big columns the next day as the mystery woman in the hero's love life. A week later she was back in Topeka.

IT LOOKED like Miriam Hopkins had a date with the police or something equally urgent when a gentleman came up and tapped her on the shoulder in the middle of a hot rumba at Ciro's not long ago. Miriam left the dance floor and the night club like a shot. She had been asked to substitute for an actress who had suddenly become ill and who was scheduled to appear on a nation-wide dramatic broadcast in exactly twelve hours from then. She sat up the rest of the night digesting that script. After the performance the thankful director gave her prolific praise. "And to think," he said, "that I've always heard you were unreasonably temperamental." Miss Hopkins gave him that knowing twinkle that she can whip into her eyes. "Well," Miriam giggled, "there wasn't very much time for temperament, was there?"

HOLLYWOOD can be unintentionally but bitingly cruel sometimes only because it wants to help its newcomers along. Everyone knows that Martha Scott is one of the very finest young actresses to hit Hollywood in a long time. No one can question her ability, but when a sincere but blunt woman writer announced her taste in clothes was abominable, Martha was very hurt. She never intended to give the Hollywood gals a race for their money as far as clothes went. She has become so self-conscious about her wardrobe that she dreads any public appearance. But Martha's wise enough to catch on quickly. Soon she'll be as sleekly gowned and groomed as the best of them.

JACKIE COOPER, if anyone, should know how to pose for a picture—he's been doing it for quite some time. Only, after having it drummed into him for years not to look into the camera, he just couldn't give the birdie a head-on stare. His whole graduating class took it on the chin while the photographer took shot after shot trying to get a natural-looking pose from the most photographed member of the class.

MOVIE sets never stay serious for long, no matter how sober the action for the camera may be. A light and amusing atmosphere on any sound stage results in twice as much work completed. Director Anatole Litvak, during the filming of "All This, and Heaven Too" found Bette Davis, after many rehearsals, getting too dramatically worked up for the most tragic scene in the whole picture. Litvak called for still another rehearsal of the difficult sequence. Bette once more tragically entered the bedroom of the Duc, who lies on his death bed. But there, instead of Boyer heroically dying, lay Litvak himself. Bette screamed with laughter. He was dressed in a frilly old-fashioned night gown and wearing a flaming red wig. The tomfoolery broke the too brittle tension and the next take put the scene "in the bag."

THE whole town is whispering that, in every respect, the Gene Markey and Hedy Lamarr split up was by far the most Emily Post separation ever to hit Hollywood. These two didn't leave a single ragged edge to their break. Everything was ended most correctly. Their social commitments were by no means lost in the shuffle to set up new, separate households. Hostesses who had future acceptances from them were politely notified on neutral, unmonogrammed note paper. "We regret we cannot dine with you—we have come to a parting of the ways as Mr. and Mrs. Gene Markey."

YOUNG Bill Lundigan was really given a turn when he sat down and put the cold facts on paper. The amazing, regular repetition that his film rôles have taken to date is uncanny. In his first film, "Three Smart Girls Grow Up," he got married. In "Dodge City" he died. He got married again in "The Old Maid"; in "The Fighting 69th," he died in "Three Cheers for the Irish" he married, and now in "The Sea Hawk," he dies once more. That untoward repetition has him worried—what with becoming typed the bogey it is in the industry. Bill would like a rôle with a different twist for a change.



Hey, hey! The jitterbug boys and girls have their second wind and are ready to swing it some more in "Youth Will Be Served," with Jane Withers and Joe Brown, Jr. The new film shows promise of being a real peppy screen show.



Desi Arnaz, Hollywood's new number one heartbeat from Broadway musical shows, is pictured at the Coconut Grove showing a romantic preference for Lucille Ball, above. You'll see this latest Latin lover on the screen in "Too Many Girls." Lucille is in it, too. Right, Nino Martini, the singing star, plays a game of ping-pong with Natalie Draper on the grounds of the smart Sand & Pool Club of the Beverly Hills Hotel.



IT'S a scene in "Escape." Robert Taylor, as a young American, is being questioned about his suspicious presence in Germany. He is supposed to be very frightened. As the questioning goes on he breaks into a perspiration from fear and anxiety. His forehead becomes wet, and a drop of sweat runs to the end of his famous nose. The scene is excellently done in every detail. Taylor is a nervous young fellow frightened as he never was before. When the shot is finished he leaps from his chair and shouts, "I'm burned, I'm on fire!" With inquiring hands he examines the seat of his pants. Director Mervyn LeRoy, for realism, had installed a super-efficient gas heater under Taylor's chair.

OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND, against her better judgment, took Jimmy Stewart with her when she went shopping for a new car. She had spent a week picking out all the models she liked and she wanted him to help her decide. She was positive he couldn't influence her. Livvie got home an absolute contradiction of all the determination she started out with. She not only eliminated all of her choices completely, but she is now driving a car exactly like Jimmy's, even down to the same paint job. She bought the car from the same agency that Jimmy did. Now Olivia is wondering about it all. She's about to accuse boy friend Jimmy of getting a cut on the sale. How about it, Jimmy?

A WAG'S description of a date with Greer Garson as a broad-A romp through the dictionary, has the town chuckling . . . A novel approach to glamor gets a trial by Warner Brothers' juvenile, Peter Ashley. The studio has arranged for him to come to work each day in a Rolls Royce to attract attention . . . A popular local tailor pertinently opines that you are surely a success in Hollywood when your name appears in everything *but* the telephone book . . . Things that make Hollywood actresses even less understandable: Jean Arthur, a bear for realism in any characterization, ordered her shirts for "Arizona" from the most expensive male couturier. They have padded shoulders.



The Chaplin family—Charlie, Paulette Goddard, Charlie, Jr., and Sidney—dining at the Grove. My, my, how the boys have grown! It seems only yesterday that they were babes.



Elsie the Cow, decked out in glamor girl style, gives undignified Jack Oakie a haughty stare. Miss Cow makes her screen debut in "Little Men," in which Jack also appears.

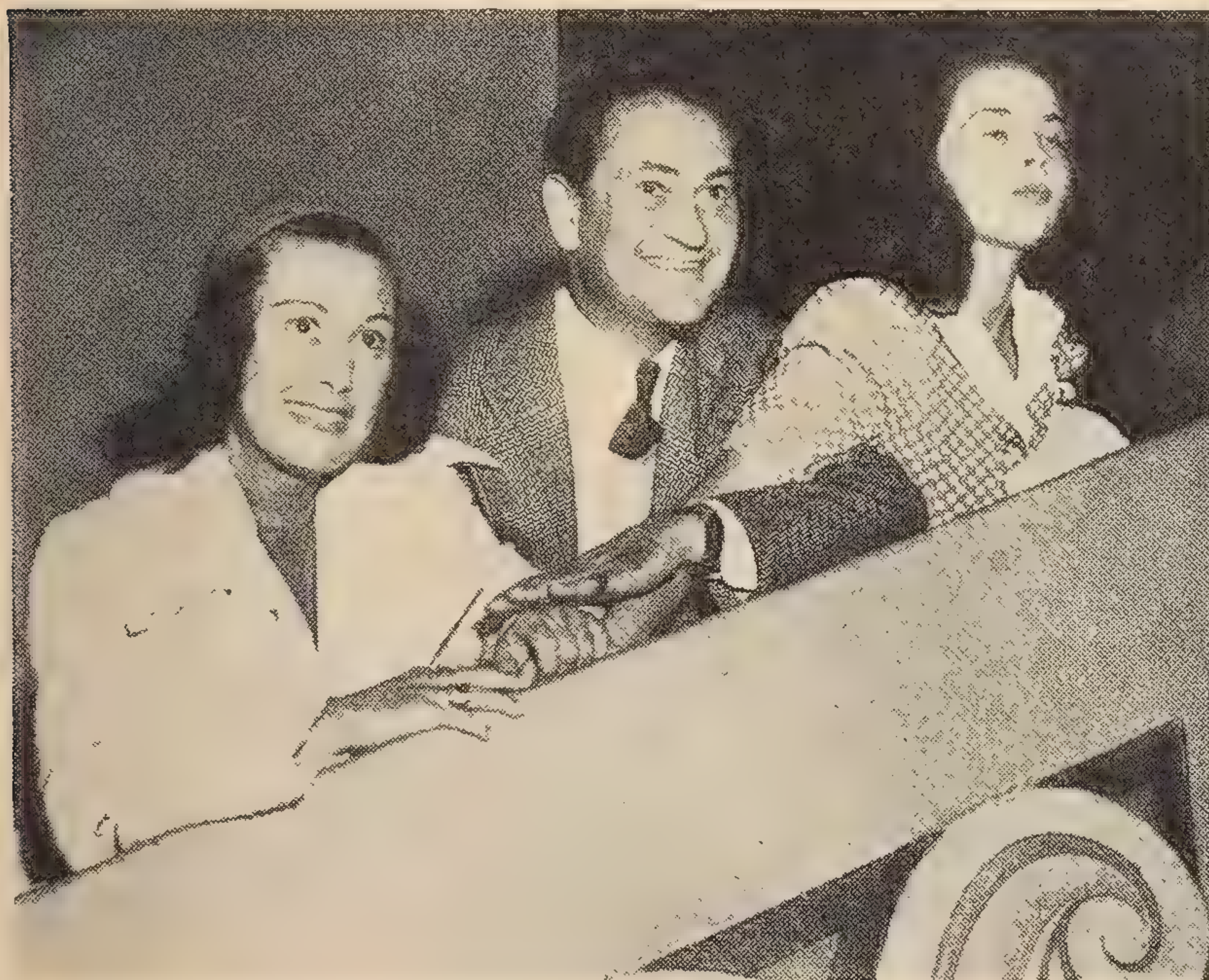


Bruce Cabot's no slouch when it comes to picking beauties. He's practically certain always to have a gorgeous blonde or brunette along. Left, brunette Irene Colman is with him here. They've just had a ping-pong session at the Sand & Pool Club. Above, Marlene Dietrich and Erich Remarque dining informally at the Beverly Hills Brown Derby. Marlene is said also to be interested these days in Broderick Crawford.

DANA ANDREWS is the most grateful of any young fellow ever to be picked up by the movies. He never thought about acting as a career and has never had any training. When he got out of school he had a terrible time finding any kind of work. The owners of a gas station gave him the only job he ever had. Sam Goldwyn drove into that station one day, took one look at Dana, and began dickering for his services. Now he's a leading man to reckon with. No, he hasn't forgotten those gas station employers of his. One-fourth of his check every week goes to those two men who gave him his first chance. You'll see Dana in "The Westerner," which stars Gary Cooper.

IT'S a standard wail around town that if you look too much like an established star there will be no room for you in Hollywood. That may be true as far as acting goes, but one Betty Masseur, a make-up woman at M-G-M, owes a great deal of happiness in her life to the fact that she's the spitting image of Joan Crawford. Betty wears her hair exactly as Joan does. She uses the same shade of lipstick and applies it in the same manner. People insist that Joan gets quite a jolt whenever these two meet on the lot. Visitors at the studio seeing Betty invariably whisper, "There is Joan Crawford." Betty really looks more like the celluloid Crawford than Joan does herself.

THERE'S many a slip twixt the cup and the lip that the public never hears about in deals between players and their studios. Everyone shook their heads when Paramount announced that Lynn Overman would end his contract deal with them. Everyone was still more surprised when out of a clear sky he was re-signed with a sizable tilt in salary. It didn't make sense to an outsider. It did to the studio. They found that C. B. De Mille had made up his mind to use Lynn in his next big time production, "Reap the Wild Wind." They also knew that Lynn would ask a whopping free-lance salary. They jumped at a chance to settle with a brand new contract, for much less per week.



Gladys Swarthout, Frank Chapman, and Patricia, his child by a former marriage, attend a preview. It's a rare picture since Chapman does not approve of exploiting Pat.



John Boles' wife listens to her spouse attentively, but tries to restrain a grin, as John gestures for the cameraman. All photos on these two pages by Len Weissman.



At first JIMMY (Dick Powell) was stunned. He'd won first prize of the contest, \$25,000. "Yippee!" he yelled, leaping on a desk and grabbing a phone to call his mother to tell her the good news. BETTY (Ellen Drew) was on the desk, too, when the boss, MR. BAXTER (Ernest Truex) came in and asked what all the fuss was about.

Hooray—We're Rich!—"The New Yorkers"

Continued from page 30

The girl waited with a catch in her throat for the end of the program when the winners would be announced. It was always so hard for her waiting like this, for she didn't believe in things the way Jimmy did. So she sat there with the comforting words and the tenderness waiting to come out like a cushion to ease the dull thud of his disappointment. It always took a little while before Jimmy could buoy himself up again after one of those disappointments and begin to believe in a new contest all over again.

But this time the waiting didn't end. Just as they both strained forward, tense, excited, the announcer suddenly became embarrassed and said the jury had been unable to reach a decision. "So," he went on glibly, "the winners will be notified by post, telegraph, pony express, or what have you. I wish I could give you the news you were so anxious to hear, but since I cannot, I will conclude with what the prisoner said when the hangman couldn't find the rope, 'No noose is good noose,' heh, heh, heh! This is Don Hartman, heh, heh, heh, wishing you all goodnight."

The boy looked indignantly at the Parker House sign blinking in electric lights in the distance. "Well, how do you like *that* one!" he exploded. "They build you up for a big finish, then leave you hanging on that meat hook."

"Well, you heard what he said," the girl said comfortingly. "No news is good news."

"He said 'No noose is good noose,'" the boy corrected her. It was the only fault he could find with her, this inability to get a pun. "I wish it was over one way or the other. You start thinking about that twenty-five thousand dollars or even the five thousand dollars or—"

"Or even anything," the girl said quietly.

"And then when you've practically got it in your mitts," the boy went on heatedly, "they just leave you there with your tongue hanging out. It's not fair. There ought to be a law against things like that."

"Did you really think you were going to win it, Jimmy?" she asked softly.

He glared at her indignantly. "I haven't lost it yet, have I?" he demanded.

"How many have you lost?" the girl asked in that same soft little voice.

"I don't know." He was always cross when he was reminded of the other times when he hadn't won. "But I do know that every time I've lost a contest I've doubled my chances on the next one. It's what you call the law of averages, like I lost the 'How many peanuts in the window' contest—well, that just doubled my chances on the—"

"They put boxes under the peanuts," the girl put in quickly, defensive for him as ever.

"They have a right to do that," the boy said. "They didn't say there weren't any boxes under the peanuts. Anyway, I lost and that doubled my chances on the 'You fill in the missing words' contest."

"But you lost *that* one, too," the girl said practically.

"Fine. So I was eight to one on the Limerick contest."

"But you didn't win it, Jimmy," the girl was close to tears. If Jimmy would only stop this foolishness and not want things so much. Then maybe he would be able to enjoy the things he had, the things they both had.

Jimmy beamed his satisfaction. "That's what makes me such a cinch in this one," he pointed to the Parker House sign. "Can't you just see it over there in lights? The guy swallows his coffee and it says: 'It isn't the coffee, it's the bunk.' You got to admit, that's some slogan."

"Uuhuhh," the girl nodded doubtfully.

"Well, you get the point, don't you?" The boy looked at her, suddenly suspicious. "It's as clear as crystal. If you don't sleep at night, it means it isn't the coffee it's the bunk—the BUNK—when you don't sleep at night."

"I know what it says!" The girl showed

"THE NEW YORKERS"

A Paramount Production

Produced by Paul Jones. Written and directed by Preston Sturges. Following is the cast of principals:

Jimmy MacDonald.....Dick Powell
Betty Casey.....Ellen Drew
Dr. Parker.....Raymond Walburn
Mr. Baxter.....Ernest Truex
Mr. Bildocker....William Demarest
Mr. Schindel.....Alexander Carr
The Announcer...Franklin Pangborn
Mr. Hillbeiner.....Alan Bridge

she could be exasperated too. "I've heard it a thousand times. I just don't understand it."

"I should think a child of two could understand it," the boy said indignantly. "It's a play on words. Don't you see, it's funny! People are going to laugh when they hear it. It means if you don't sleep at night it isn't the coffee that's keeping you awake, it's the bed."

She was trying so hard to understand. It wasn't her fault if puns just didn't mean a thing to her. "You know I want you to win, Jimmy," she said staunchly. "I'm just as anxious as you are. You know that. And when you lose this one just think how much better your chances will be on the next one." Suddenly she caught some of his fervor. "What *would* you do if you won?" she asked breathlessly.

"I'd stick it in the bank," the boy said. "Wouldn't you even buy a little ring or something?" she asked wistfully.

"I don't like rings on a man," he teased, and then at her crestfallen face he went on quickly, "aw, honey, I was kidding. You know I'd spend it all on you and Mom. I'd get you a big shiny car and a swell penthouse and some hired help and maybe a trip to the Grand Canyon and we'd be happy all right."

"We could be happy anyway," the girl said urgently.

"That's where you're wrong," the boy said. "Everything that means happiness costs money. Look at Mom. She's never had a vacation or nice clothes or furniture. The dream of her life is a davenport that turns into a bed with a crank. Where do you get that 'we don't need money' stuff?"

"Well," she pointed out to him, "I get eighteen and you earn twenty-two and that's forty and—"

"Sure!" the boy cut in. "And you got your Ma and I got mine and then you get a kid and have to quit work and we're right back to twenty-two again except there's you and the kid and the two old ladies and me. Nix. They didn't give you wrists like that and hands like that to spoil 'em in a wash-tub for some sap like me."

"But Jimmy," she insisted.

"You got to look out for yourself in this world," he went on ignoring the interruption. "You got to see the main chance and grab it—a chance with plenty of money. A girl's got to do the same instead of fooling away her time on a guy like me—unless he crashes through."

It was the way all their quarrels started. Money, that was the only thing they couldn't agree on, the thing that made

them say all those bitter words they didn't mean, the thing that nagged at them and caught at them until suddenly the fear would come back, that this time the quarrel would be real and end everything. So it was the way they always made up too, with his arms holding her tight in that scared way as if he had really lost her and found her again. And she loving him for that crazy smile of his and the way his hair waved and the way his eyes smiled with his lips and he loving her for that soft smallness of hers and for her curly brown hair and her wide eyes that looked like violets in the early morning when the dew was still on them, the way they looked at him now through her tears. But loving her most of all because she was Betty and because she was still wonderful and mysterious to him even if they had grown up together and played in that alley as kids, even though they did work in the same

black and white. He'd won the first prize of the contest, twenty-five thousand dollars. "Yippee!" he yelled, leaping on top of his desk and waving the telegram in the air. "Ladies and gentlemen—wow—yippee!" Then he saw Betty's eyes looking at him so queerly and she steadied him so he could really talk.

"Boys and girls and you, honey," he said, "there are times in everybody's life when you have to climb up on the desk and let 'er go. In other words, boys and girls, and especially you, honey, I've just won the twenty-five thousand dollar prize."

Somebody lifted Betty up on the desk beside him and he held her with one hand and grabbed the telephone with the other and gave a number. "Hello, is this you, Mrs. Schwartz? Mrs. Schwartz, this is Jimmy MacDonald across the hall. I hate to bother you, but could I talk to my

mother? It's very important. Thanks a lot, Mrs. Schwartz, I'll let you use my phone all you like, when I get one."

He couldn't keep his hand still and his feet tapped excitedly on the desk. "Give me a cigarette, somebody, will you?" he asked and one of the boys stepped forward and handed it up to him. Jimmy flipped a match with his thumbnail and lit the cigarette and then began shouting in the phone again. "Hello, Ma! No, of course I'm not hurt. Would I call you up from under a street car? Listen, Mom, are you a rich woman or a poor woman?"

He pulled Betty closer, so that her ear was right up against his at the receiver and she could hear his mother's indignant sputtering. "You're all wet!" he shouted then. "You're a rich woman. You can buy yourself anything you want—automobiles, new dresses—"

"The electric washer!" the girl put in breathlessly.

"Listen," he shouted. "You know that electric washer you saw, the green one? It's yours, Mom!"

"The davenport!" the girl prompted breathlessly.

"And mom," the boy went on, "that davenport that turns into a double bed at night—it's yours, Mom, and anything else you want. All you got to do is tell me, and it's all yours."

The three boys from the stock-room looked at each other unhappily. This was one joke that had back-fired all right. They didn't think it was very funny now. "That's going to cost us just one davenport that turns into a double bed at night," one of them said shamefacedly. "Come on, let's put him out of his misery."

But before they could get to Jimmy the door of Mr. Baxter's private office opened. "What's this, a football game? You're fired!" he shouted. "And you too, young lady." But when the office manager explained what it was all about the Boss held out his hand to Jimmy. "More power to you," he grinned. "Now I suppose I'll have to hire you back at a fat increase. You didn't ever happen to get any ideas



office now and saw each other every night and quarrelled like this because underneath all the wonder of it was the fear of never really being able to get married at all.

Jimmy was whistling when he went into the men's locker-room at the office next morning. His enthusiasm was at boiling point again. Hadn't there been money in his coffee cup at breakfast that morning? And didn't all signs point to the fact that it was coffee that was going to bring him his luck? Why, even the office where he worked was a coffee concern, a rival of Parker House.

The three boys from the stock-room looked at each other and grinned when they saw his jauntiness. They were great guys, those boys, always up to some fun or other, and they could think of more ways to kid, like leaving a message for someone to call up a Mr. Fish and giving the telephone number of the Aquarium. And seeing Jimmy now, one of them got an idea for the best joke yet.

It would be so easy to fake a telegram. They'd done it before. All they needed was a telegraph blank and some scissors and some glue and the message typed on a piece of paper and cut into strips. When it was all finished they agreed it looked like the real thing. And it looked that way to Jimmy, too, when the office boy left it on his desk when he went to get a drink of water so he'd pass Betty sitting at her typewriter.

First he was stunned. There it was in



Top, looking at the \$25,000 check which Dr. PARKER (Raymond Walburn) had just handed him, JIMMY mumbled something about being poor and unknown one minute and sitting on top of the world the next. Above, JIMMY insisted that BETTY pick one of the biggest and most beautiful diamond rings in the Schindel Brothers' collection, after Mr. HILLBEINER (Alan Bridge) had verified the matter of the check with Dr. PARKER.



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Left, JIMMY bought gifts for everybody, but the most elegant present was a "davenola" for his mother—a davenport beyond her most extravagant dreams, fully equipped with radio, ash tray, and reading lamp. Below, the neighbors had gathered and were waiting for JIMMY to distribute the gifts, when Mr. SCHINDEL arrived on one of the store's trucks and told PATROLMAN MURPHY to arrest JIMMY.

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he felt something brush against his legs. He looked down and there was the porter's big, black cat, rubbing against him and purring. "Hello, pussy," Jimmy said dispiritedly.

"Is it bad or good luck when they rub against you?" Betty asked.

"At all depends on what happens afterward," the porter said.

"You said it!" Jimmy agreed mournfully and then he stopped suddenly, for there was a sign painter just finishing putting his name on the door of the office that was to have been his.

"Pretty nifty, huh?" the sign painter chuckled. "Say, who is this MacDonald who won the whatcha-call-it contest? Private office, secretary to himself—hot dog!"

"With mustard," the boy said bitterly. But he walked in anyway, just to see what it would feel like, this once. He even sat down at the desk that would have been his.

Suddenly Betty broke. "It was going to be nice, wasn't it?" she asked.

"Quit it, will ya?" he demanded as she buried her face in her arms and started to cry. But he didn't mean to be harsh with her. It was just that he felt so much like crying himself, and so he took her in his arms and did all the things, the tender ones, the sweet ones that a boy will when the girl he loves is crying.

They were standing there in each other's arms when the door opened and Mr. Baxter came in. Jimmy took a deep breath. It was pretty awful to have to go through the whole thing and explain the way things were.

"If you thought my ideas were good this afternoon, you think they're good now, don't you?" he said at the end. But his voice didn't sound as confident as his words. "It wouldn't make any difference in the ideas that I didn't win the contest."

"Of course it makes a difference," Mr. Baxter said. "I thought your ideas were good because they sounded good to me, but the fact that you won the contest made me *sure* they were good. And now you haven't won the contest."

It was Betty who stepped forward then, timid little Betty who would have been scared to say "Boo" to the Boss, if it wasn't Jimmy she was fighting for. "He belongs in here until he proves himself or fails!" she said earnestly. "I don't know how to put it in words the way Jimmy could, but all he wants is a chance to show what he can do, to find out if he has anything while he's still young and burning. You know it's one thing to muffle a chance when you've got it, but it's another thing never to have a chance." She couldn't help the tears that came in her eyes then or the trembling in her voice. "His name's already on the door, too."

Maybe Mr. Baxter could have overcome her logic. But he couldn't do a thing about her tears. He'd always been soft about a woman crying, especially a girl like this, so soft and so pretty; she made him think of spring and the way it feels to be in love when you're young and a lot of other things he had forgotten. So he cleared his throat and in a very brisk, businesslike tone said that Jimmy might as well stay in that new office, but that he certainly wouldn't be getting any more salary until he proved himself.

The girl couldn't help rushing to him and giving him a shy, quick kiss on his cheek, and he was terribly embarrassed, but pleased too, as he backed out of the office and left it to them.

"Isn't it wonderful?" the girl asked, her eyes shining.

"You were wonderful," the boy said slowly. "You'll always be wonderful. But I'm a little bit leery about me."

And it was true. For the first time in



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his life Jimmy MacDonald knew what it felt like not to believe in himself. He looked down, for he felt something rubbing against his leg—and if there wasn't the black cat again!

Some people said a black cat was bad luck. Others were just as sure it was good. Oh well, Jimmy knew just what kind of luck that cat was. All kinds, and all of it bad. And just to make him feel worse than ever there was the Parker House sign blinking at him from the distance. Did they have to make that sign so big you could see it all over the city?

And of course Jimmy was just a boy, and an awfully nice boy, too, and a boy terribly in love, but even that didn't give him the power to see into the future or even the present, so he couldn't know what was going on in that building.

For the contest had been decided at last. The twelfth judge had won over the other eleven and the winning slogan was "It isn't the Coffee, it's the Bunk." And at that very moment they were sending a telegram to the lucky man who had won. His name was James MacDonald.

But of course Jimmy didn't know that and so he felt just plain sunk, looking at that sign and thinking that of course Mr. Baxter was right when he said it was winning the contest that *proved* his ideas were good.

"Aw, cheer up, will you?" Betty said softly. "Smile, will ya? Who wants a penthouse anyway? Way up high where it catches all the soot and makes you dizzy when you look down. Come on—smile!"

"I *am* smiling," the boy said, but it wasn't really a smile, the way he was forcing it that way.

"Look," the girl said. "There's that cat again." And there was the cat, sure enough, purring and rubbing against Jimmy's legs. Maybe it was true what some people said and the cat was good luck. It certainly was funny the way he kept sticking to Jimmy that way.

"What do you suppose he's doing that for?" she asked.

"Probably got fleas," the boy said.

"Probably—ah, cheer," she urged him.

She flung her arms around him and kissed him and then she was happy again with Jimmy's arms tightening around her and she knowing that whatever had happened or would happen they were together and had all the rest of their lives ahead of them, contest or no contest.

Why My Marriage Ended in Heartbreak!

Continued from page 25

stars to the premiere of "Dodge City" in Dodge City, Kansas, four months after the young Morrisses were married. Wayne with his wholesome looks, his ruffled hair, and his good-natured grin I liked at once, but I was a little wary of Bubbles. "A child bride!" I screamed when someone suggested I meet her. "Heavens, no! Spare me that." I thought she would be too *too* young, too *too* silly, and too *too* awful. When I finally did meet her she turned out to be perfectly swell. Sane, sensible, most intelligent, unusually attractive, and with a sense of humor that even a Lombard might envy. When I told her that I was going on to New York from Dodge City I noticed a rather sad look in her eyes. "Poor kid," I thought, "I do believe she's homesick. She probably finds Hollywood strange, and very lonely."

I who loathe the non-professional wives of Hollywood movie stars found myself liking her very much. I called her "My favorite Hollywood wife" in a story I wrote. She liked that. She and Wayne and I became great friends. And that's the reason I feel I know enough about the break-up of their marriage to place the blame on Hollywood, despite the fact that both Wayne and Bubbles insist that it's incompatibility. Incompatibility, of course, had something to do with it, for here were two young people from entirely different worlds; but once again Hollywood, that deep-dyed villain with the black mustache who says "Curses" to happy marriages, must play the heavy.

"I first met Wayne on a Saturday night, the 22nd of October, 1938," Bubbles once told me. "We were on the same party at the Persian Room of the Plaza Hotel in New York. I had never met a Hollywood movie star before, and I thought he was the most wonderful thing that had ever happened to me. A few weeks before I had seen him on the screen in 'Kid Galahad.' One of my friends, down from Yale for the week-end, had taken me to see the picture, and there I was holding hands with my Yale boy when suddenly Wayne came on the screen. I completely forgot Yale from then on. So you can imagine how thrilled I was when I met Galahad in person in the Persian Room."

Wayne, a struggling young actor whom the Warner Brothers had discovered in the Pasadena Playhouse and turned into a star practically overnight, had been sent East, accompanied by plenty of press agents, to make personal appearances with his latest picture, "The Valley of the Giants," which was playing one of the Brooklyn movie houses. "After I met Wayne," Bubbles said, "I made two trips to Brooklyn every day. Thanks to Wayne's personal appearances I certainly learned about Brooklyn."

Wayne, in Hollywood where movie stars are no novelty, and where there's plenty of competition from such guys as Jimmy Stewart, George Brent, Robert Taylor and Clark Gable, was just another likeable and agreeable young leading man (though he did all right with the gals); but Wayne in New York, without competition, and swathed in Hollywood glamor, was the Biggest Excitement in town. He lunched at "21," and he danced at the Stork Club, and all the little debs simply went mad about him. When Bubbles' schoolgirl chums learned that she had met Wayne Morris, from Hollywood, at a dance at the Plaza

they were hysterical. When they learned that she had a date with him, they swooned.

Naturally, Wayne took it big. Who wouldn't? And Bubbles was terribly impressed. Every place they went there were crowds of adoring fans, photographers, reporters, autograph seekers—and every morning she'd read her name in the gossip columns and see pictures of herself dining, dancing, sipping ginger ale, at New York's smartest night clubs with the Lion of the Moment. It was a great thrill for Wayne, who had never known anything like that before. And for Bubbles it was "the most divine two weeks I had ever known."

In the midst of the excitement the kids fell in love. It was all too perfect, the popular movie star idol and the beautiful daughter of a millionaire. "I liked his broad shoulders," said Bubbles, "the way his hair was never quite combed. I liked the way he looked in blue suits, and the way he laughed." As for Wayne, he was so in love he was walking on clouds.

After two weeks of fairly sweeping Bubbles off her feet, Wayne was ordered back to Hollywood to start production on "The Kid from Kokomo." When Wayne left New York her beloved town became as flat and tasteless as champagne that has been uncorked too long. And Wayne, back in Hollywood, discovered that picture-making wasn't as exciting as it had been before, and that Glamor Girls were very artificial and silly when compared with Bubbles Schinasi. She'd have to marry him, Wayne decided, he just couldn't bear to have three thousand miles between them, and since the studio wouldn't let him go to New York again, she'd have to come to Hollywood. There followed pleading wires, phone calls, special delivery airmail letters.

Bubbles, with her attractive young mother, Mrs. Ruby Schinasi, arrived in Hollywood on the fourth of December. "I was so excited," said Bubbles, "and I bought myself a most stunning new dress to wear when I got off the train and fell into Wayne's arms. But Wayne ruined my entrance." Instead of waiting at the station like a well-mannered expectant bridegroom, Wayne had someone drive him to San Bernardino where he secretly boarded the train to surprise his darling Bubbles. It was early in the morning and Bubbles had her hair in curlers, cold cream on her face, and was giving herself a manicure in her compartment when the door opened and in burst Wayne. Expecting to find Bubbles in a swirl of chiffon the way he had left her at the El Morocco, Wayne immediately assumed he had the wrong compartment. "I beg your pardon," he said politely, "I'm looking for Miss Schinasi." Well, you can imagine how his little fiancée felt. "I could have murdered him," said Bubbles savagely.

They were married on January 8th, and the bride wore white and silver. The original plans had been to leave on a honeymoon at once, but it was suddenly discovered that a part of "The Kid from Kokomo" had to be re-made. So Bubbles spent her honeymoon at the Garden of Allah apartments. Hollywood had donned its mustache and was beginning to play the heavy, even before Bubbles had gotten the rice out of her hair. Wayne had to get up every morning at six o'clock to get to the studio in time, and every night he came home late from the studio and would have to go to sleep right away so he could get up at six the next morning. Bubbles' mother returned to New York. "I didn't know a soul in Hollywood," said Bubbles, "not even a stray cat." And Hollywood, without friends, can be the loneliest place in the world. Bubbles fought back the tears and told herself over and over again that it wouldn't be like this for long. It was the loneliest honeymoon a girl ever had.

Finally the picture was previewed, stills

were made, interviews were given, and Warner Brothers magnanimously told Wayne that now he could have his trip. A boat trip to New York, the kids decided, would be romantic as everything—and on a boat the studio couldn't possibly call Wayne. But they didn't know Hollywood. When the boat docked a few days later at Havana there was a publicity man from Warner Brothers with instructions to fly Mr. and Mrs. Wayne Morris to Washington at once to attend the President's Birthday Ball. "Of course we liked the President," said Bubbles, "but we liked our honeymoon more. We were very upset." Wayne had to do personal appearances all over Washington, and Bubbles sat and twiddled her thumbs in their hotel suite.

When they finally arrived in New York Wayne decided that inasmuch as they had only two more weeks left to his vacation they should buy a car and drive back to the Coast. Bubbles would much rather have stayed in New York, her adored New York, but she was the perfect little wife and said, "All right," even though it was a little reluctantly. In every town that they passed through inevitably an exhibitor would track them down and drag Wayne off to meet the "gang."

Bubbles, bored with twiddling her thumbs by now, started buying all the movie magazines she could find on the hotel newsstands. Now far be it from me to blame my bread and butter for causing the young Morris to separate, but I have to be frank and admit that movie magazines got in a little dirty work too. All magazines, as you know, go to press six weeks or more before they appear on the newsstands. So fast had been the courtship and marriage of Wayne and Bubbles that the magazines had not been able to catch up with them. So Bubbles in her lonely hotel room had the horrifying experience of reading, "My Romance with Wayne Morris, By Priscilla Lane," and "Wayne Morris Mad about Jane Wyman," among other little goodies. She was already jealous of Warner Brothers, press agents, and exhibitors, and now she had to be jealous of "Wayne's women." It was too much for an eighteen-year-old bride—she just broke down and cried.

They arrived in Hollywood in a pouring rain, which sort of took the edge off their home-coming. And of course Warner Brothers summoned Wayne to the studio right away to take publicity pictures. That was to be expected. By now Bubbles was quite used to having her husband dragged away by press agents any time of day or night. Movie stars in Hollywood are often much more married to their studios than

they are to their wives. Especially young actors like Wayne who are genial and easy-going and eager to do the right thing. There are always visiting editors, columnists, exhibitors and politicians to be entertained and likeable Wayne was trotted out on every occasion. "Boredom set in," said Bubbles. As you can well imagine. It's no fun for a young bride to sit around home all the time, even though it is one of the most beautiful homes in Brentwood. And Bubbles, remember, had always been used to gaiety and laughter. It was a decided let-down.

She also made the startling discovery that movie stars in New York are far more glamorous than they are in Hollywood. In New York they play. But in Hollywood they work. And no work, even picture-making, brings out glamor in a guy. Wayne in a blue suit dancing at the Stork Club was far more exciting than Wayne, two hours late for dinner, in a rumpled shirt open at the neck, telling her what Pat O'Brien said to Charlie Einfeld.

Bubbles gradually made friends among the Hollywood younger set, though she didn't like them nearly so well as the friends she had in the East, and Wayne had a lay-off from the studio and they could go out to dinner occasionally and see previews. But no matter how hard she tried Bubbles just couldn't get over being homesick for her mother and New York. Naturally that annoyed Wayne, and disagreements followed.

When the baby arrived in December Bubbles and Wayne were deliriously happy again. But it didn't last.

"I tried every way I could to make a success of our marriage," said Bubbles. "I really tried hard. Wayne tried too."

After numberless disagreements that only brought on heartbreak and tears Bubbles decided that it would be better that she and Wayne call off their marriage, now while they are still so young, while they can still respect each other, and not drag it out through the years until they loathe and despise the sight of each other. She will sue for divorce on the grounds of incompatibility in Los Angeles where it takes a year for a decree to become final. Neither of them is even thinking about getting married again so there will be no quick dash to Reno. A year is a long time. Maybe during that year Bubbles and Wayne will be able to recapture their lost love. But I doubt it. Both are swell people, but their backgrounds are too different, their worlds too far apart. And they are much too young to be tolerant and understanding. Believe me, even when you're ideally mated, marriage in Hollywood's no bed of roses.

There's nothing so refreshing as a nice cold drink of soda to relax you. Here, at the right, pretty Peggy Moran prepares to enjoy a bottle of pop between scenes of her newest picture, "Slightly Tempted."





Unveiling the Future with Norvell

Continued from page 67

"If you marry before twenty-five," I told Mickey, "you might as well start putting a little away each week for alimony. Venus rules you, and with your impetuous, emotional nature you are apt to think you are in love with every likely-looking lass you meet. Better just be true to your ideals for a while longer. After several broken romances," I continued, "your chart shows the one great love of your life will finally come and you will settle down to being a family man." Mickey beamed at this.

"Children?" he asked.

"Your chart shows two fine strapping sons," I replied, but I suddenly realized that we were getting the astrological cart way before the horse, so I drifted into a more analytical discussion of Mickey's emotional and professional life.

"Your career will last as long as you wish it to," I assured Mickey, "for Venus favors you and will bring you a fortune in life. There is nothing to fear from life, and if you avoid marriage until you have reached the age of twenty-five you will be playing on the safe side."

Mickey wouldn't promise anything, but with his well-balanced, analytical mind, I'm sure he will take life in his stride as it comes and do the right things at the right times. At least he can't say I didn't warn him!

With that off my chest I grabbed up my astrological paraphernalia and dashed across town to issue another warning to Brenda Marshall, Warners' and heaven's latest gift to underprivileged men. After setting up Brenda's chart (she was born on September 29) I started to warn her about love and marriage when she cut in, "Would I be happy with a man born in the month of April?"

Caught off guard, I could only mumble, "Well, yes and no."

"That's all I wanted to know!" she exclaimed. "I believe in astrology implicitly, and I want to be quite sure I'm right in falling in love with someone I think is just perfect."

It didn't take a mind reader or cosmic philosopher to realize that Brenda Marshall was talking about handsome Bill Holden of "Golden Boy" fame. Bill was born in April, in the Sign of Aries, and from what I have heard, Bill's feelings for Brenda are mutual. It would be a wonderful thing for this young and enthusiastic couple to find love's fulfillment with

each other. There are so many things in their favor, and by pulling a few astrological strings, I felt that the entire thing could be amicably arranged. Brenda was jubilant. "There are warnings in both your charts," I said, "that make it very difficult, but with caution they can be overcome."

Brenda laughed. "I'll bet you're the sort of person who makes scenes at formal weddings when the minister says: 'Let him now speak or else hereafter forever hold his peace,'" she said.

"I don't want to shatter your idealistic conception of Bill Holden, for he's a splendid chap," I said, "but the fact remains that there are problems between Aries and Libra people that are apt to cause unhappiness. They are both apt to be too dominating for their own good, and when two volatile, explosive qualities come together things are apt to happen. There are ways of overcoming this danger, however. Decide beforehand that each will allow the other his freedom; arbitrate rather than go to battle; avoid in-law trouble, and each of you continue with your separate careers. By following these few simple laws you can overcome the planetary influences in your chart and find happiness in marriage with Bill Holden."

What of Brenda Marshall's career? Although comparatively new to pictures she has already captured the favorable attention of Hollywood and movie-goers. I'm sure when you see her in her recently completed picture, "The Sea Hawk," with Errol Flynn, you will agree with me that she definitely has something on the ball, and is slated to go places. It is her star-given destiny.

In a general way, I should warn all Libra subjects to beware in love and marriage. The Hollywood by-paths are strewn with the carcasses of dead Libra loves. Some tragic, some humorous, and most of them avoidable. Years ago I warned Carole Lombard, another beautiful Libra-born, against marrying William Powell. Their charts were incompatible. I asked Carole to wait a few years until fate brought her a compatible companion. Like all Libra girls, she rushed in and soon found out her mistake.

After all, when one is a movie actress, financially independent and thrown constantly in contact with opportunity, a mistake or two along the emotional lines is

It's the Mexican Machicha! Ann Sheridan and Anthony Quinn introduce it on the screen in "City for Conquest." From left, Bobby Vreeland, originator of the dance, shows Ann and Tony how to do it; Tony and Ann have situation well in hand; a graceful step of the dance.

not so important. But for the rest of you born under Libra, to whom marriage is an irretrievable economic and social step, I urge you not to marry impulsively. Examine your head as well as your heart first. Choose wisely, and, above all, choose scientifically. In other words, choose an astrological mate. The compatible signs for Libra are: May 21 to June 20, the Sign of Gemini—Jimmy Stewart and Priscilla Lane types. Aquarius, January 20 to February 18—Ronald Colman and Clark Gable types. Virgo, August 23 to September 22—Fred MacMurray and Claudette Colbert types; and as last choices, Aries, March 21 to April 20, or Leo, July 23 to August 22.

You'll note that most Libra-born have had two marriages: Janet Gaynor, Constance Bennett, Carole Lombard, Allan Jones, Miriam Hopkins, Virginia Bruce. It practically seems an astrological law that Libra must know the bitterness of a broken first marriage before they find happiness in a second.

Second marriages are so successful with Libra persons because by having been severely burned they select a mate more carefully the second time. That's why Carole's marriage to Clark Gable is such a perfect thing and will last. Clark was born in Aquarius—a perfect marriage sign for Libra.

While Hollywood wouldn't give you great odds on the marriage of Adrian and Janet Gaynor, another Libra girl, I'd bet on its permanence, for Janet learned the hard way that love is not something entered into lightly. Janet's and Adrian's marriage was a true love match. Anyone who has heard Adrian's enraptured recital of how cupid's darts first struck his heart, could hardly believe otherwise. Astrologically they can surmount all problems and continue in perfect wedded bliss. The new addition to the family can do much to perpetuate the bliss of this very-much-in-love couple. Janet will return to the screen several times, but the most important rôle in her life from now on is wife and mother.

While all Libra subjects hurtle themselves into romance for its own sake at an early age, not all of them carry it to its illogical conclusion. There's Joan Fontaine, born on October 22, who was engaged at least a dozen times before Mr. Aherne



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MRS. MARY ELIZABETH WHITNEY (THE FORMER MRS. JOHN HAY WHITNEY), like many other members of distinguished American families, has for years observed the Pond's rules for skin care

came along. This is a marriage that can last, for Brian was born in the Sign of Taurus, ruled by Venus, and this sign has much in common with Libra. Miss Fontaine may have to forego her brilliant career to preserve her marriage, but I feel she will do this because love is Libra's whole existence, and real love is what Olivia's little sister has found at last.

The other day Gene Autry phoned me. "Come on over and read my horse's horoscope, Norvell, I want to find out if we're compatible."

A Hollywood astrologer has to be ready for any demand, so I lost no time getting out to the Valley. Gene is a Libra subject too, and while he is never allowed to kiss his leading ladies in pictures, I know from a recent incident that he stirs strong emotions in female members of his audience. I was attending a Gene Autry picture in a small town recently, and when the fade-out came, Autry tenderly gathered his leading lady in his arms. They held the pose quite a few moments while Gene gazed into the girl's eyes with what can only be described as a "Libra look." A woman in the theater rose from her seat and screamed, "Don't, Gene! Don't kiss her! Please don't!" Of course Gene didn't (it's in his contract) and the woman settled back in her seat embarrassed but satisfied. The Boy Scouts of America were still safe, and all was right in the world.

When I told Gene about this he blushed. "Shucks," he said, "I'm just a cowboy. I wasn't cut out for that love stuff." Be that as it may, Gene's wife is a very happy lady and I don't suppose he won or holds her with rope tricks.

Gene's career is all set for the future, and as for his marriage there is nothing but happiness reflected in his chart. As for his horse, (who is a Leo subject) I predict a close friendship between Gene and Champion that will be long lasting and cinematically perfect.

You will remember two months ago in SCREENLAND I warned George Raft, a Libra, that a marriage between him and Norma Shearer was unfeasible. The day the magazine hit the newsstands in Hollywood, they officially called off their romance. Happiness for both lies ahead, but separately.

Proof that Libra-born generally attract a great destiny lies in the brilliant stage and screen career of Helen Hayes. Miss Hayes has truly soared to the great heights shown in her horoscope, and by no means is her screen career finished. Hollywood has long clamored for more of Helen Hayes' magnificent art, and despite the fact that she seems reluctant to make more pictures, her chart shows that she will make not one, but many more in the future. Her return to pictures is definitely scheduled this year, and her chart shows that she will be more popular than ever before. The mature and dignified type of classic art presented by the intelligent and cultured Miss Hayes is sadly needed by the screen; in fact, it might almost be said that it is the only type of future art that will keep pictures from swooning into a blissful, saccharine state from which they may never revive. Miss Hayes' career has been great despite the fact she has given normal time to her marriage with Charles MacArthur. She was an exception to the Libra rule of two marriages, in that she married very young, and is still married to the same man after many years of perfect happiness. Her indomitable Libra will does not permit Helen Hayes to fail in any department of her life.

Now let us consider the most gorgeous of the Libra subjects. Ladies, and particularly gentlemen, I give you—Linda Darnell! Here is a movie queen in the classic

tradition. Fated for a spectacular career, this child of destiny may have to pay a high price for it. Like all Libras, Linda is apt to let her heart rule her head, and with the brilliant prospects ahead of her she would be foolish to consider marriage for several years. (I know at least six young bachelors of Hollywood who could kill me for this but it's my bounden duty, boys.) "Wait until you are twenty-three or four before you consider marriage," I warned Linda when I visited her recently.

"Why, I'll practically be an old maid by that time!" Linda pouted.

"You can be extremely happy in love and marriage if you marry someone in the motion picture industry," I continued. "Either an actor or producer is slated to be your future husband, but above all else, your chart shows that you must place career first—at least in the next five years."

Linda Darnell is one girl who really knows what she wants in life. If you'll recall the true publicity stories about her, she was sent back to Texas at the tender age of sixteen to grow up before continuing her career. But like all Libra-born, Linda knew that her first great love, the screen, would be her life's work. She waited, studied, worked, and returned to Hollywood at the still youthful age of seventeen and began what Hollywood and movie audiences have discovered already is a spectacular career. Linda Darnell will not retire from pictures for many a year, and her chart shows that she can combine marriage and career later with success.

The world faces rapidly changing conditions. These changes are often reflected by the positions of the planets months before they show themselves on the earth plane. By studying YOUR own planetary indications, by charting your course in life, you can often avoid the heartaches and disappointments that come to thousands.

Those of you whose birthdates do NOT come in the Sign of Libra might be interested in knowing what the coming weeks hold for you. Check below for the section dealing with your birthdate and see what the pattern of events is for YOUR life.

Aries—March 21 to April 20

Mars is your ruler, and this planet has been afflicted for some time. Your life may be unsettled, and financial disturbances may arise unexpectedly. The watchword this month must be caution. Avoid legal entanglements, and be especially cautious in business affairs. Romantic matters come

under more pleasant vibrations as Venus sends compatible rays this month. A new love affair is offered and you may feel free to accept it at this time. Any decisions you make in regard to love or marriage are bound to be for your future progression, for Uranus, planet of changing conditions, causes your life to reflect more romantic happiness this month. On the 3rd, 8th, 18th, and 29th, use caution in diet and health. Neptune brings mysterious messages, or underhanded doings from some stranger, be careful of your acquaintances, and avoid unconventional actions.

Taurus—April 21 to May 20

Venus favors romantic activity this month—and if you have not yet found the solution to your love problem, you may suddenly find yourself falling in love with some person who comes into your life in the coming weeks. Some Taurus persons have found difficulty in marriage—if you are among those, it may make you happy to know that you are being assisted by your ruling star in finding happiness in marriage. Some cases will, naturally, be solved by divorce, but in instances where this can be avoided effort should be made to save the marriage. One of the principal difficulties for Taurus persons has been in a financial way—it has been difficult to make money, but this problem appears to be dissolving under the strong planetary rays of Jupiter. You will profit financially from a transaction now pending.

Gemini—May 21 to June 20

Good month for all personal and business affairs. May be in line for a legacy soon. Neptune brings a possible short trip by water and the Moon gives you romantic vibrations this month. Make the most of social contacts, for some person you meet at this time may mean much to you in the future. Romance is still undecided, avoid jealousy, and keep out of family entanglements. Avoid accepting new responsibilities financially, and curb your extravagant nature at present. A change in business after the 15th, with money coming through an investment.

Cancer—June 21 to July 22

You are under calmer conditions this month and will have time to consider your actions more carefully than you have in the past few months. Owing to agitation of the Moon from time to time, you have not acted wisely in romantic matters—that

The Stuart Erwins are shown ring-siding at the Cocoanut Grove recently, where they went to applaud Eddie Duchin, popular maestro of the piano, who opened his engagement there.



Len Weissman

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is, if you are typical of most Cancer persons. You should act with confidence in all matters of romance or marriage, and fear nothing. Money comes from two sources, either an investment, or business venture—or possibly the return of money owed you. Sign papers, attend to real estate matters, literary ambitions, or musical activities this month. Travel by land, avoid overdoing, and watch the health.

Leo—July 23 to August 22

Heart interests are always prominent in the minds of Leo-born, and you may come under the somewhat active rays of your ruler, the Sun, this month, causing you to pay more attention to romance than usual. Two persons may stand out in your affections and you may have a choice to make. Be very cautious, and do nothing too drastic, for decisions should not be made this month in romance. The month favors secretarial work, teaching, sales and promotion work, writing, and artistic effort. Make the most of new contacts at this time, and attend to social activities. Health is better, and you are over the slightly dangerous tendencies that your stars inflicted on you for a time.

Virgo—August 23 to September 22

Mercury is well aspected during the first two weeks of this month. You face surprises and changes in all departments of your life. Legal affairs may be favorably settled, and leases can be safely signed. Stocks and bonds are faring well for Virgos, so if you have investments at this time do not worry about them. After the fifteenth of the month you have excellent romantic vibrations and can take any action you wish in regard to your love life. Some confusion may exist, a problem in love or marriage may seem impossible to solve, but before the month is ended you should see the solution in sight to romantic difficulties. If you wish to go away, or change residence, do so this month.

Libra—September 23 to October 22

Your ambitions may seem to be curtailed this month, for your mind is stimulated and you are impatient to rush ahead to the fulfillment of all your desires. Exercise some restraint in your personal life, and avoid entanglements in love. Some Libra persons have unfortunately had one or more unfortunate experiences in love, or marriage and if you come in this classification you must realize that you come under rulership of Venus, planet of love, therefore, you are inclined to changes and frustrations in the romantic life that often threaten your future happiness. Finances hinge on your ability to curb expenses, and seek work worthy of your true talents. Your mind is keen and clever; executive, secretarial, or clerical work is favored.

Scorpio—October 23 to November 22

This month may present problems for you that cause some discouragement, but do not permit yourself to become depressed. Some plan you formed may not turn out quite right, or then again, you may face a romantic disturbance that keeps your mind in turmoil at present. Mars is your ruler, and as it has been afflicted for some time it has upset your life. You are facing changing conditions all during this month. In fact, during the remainder of this year, you come under changes and disturbances that seem rather violent. You will emerge from them however and go on to better things. Finances are not yet fully settled, but if you follow through with your bright ideas for personal progression you should be able to make money from any venture you undertake.

Sagittarius—November 23 to December 21

Business is favored at this time. Make big plans for your future, because Jupiter and Saturn have moved into a good position and may suddenly elevate you as high as they have previously depressed you in past months. This cycle of good luck begins this month and continues for some time. Venus and the Moon bring romantic vibrations, and some old love may return, or a new one may blossom into a serious relationship. If single, this month is good for engagements and courtship; if married, do not seek changes unless it is absolutely necessary. The month favors office routine, independent business ventures, signing papers, real estate, and work connected with the public, radio, acting, and music.

Capricorn—December 22 to January 19

Mistakes may follow you this month in romance so beware lest you break off a romance of long standing and jump from the frying pan into the fire. The emotions are somewhat unstable owing to Saturn's afflictions to your sign, and you may make moves that you will sincerely regret in the future. Avoid hurting friends, and watch your tongue, for you can be caustic at times. Precipitous action may take you moving to another locality, and entanglements with relatives incline you to some worry. You may hear from a former lover, and regret certain words or actions of the past. The month favors restaurants and public places, vehicles, mechanical activities, travel, and finances.

Aquarius—January 20 to February 18

In keeping with your wonderful sign, you now come into an era of fulfillment, after months of frustration in all departments of your life. Romance thrives, and even though you may be forced to take action to end a lingering romance or marriage, do not be discouraged. You deserve some relaxation, so rest and seek pleasures with friends. You have been under burdens that you should put off this month; this includes leaning relatives, or borrowing friends. Your work brings you money and inventive ideas thrive this month. Give some time to literary efforts, or musical and dramatic activities if your mind works in that direction.

Pisces—February 19 to March 20

This month is not very good for new or original lines of thought. Stick to routine until the 15th of this month; you will profit in business by not making too many changes. Promotion should be sought where you now are. The home life is under good aspects, with Neptune and Venus helping you come into a cycle of social activity. Members of the opposite sex will find you magnetic and charming at this time, and if not already engaged or married, two or more chances will come this month to find contentment in romance. A visit from a friend or relative may enliven the month, and purchasing something that may be costly but necessary may cause you some apprehension, but do not fear, for money will be forthcoming with which to pay debts and meet other obligations.

There are different planetary indications for every sign in the Zodiac. No matter when you were born, there is a birth-path for you that may reveal vital facts about your life. Do not depend on chance when your future destiny is so vitally important. Your chart discusses such important things as finances, business, love, health, and other matters that vitally affect your life. The movie stars of Hollywood are guided by their astrological charts.

DAINTINESS IS IMPORTANT! THIS BEAUTY
BATH MAKES YOU SURE

IT'S SO EASY TO MAKE
SURE OF DAINTINESS.
JUST USE **LUX SOAP**
FOR A LUXURIOUS
DAILY BEAUTY BATH

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STAR OF RKO-RADIO'S
"THEY KNEW WHAT
THEY WANTED"

YOU'LL LOVE **LUX SOAP'S**
GENTLE **ACTIVE** LATHER—
THE DELICATE CLINGING
FRAGRANCE IT LEAVES
ON YOUR SKIN!

LUX
TOILET SOAP

YOU will love the way
a daily Lux Toilet Soap
beauty bath delicately per-
fumes your skin—leaves it
exquisitely fresh, *sweet!*

LOVELY SCREEN STARS, clever
women everywhere use Lux
Toilet Soap as a daily *bath* soap, too.
Its **ACTIVE** lather carries away per-
spiration, every trace of dust and dirt
—leaves skin really fresh from top to
toe. You'll love this luxurious, *sure*
way of protecting daintiness. You'll
find this beauty bath relaxes and re-
freshes you—leaves your skin delicately
perfumed, *sweet*. Just try it!

The Complexion Soap
9 out of 10 Screen Stars use

Father's Daze

Continued from page 33

guest room with happy tumbling clowns, gingham dogs and calico cats. In his new electrically-equipped workshop (one of the reasons why they built a new home), Ray himself made the first cradle for the future heir to Milland Manor.

It was the darkest moment in Ray's life when the baby was born while he was a thousand miles from home. Because he had worked hard in three consecutive pictures, Mrs. Milland suggested that Ray take a vacation "while there was yet seven weeks time." In Sun Valley, Idaho, Ray had completed one day's skiing when the call came in from the doctor.

"Come at once, your wife is in the hospital and needs you," was the message. That was all. You know how doctors are. Ray pleaded for a wisp of information. None was forthcoming. It was too soon to tell.

Not knowing and not daring to think what might be waiting, Ray flew home. In Salt Lake City the weather was so bad there was a two hour delay. Huddled in a lonely corner of a deserted airport lunch room, Ray dropped nickels in one of those record-playing machines. So intently was he thinking of his wife, he didn't realize he had repeated *All the Things You Are* fifteen times, until the pilot of a specially chartered mail plane announced they could take off.

Just before they left Ray called the hospital and was connected directly to the delivery room. As if some great unseen power had planned it thus, as the nurse answered the phone, Ray's son cried out for the first time in this world. Ray, in Salt Lake City, heard that plaintive cry coming all the way from Hollywood. Too dazed to think coherently, too choked to murmur a prayer of thankfulness, Ray hung up without even asking about his wife. He didn't realize this until he walked into her hospital room early the following morning. Just why people say what they do under the stress of great emotion, no one really knows. "I'm going to send him to military school," were Ray's first words after he had been assured of his wife's safety. Then he went out and bought her an armload of sables.

Days of heartbreaking anxiety followed. Their tiny mite of a son was in an incubator fighting for his life. Ray gave his own blood. Mrs. Milland had never even seen the little fellow she had ushered so painfully into the world. Ray gave more blood. Eight days later they knew their baby was going to live. Holding his clinging wife at his side, Ray supported her out to the nursery. Through the glass window for the very first time they saw a shock of black hair. Shining bright blue eyes peered up at them and blinked. It was one of those moments in life that make up for everything.

Daniel David Milland arrived home about ten days after his mother. Mrs. Milland was still too weak to go with him, so Ray went along with her sister, Harryette Weber. Coming home in a taxi, Ray held his son in his arms. Not once but at every intersection, he'd lean over to Harryette and say, "You tell the driver to drive carefully. It sounds sappy for me to keep saying it!"

Their arrival home was nothing short of a Hollywood premiere. Mrs. Milland's brother, Bobby, photographed it with Ray's sixteen millimeter camera. The Jack Bennys, Joan Crawford, (bearing sterling silver monogrammed baby military brushes) Ann Dvorak, Leslie Fenton, George and Julie Murphy, Ann Sothorn and Roger Pryor

were all on hand to see the little stranger. Even Harpo Marx, their next door neighbor, decided this was as good an excuse as any to get acquainted. When Ray rolled up with his precious possession, Jack Benny called out: "How's Max?"

Time is still marching on and the cares of fatherhood weigh heavily but happily on Ray Milland's strong shoulders. For one who vowed he would never be one of *those fathers*, Ray is doing all right. The first thing in the morning and the last thing at night he visits his son's room. When he's at the studio, between breakfast and lunch he calls home and says: "What's new with the baby?" In his spare time, Ray is building his son a new fifteen foot kayak. He's calling it the "Daniel Dee" and all he has



Carmen Miranda, the sensational South American night club dancer, makes her screen debut in the Technicolor film, "Down Argentine Way," in which she co-stars with Betty Grable and Don Ameche.

to do is wait ten or fifteen years for his son to grow up and launch it.

One day Mrs. Milland was in the beauty parlor, sitting under the drier. The operator informed her that Mr. Milland was on the phone and must speak to her at once—as it was *very* important.

"Listen, dear," Ray cried excitedly. "I was just talking to Henry Kraft. He says that Dee-Dee should weigh six ounces more for his age. I think you'd better take him right up to the doctor."

Let it be explained here that Henry Kraft is Ray Milland's stand-in. He is also a new father himself, and like Ray, considers himself quite an authority on child raising.

Ordinarily Mrs. Milland is terribly amused and certainly pleased at Ray's reaction to his new responsibility. But one day he did give her quite a scare. She had been out to a charity affair given by the Edward G. Robinsons. Driving up in front of her house she discovered Ray pacing

back and forth on the sidewalk, his face a mask of unhappiness.

"What is it—has something happened to the baby?" she cried, as she ran toward the house without waiting for an answer.

There, gurgling in his crib and looking the picture of health and masculine beauty, snuggled young Daniel David. Mrs. Milland breathed a huge sigh of relief. Ray, standing beside her, gazed down at the baby in a sheepish, bewildered manner.

"Honest, dear, I know I wasn't imagining it," Ray tried to explain. "I came home early and went right up to see the baby. Oh, it was awful! I looked at him—and *both* his eyes were crossed." Ray shuddered at the memory.

"But darling," Mrs. Milland replied patiently, "I thought you knew. A baby *never* has control of its eyes up to the first three months!"

Then there was the time Mrs. Milland had the girls over to sew for the Red Cross. Once again Ray got away from the studio early. Not wishing to disturb, he tip-toed in through the back way and of course right up to Daniel's room. Several seconds later a wild-eyed, slightly hysterical father burst into the sewing room.

"Get the doctor—call the doctor," he yelled. "Don't stand there. *Do* something. The baby's been hurt." He waved his arms pleadingly and tore around the room.

Six excited young matrons dropped their sewing and raced upstairs. Calm but alarmed, Mrs. Milland pulled the shutters in the nursery. In the well-lighted room she took a good look at her son. He was sleeping beautifully and peacefully. But on his neck was a huge smear of lip-stick—left there by one of her guests, who had secretly stolen a kiss. Ray suddenly remembered that he had business in the garage.

When the George Murphys presented the Millands with a nice new baby buggy, it was Ray who trundled his son through the streets of Beverly Hills. At the Murphy house he placed Dee-Dee in his buggy and proudly wheeled him home again. At the studio where he is playing opposite Claudette Colbert in "Arise My Love," the commissary service is very bad. Every time he takes new pictures of the baby, all the waitresses congregate around the table while he shows them off.

The sixth of every month is a birthday occasion for celebration as far as Ray is concerned. He already has a store-room filled with mechanical building sets, books and electric trains. Ray has started piano lessons because he thinks the influence of "good music" should be strong in the home. He takes moving pictures of Daniel David every month and plans to make this a life record. When Ray's son grows to be a man—wonder how he's going to appreciate those Technicolor nudes?

There's no doubt that ever since he discovered he was about to become a father, Ray Milland has been a changed man. From a travel-loving soldier of fortune, he has become a settled sane citizen. Once an escapist who struggled against a confining routinized way of living, Ray has learned that home is the place where the heart is. And his heart definitely belongs to Danny—to say nothing of his wife.

In the meantime his friends are seeing to it that Ray never forgets that he is one father who was going to be different from all the rest. Recently the Fred MacMurrays spent an evening with the Millands. As they said good-night, Fred turned to Mrs. Milland and said: "May we come over when Ray *isn't* home? When he took me upstairs to see the baby, he stood right in front of me so I couldn't see him anyway. Well, I can put up with that. But when he offered to show me how to fold one of those *three-cornered sarongs*—that's carrying fatherhood too far for me!"

A Perfect Wife . . . until 6 P.M.



BUT HER MARRIAGE WAS MARRED BY *"One Neglect"* FEW HUSBANDS CAN FORGIVE

"Lysol" could have helped . . .

Romance is all bound up with feminine daintiness. Even the most loving husband may find it difficult to forget—or forgive—a wife's carelessness, or ignorance, about intimate personal cleanliness. That's why so many women use "Lysol" regularly.

Mary was *such* a perfect home-maker and mother. When her marriage with John ended, people called him a brute. They never knew John's side of the story. Be sure that Mary's heartbreak does not become yours. Do YOU use "Lysol" for feminine hygiene?

Thousands of women, for almost 3 generations, have used "Lysol" disinfectant for feminine hygiene. Probably no other

product is so widely known and used by women for this purpose, for 6 reasons:

1. Non-Caustic . . . "Lysol", in proper dilution, is gentle, efficient; contains no free caustic alkali. **2. Effectiveness** . . . "Lysol" is a powerful *germicide*, active under practical conditions; effective in the presence of organic matter (dirt, mucus, serum, etc.).

3. Spreading . . . "Lysol" solutions *spread* because of low surface tension; virtually *search out germs*. **4. Economy** . . . "Lysol" is concentrated, costs only about one cent an application in proper dilution for feminine hygiene. **5. Odor** . . . The cleanly odor of "Lysol" disappears after use. **6. Stability** . . . "Lysol" keeps its full strength no matter how long it is kept, or how often it might be left uncorked.



Lysol
Disinfectant

FOR FEMININE HYGIENE

..... PASTE THIS COUPON ON A PENNY POSTCARD

What Every Woman Should Know

SEND COUPON FOR "LYSOL" BOOKLET

LEHN & FINK PRODUCTS CORP.
Dept. S-410, Bloomfield, N. J., U. S. A.

Send me free booklet "Lysol vs. Germs" which tells the many uses of "Lysol".

Name _____

Address _____

Copyright, 1940, by Lehn & Fink Products Corp.

New *under-arm* Cream Deodorant

safely

Stops Perspiration



1. Does not harm dresses—does not irritate skin.
2. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
3. Instantly checks perspiration for 1 to 3 days. Removes odor from perspiration.
4. A pure, white, greaseless, stainless vanishing cream.
5. Arrid has been awarded the Approval Seal of the American Institute of Laundering for being harmless to fabric.



More than 25 MILLION
jars of Arrid have been
sold... Try a jar today.

ARRID

39¢ a jar

AT ALL STORES WHICH SELL TOILET GOODS
(Also in 10 cent and 59 cent jars)

SONG POEMS WANTED

TO BE SET TO MUSIC

Free Examination. Send Your Poems To

J. CHAS. McNEIL

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510-V So. Alexandria Los Angeles, Calif.

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out
of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour 2 pints of bile juice into your bowels every day. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food may not digest. It may just decay in the bowels. Then gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. You feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these 2 pints of bile flowing freely to make you feel "up and up." Get a package today. Take as directed. Amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills, 10¢ and 25¢.

Stores Featuring Your Glamor Guide Fashions

PAGE 52

Hoodcoat from Philip Shlansky & Bros.

Chicago—Carson, Pirie, Scott Co.
Cleveland—Wm. Taylor Son & Co.
Los Angeles—Bullock's
Memphis—J. Goldsmith & Sons Co.
Miami—Burdine's Inc.
Minneapolis—The Dayton Co.

Feedbag by R. Appel, Inc.

Buffalo—L. L. Berger
Chicago—Chas. A. Stevens
Cleveland—Halle Bros. Co.
Dallas—Neiman Marcus Co.
Los Angeles—Bullock's

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Reefer by New York Girl Coat Co.

Write for store names

Beret by Brandt Millinery

Boston—Jordan Marsh Co.
Chicago—Carson, Pirie, Scott Co.
Cincinnati—The John Shillito Co.
Cleveland—The Wm. Taylor Son & Co.
New York—R. H. Macy & Co.

Plaid Bag by Lowy & Mund

Cincinnati—The John Shillito Co.
Dallas—Sanger Bros.
Denver—Daniels & Fisher
Detroit—The J. L. Hudson Co.
Minneapolis—The Dayton Co.

Striped Topcoat by Julius Nelson

Denver—Neusteter's Suit Co.
Indianapolis—The Wm. H. Block Co.
Philadelphia—Lit Brothers

Calot by Crane Hats

Albany—John G. Meyers Co.
Cleveland—The May Co.
Columbus—The F. & R. Lazarus Co.
Minneapolis—John W. Thomas Co.
New York—Ohrbach's

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Dress by Daymour, Inc.

Chicago—Carson, Pirie, Scott Co.
Cleveland—Halle Bros. Co.
Detroit—The J. L. Hudson Co.
Minneapolis—The Dayton Co.
Philadelphia—John Wanamaker

Hat by Davidson Hats

Boston—Wm. Filene's Sons Co.
Columbus—The Fashion Co.
Indianapolis—L. S. Ayres & Co.
Los Angeles—J. W. Robinson

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Evening Gown by Murray Hamburger

Detroit—Himelhoch Bros. Co.
Lynchburg—J. R. Milner
Memphis—B. Lowenstein & Bros. Inc.

Fur Jacket by Allen Blond

Alliance—Erlanger Dry Goods
Boston—R. H. White Co.
Milwaukee—Herman's

Buster Brown Beret by Brandt Millinery

See Preceding List—Page 53

Suede Bag by R. Appel, Inc.

See Preceding List—Page 52

Loma Leads Dress by Loma Dress Co.

Atlanta—J. M. High & Co.
Cincinnati—Mabley & Carew Company
Detroit—Crowley-Milner & Co.

Los Angeles—Broadway Department Store, Inc.

Seattle—Frederick & Nelson

Profile Beret by Sperling & Spector

Boston—Jordan Marsh Co.
Cleveland—The May Co.
Detroit—The J. L. Hudson Co.
Los Angeles—Bullock's
Minneapolis—John W. Thomas Co.
Pittsburgh—Kauffman's
Portland, Oregon—Meier & Frank Co.
San Francisco—The White House

Nailhead Pouch by R. Appel, Inc.

See Preceding List—Page 52

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Freshy Playclothes Slacks by Goldman

Baltimore—Hochschild Kohn & Co.
Boise—Falk Mercantile Co., Ltd.
Canton—Halle Bros. Co.
Cleveland—Halle Bros. Co.
Dallas—Sanger Bros., Inc.
San Francisco—Hale Bros. Stores, Inc.
Washington, D. C.—Lansburgh & Bro.

Corduroys by Goldman Co.

See list above

Cablestitched Socks by Mavis Hosiery

Hartford—Sage, Allen & Company
New York—Lord & Taylor
New York—Bonwit Teller, Inc.
Washington, D. C.—Woodward & Lothrop

Moccasin Playshoes by A. Sandler

Chicago—The Fair, Inc.
Los Angeles—The May Co.
Milwaukee—Boston Store
New York—R. H. Macy & Co.
Portland, Ore.—Meier & Frank
St. Louis—Famous-Barr Co.
San Francisco—The White House

Calot by Crane Hats

See Preceding List—Page 53

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Jumper by Goldman Co.

See Preceding List—Page 56

Joan Kenley Blouse by Mitchell & Weber

Chicago—Mandel Bros.
New York—James McCreery & Co.

Gadget Bag by Lesco Ltd.

Baltimore—Hochschild Kohn & Co.
Indianapolis—The Wm. H. Block Co.
Newark—L. Bamberger & Co.
New York—Franklin Simon & Co.

Plaid Outfit by Shepherd Knitwear

Newark—L. Bamberger & Co.
Salt Lake City—Grace P. Hawks

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"Georgiana" Dress by Tabin-Picker

Chicago—Carson, Pirie, Scott Co.
Cincinnati—The John Shillito Co.
Cleveland—The May Co.
Columbus—The F. & R. Lazarus Co.
St. Louis—Famous-Barr Co.

PAGE 61

Coro Pearls by Cohn-Rosenberger

Cincinnati—Mabley & Carew
Cleveland—The May Co.
New York—Franklin Simon & Co.
San Francisco—The White House

“A Miracle is happening to You right now

A ‘NEW-BORN-SKIN’

for your OLDER Skin!” *says Lady Esther*

Is that possible? Yes it is! It is not only possible, it is certain. For right now, nature is bringing you a wonderful gift, a gift of a New-Born Skin. It can make you look younger, it can make you look lovelier and my 4-Purpose Face Cream can bring to this New-Born Skin a newer and more flattering beauty.

JUST BENEATH your present skin lies a younger and a lovelier one! Yes, with every tick of the clock, with every mortal breath you draw, a new skin is coming to life on your face, your arms, your entire body.

Will it be a *more glamorous* skin? Can it make you look more youthful? Yes, says Lady Esther, it *can!* If . . .

If only you will let my 4-Purpose Face Cream help you to free your skin from those tiny, almost invisible flakes of worn-out skin that must be removed gently before your new-born skin can be revealed in all its glory!

Why should *any* woman risk this menace to her youthful loveliness? Yes, why should she be a victim of her old, her worn-out, her lifeless skin? asks Lady Esther.

My 4-Purpose Face Cream gently, soothingly permeates these lifeless flakes . . . and the tiny rough spots vanish! Impurities are lightly whisked away . . . your skin looks fresh as youth itself . . . so smooth that powder stays on *for hours!* Lady Esther Face Cream cleanses so *thoroughly* and so *gently* that it actually helps nature refine the pores! All the world sees your skin in all its New-Born Beauty!

Ask Your Doctor About Your Face Cream

Only the purest of creams can make your budding skin as beautiful as it should be.

Ask your doctor, and all the better if he is a specialist on the skin. Ask him if he has ever, *for any skin condition*, administered vitamins or hormones through the medium of a face cream.

Ask him if every word Lady Esther says isn't *true*—that her cream removes the dirt, impurities, and worn-out skin beclouding your new skin about to be born!

Try my 4-Purpose Face Cream *at my expense*. See if it doesn't bring you New-Born Beauty—if it doesn't keep your *Accent on Youth!*

The Miracle of Reborn Skin

Your skin is *constantly* wearing out—drying—flaking off almost invisibly. But it is immediately replaced by new-born skin—*always* crowding upward and outward. Lady Esther says you can help make each rebirth of your skin a true Rebirth of Beauty!



★ PROVE AT MY EXPENSE ★

LADY ESTHER,
7152 West 65th St., Chicago, Ill. (60)
Please send me your generous sample tube of
Lady Esther Face Cream; also nine shades of
Face Powder, FREE and postpaid.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)



Although Loretta Young and Tom Lewis, left, had hoped that their wedding would not be typical of what has come to be known as a "Hollywood wedding," it turned out to be a real movie star affair. More than three thousand persons milled about outside the church to catch a glimpse of Loretta.

International

Loretta Young Finds Real Love At Last!

Continued from page 28

learned, with only their families and a few very close friends. Following the wedding there will be a wedding breakfast at Loretta's home. Georgianna, Loretta's youngest sister, will be her only attendant. Dr. Charles Lewis, New York physician, will be his brother's best man. Inasmuch as her last venture into matrimony was ten years ago when, little more than a child, she eloped with tall, handsome Grant Withers (her mother later had the marriage annulled), Loretta is very eager this time to be married in a church. Both Loretta and Tom are Catholics.

After a month's honeymoon—in Mexico City, they hope—Loretta and Tom will move into their new home on Camden Drive in Beverly Hills. It's very amusing about their new house. Tom is a radio executive with the advertising agency of Young and Rubicam and has to spend his time commuting back and forth from New York to Hollywood. About six months ago when he and Loretta decided to get married he was suddenly called back to New York before they could make many of their plans. But he phoned her from New York that he wanted to buy her a home and would she please go ahead and select it so they could have it ready to move into after the honeymoon. Although he is quite a big shot in the advertising world, Tom's salary is nothing like a movie star's salary—but he had expected something better than Loretta selected.

As soon as business permitted he flew back to Hollywood and Loretta gleefully drove him over to Beverly Hills. "It was night," Loretta told me, "but of course with the lights he could see perfectly. When we drove up in front of the house his face fell a mile. 'Are you sure this is it, darling?' he said, trying awfully hard not to show his disappointment.

"'Oh, come on inside,' I said cheerfully, 'you'll be crazy about it.' When he saw the bedrooms, each about the size of an office desk, he tried awfully hard to smile, but he actually looked sick. When we were leaving we ran into a man in the driveway who just made the evening complete. The man said, 'You folks won't like that house. It's terrible. I moved away from the neighborhood on account of it.'"

But what poor Tom, a bachelor of thirty-seven, didn't realize is that a house, as is, never means anything to Loretta. She can take a shambles, and this little bungalow on Camden Drive was as near a shambles as you can find in Beverly Hills, and change it in a few months' time into one of the most attractive and charming homes you could ever wish for. Loretta

and her mother both have the knack of home-making, and both of them know interior decorating from A to Z. For several years Loretta and her mother have been buying ugly old houses and transforming them into model homes, as sort of a sideline business. But poor Tom didn't know that. No wonder he was sick at his stomach when he saw those teensy-weensy bedrooms, that horrible Mexican stucco, and those early California tiles. But just wait until he sees it when he arrives for his wedding! The eight bedrooms (it was formerly owned by a Mexican family who added a new room every time they had a baby) have now become three very large, airy bedrooms, with wonderful bay windows. It's still one of the smallest homes in Beverly Hills, it's all on one floor, but it's decidedly one of the most charming. Loretta is as pleased as punch. So is little Judy, the baby Loretta adopted in 1936. And Tom is due for a surprise.

Loretta met Tom Lewis two years ago, and it wasn't love at first sight. Tom was sent out by Young and Rubicam to manage the Screen Guild Show. He always appeared at dress rehearsals and it was at a dress rehearsal of her first appearance on the Screen Guild Show that Loretta met him. Tom and Glenda Farrell were going together at the time, and Loretta was going with Bob Riskin, so when they met they merely said, "How do you do" quite casually. A year later—Loretta was going with David Niven, Jock Whitney, Broderick Crawford and her agent, Myron Selznick, at the time—they met again at a radio rehearsal, and this time Tom wasn't quite so casual. He asked for a date, and got it. But before the romance got off to a good start he had to return to New York. But on his next trip out he made up for lost time. He and Loretta were able to keep their engagement a secret in gossipy Hollywood because he was out of town so often. But we who know Loretta knew that little minx was up to something several months ago. Always a live, vital person, with more energy than any fifteen Glamor Girls, Loretta suddenly seemed to take on a very soft mellow glow. On the set of "A Doctor Takes a Wife" one day she broke down and admitted to me that she had never been so happy, and so much in love, in all her life. "But I can't tell you about it," she said, "I'm superstitious." I saw her at Ciro's with Tom one night and I knew then what it was all about.

Mrs. Belzer, Loretta's mother, announced Loretta's engagement to Tom Lewis three weeks before the marriage at a gay lunch-

eon in the garden of Loretta's very beautiful Bel Air home. (As soon as the Camden Drive bungalow is complete Loretta will sell this estate.) There, of course, were Loretta's three sisters, all famous for their beauty, Georgianna, Sally (Mrs. Norman Foster), and Polly Ann (Mrs. Carter Hermann). Also her best friends among movie stars and producers' wives.

Will Tom Lewis be happy married to a Career Woman? Will Loretta Young be happy married to a man who must spend part of his time in New York? Even before those two nice young people reached the altar, Hollywood was beginning to ponder over their future. Those long distance marriages have a habit of breaking up pretty quickly in Hollywood. But I think I can safely answer "yes" to both of those questions. Tom has been associated with movie stars and career women in his radio and advertising business long enough to understand thoroughly their temperaments and idiosyncrasies. Loretta has been acting before the camera for twenty-two years (she made her first picture at the age of five) and taking her away from pictures would be like cutting her heart out. Fortunately, Tom is a very understanding person. He admires Loretta as an actress and has no intention of interfering with her career.

Loretta realizes that she probably will not have Tom with her all the time but she is planning things so that it will certainly be for most of the time. Loretta is a very important star now, she is under contract to no studio, and she can pick and choose her pictures as she pleases. Like most top-notch stars she plans to make only two, or three at the most, a year. (About eight years ago she made *fourteen* in one year.) That will give her much leisure time which she can spend with Tom in New York. "I've never lived any place except Hollywood since I was a four-year-old kid," said Loretta. "I think I shall like living in New York for a change."

Both Loretta and Tom are crazy about children so it's my bet that they'll be adding a nursery to the Beverly Hills house before another fall rolls around. When Tom told Loretta that his brother, Charles, was an obstetrician Loretta was quite pleased. "It's a good omen," she told me.

When Loretta becomes Mrs. Tom Lewis, Hollywood will lose its most glamorous and popular bachelor girl. Loretta has been "in society" in Hollywood for the past four or five years and no producer's wife or movie star would dare give a party without inviting her. Not that they were always so terribly fond of Loretta but because all the eligible young men would rebel. Every place that Loretta went she always found plenty of escorts, and this in a town where males are at a premium. But life in Hollywood hasn't always been just a series of gay parties and handsome escorts for Loretta. She has had more than her share of heartaches. There was her first tragic heartbreak when she discovered that she had acted too impetuously when she eloped with handsome Grant Withers at the age of seventeen. There was the nervous breakdown she had the year after she made those fourteen pictures, when for months and months she had to stay flat on her back in bed without talking to anyone. Being romantically inclined she has fancied herself in love several times with men who were not worthy of her, and the resultant publicity has caused her plenty of shame. Yes, lovely Loretta has had her share of heartaches in Hollywood and all her many friends are now so pleased that she is marrying a man on whom everyone places a stamp of approval. As one of her closest friends, a girl who loves Loretta dearly, said, "Isn't it wonderful that Loretta is marrying Tom? To think that she had sense enough to pick a swell guy like that!"

Gentle Titan

Continued from page 34

owner-drivers, you see. The family has three hotels in England. I was supposed to be a hotel-keeper myself but I was a vast disappointment; I became a strolling player." He rubbed his face sheepishly. "In a Mother Goose panto, of all things!"

When he talks he phrases his thoughts precisely, and clothes them in diction that is a caress to the ear. He swears only occasionally, but salts his observations with original, bawdy passages that linger in the memory. "I don't believe anyone has ever accused me of temperament," he says. "Only Leo McCarey, a fine director if ever there was one, planned with me to rid ourselves of a peculiarly odious supervisor by having me feign temperament. That worked out very satisfactorily. This meddling fellow had no ideas to offer, you see. He simply botched things. Mind you, most of the men in charge are efficient chaps. But this lad was a bounder. We agreed that whenever he came on our set Leo would take him to one side and explain that I was one of those terribly temperamental foreigners, hard to handle, touchy, all that. Then he would escort me, storming, from the set, and we would retire to my dressing room for a drink. By the time we returned to the set our friend the termite would be gone."

After our interview there was a portrait sitting scheduled. "Why should anyone want to take my picture?" groused the tubby tragedian. "Why should I ask?" he countered. "If there were no dismal tasks like sitting for stills and the like, acting would be altogether too perfect. I suppose it's the law of compensation. We have fun

doing 'Sidewalks of London' and scaring little children in 'Hunchback,' then we must pay for it by participating in the bloody ballyhoo."

Outside a horde of autograph seekers rose out of the ground to plague Mr. Laughton for his signature. Silently, rapidly, he wrote his way into the waiting car. En route he entertained us with a repertoire of limericks classic in concept and pregnant with double entendre. One short observation I remember:

There are two parts to every horse
One of which is rather coarse.

"There is, you know, a distinctly British brand of humor," Laughton commented, "that I should like to try in a picture some time. There is the story, for example, of the old duke who was virtually a fixture in the window of a swank, conservative club, and was finally induced to travel in the subway to see how the other half lived. He was led down the stairs, all amaze, bought his ticket, and watched the ticket-chopper punch it. 'I say, my good fellow,' he asked, 'how long have you been down here?' 'Ten years, sir,' said the ticket-chopper. 'And you've been doing this all that time?' queried his lordship. 'Yes-sir,' says the attendant. Me lord gazes at the ticket in his hand in admiration. 'Well, I must say, you do it *very* nicely.'"

To the accompanying polite laughter Laughton explained that that was the essence of British humor. It's off-beat, he pointed out, ending in a thud, while American humor ends at the top of the laugh. That he understands American humor as well as British was beautifully demonstrated by his performance of *Ruggles* in "Ruggles of Red Gap." He had to fight to be permitted to make that picture and the company was shunted to leftover sets and

vacant corners of the lot to do it. "All during the memorable Gettysburg address," said Laughton, "hammering could be heard from the RKO lot next door, and only one take was free from this interference."

"'Ruggles' is my favorite of all pictures," says the Englishman, "because it presents British and American viewpoints sympathetically, and because it enabled me to show my very genuine affection for America, although I wish you would consider that off the record." So sincere was his remark that it must stay in, nevertheless.

At the studio photographers were ready in force, and a receptionist with pretty legs waved Mr. Laughton toward an elaborately arranged dressing-room. Where the average star would have made a dash for the make-up table, the imperturbable Englishman waved it aside, and stalked in to the brilliantly lighted studio, looking like a busman on a holiday. He was asked to pose in a dark coat rather than the light one he was wearing. His secretary produced a brown, tweedy sport coat that looked as if it had been slept in, kicked about, and finally discarded.

"This should do, eh?" said Charlie, holding it across his arm in Bond Street salesman manner. "It's hairy and British, what they expect, isn't it?" He slipped it on without further ado. A lock of hair hung over one eye, his face was shiny, his tie rumpled, but that was the way Laughton was going to be photographed, if at all.

They had unearthed a prop Corinthian column which they suggested he lean against, pensive chin in hand, eyes seeking a far-off land. "Yes, yes, of course I understand," said Laughton agreeably, "you want good old number three." He eyed the camera with a fine sneer. "When I was a King in Babylon, and you were a Christian slave," he murmured softly.

After the portrait had been completed,

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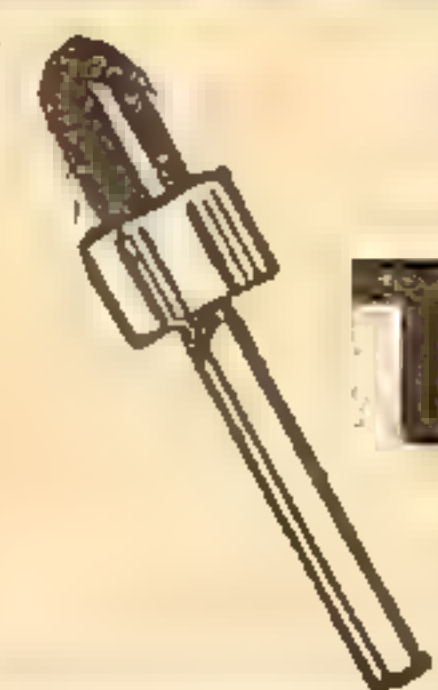
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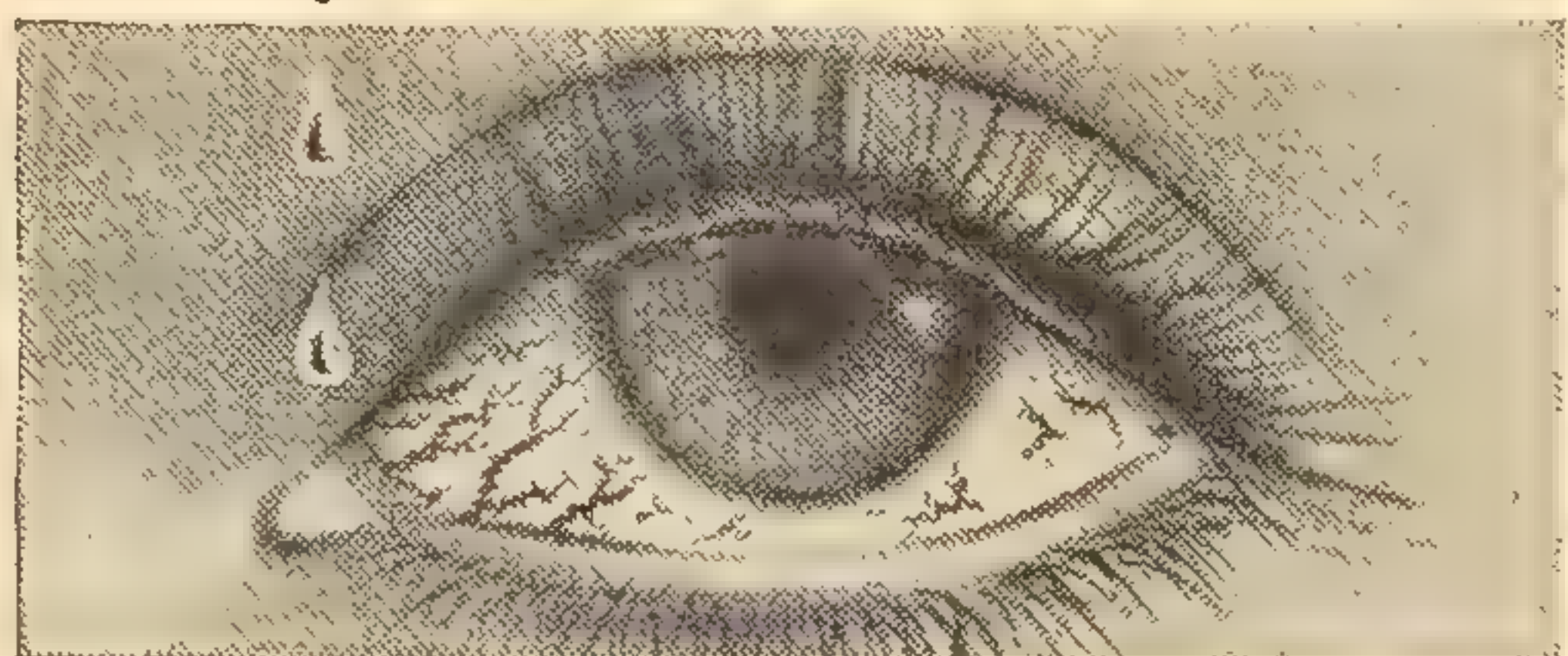
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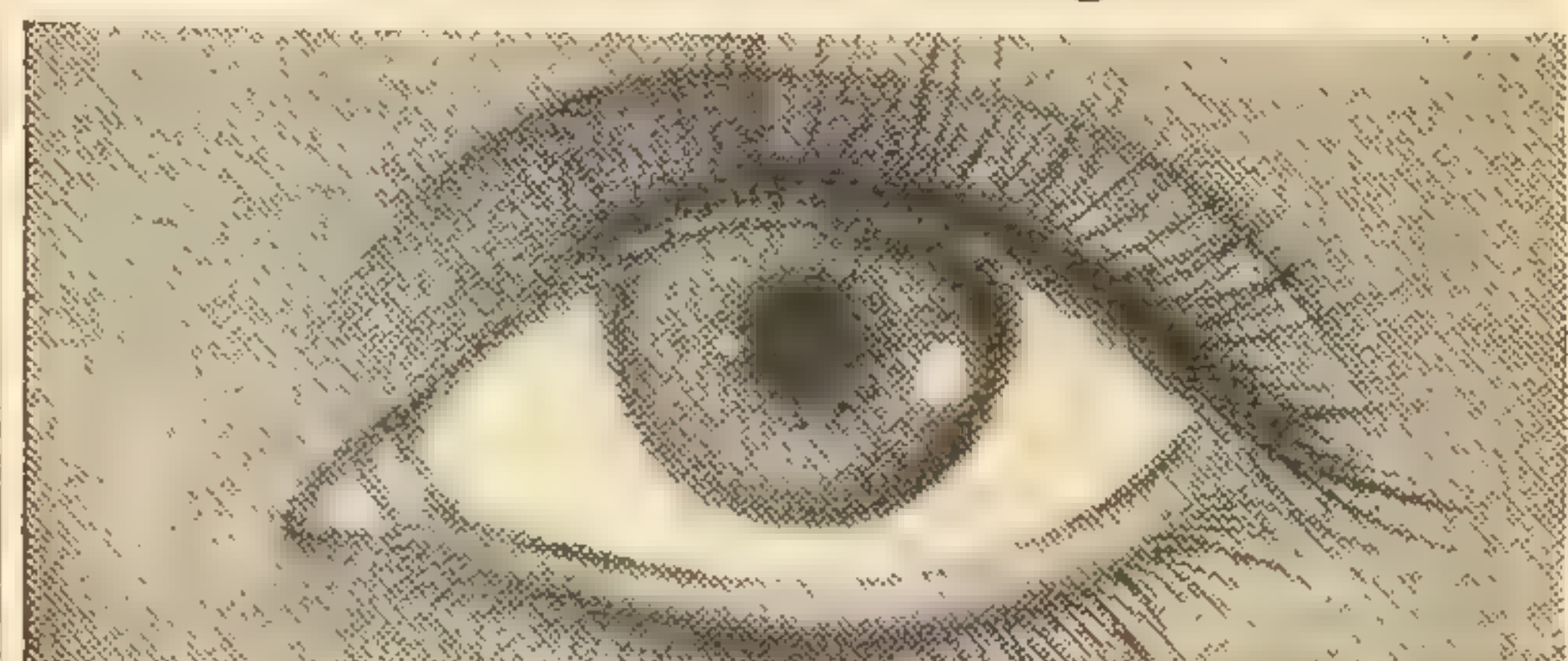
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Laughton was asked to do a series of character shots, and sitting cosily at a table he proceeded to recall *Captain Bligh*, *Javert* and others in an unforgettable gallery of characterizations. When he wanted one particular expression he repeated a speech from "Payment Deferred," which set him perfectly for the pose he was seeking.

"I'm no good at these blasted stills," he remarked, "and I hate to do them."

His picture in work is "They Knew What They Wanted." He wants most of all to do a domestic comedy with his wife, Elsa Lanchester. "Something honest and simple, similar to 'The First Year' but with deeper implications, please."

Address your scripts to Mr. Laughton, and rest assured that if he gets his hands on the one he has in mind, the resulting picture will be worth seeing. When he's good, he's the best.

Inside the Stars' Homes

Continued from page 19

names," twinkled Cecilia, "so we're sure he will be a boy. All my family go in for strings of names—mine is really Cecilia Mary Elizabeth. Not a bad idea, because if you don't like one you have a choice."

Cecilia wasn't kidding about her hobby. When she and Dick were married, her mother-in-law presented her with a bound, typewritten book containing the Baldwin family recipes, with complete details of the preparation of each dish.

"I'd never cooked until then," reported Cecilia, "but the book was so intriguing and I felt so hungry as I read it that I decided to see what I could do. The more you cook, the more interested you get. Some of the dishes we're having for breakfast today came out of the Baldwin book."

"If you entertain with a breakfast, the meal is usually served so late that your guests work up enormous appetites. I've found it best to have at least one hearty dish and surround it with plenty of varied breads, lots of coffee and jellies and jams. This is my menu today:

Fruit
Mexican Ham
Eggs
Pecan Caramel Rolls
Orange Bread
Boysenberry Jam Gingerbread Men
Coffee

As we live in a Mexican house, I feel I'm keeping up the atmosphere when I serve Mexican ham, and lots of our guests are quite mad about it."

MEXICAN HAM

Trim off the fat from a good-sized slice of ham and put it in the skillet and cook until crisp. Then add the ham and cook until brown on both sides. Make the following mixture and sprinkle on ham.

2 tablespoons sugar
½ teaspoon chili powder

Continue to cook slowly until glazed on both sides. Remove to a warm platter and keep hot. Drain off all the fat except 4 teaspoons. Blend in 4 teaspoons flour, ½ teaspoon salt and a few grains of pepper and ⅓ cup water. Boil two minutes stirring constantly. Then stir in ⅔ cup Pet milk. Heat thoroughly and serve with the ham.

"We'll eat Baldwin Orange Bread with the ham. I had the dough made into rolls today because they make a prettier picture,

and the Pecan Caramel Rolls are wonderful with jam. The recipe for the Gingerbread Men is not new."

PECAN CARAMEL ROLLS

1 cup boiling potato water
½ cup sugar
½ cup butter and Crisco mixed
½ teaspoon salt
4 cups of sifted Swansdown flour
2 tablespoons warm water
½ teaspoon sugar
1 Fleischmann's yeast cake
2 beaten eggs

Mix potato water, sugar and butter and salt and cool to lukewarm. Soften yeast in warm water and sugar and add to the first mixture. Add the beaten eggs and stir in 2 cups of flour and beat thoroughly. Add the remaining 2 cups flour, stir in and do not knead. Place this in the refrigerator. When ready to use, roll dough on floured board to ½ inch thickness. Spread with pecan mixture and let stand and rise for three hours. Bake at 400 degrees for thirty minutes.

PECAN CARAMEL FROSTING

1 cup brown sugar
¼ cup water
½ teaspoon Burnetts Vanilla
½ cup chopped pecans
2 egg whites

Boil sugar and water to the soft ball stage. Pour gradually on stiffly beaten egg whites. Add vanilla and beat until stiff enough to hold its shape. Add nuts, mix well and spread on top and sides.

ORANGE BREAD

4 cups sifted flour
4 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder
1 teaspoon salt
½ cup sugar
4 tablespoons Crisco
2 eggs
1½ cups water

1 cup candied orange peel
Mix and sift dry ingredients. Cut the shortening into it as for baking powder biscuits. Add eggs, water and orange peel and stir well. Place in a greased loaf pan and let stand for ten minutes. Pre-heat your oven at 375 degrees and bake at 350 for one hour.

"We're serving grapes today, on account of we raise grapes on our valley acreage. Do I seem to boast? Half our land is in grapes out there and Dick calls the place *Grapes of Wrath*. I tell him it's not fair to call it that because we have three peach trees, two nectarines, an apricot and simply scads of boysenberries. We made our jam from our own ranch. I've come to the place where I look at growing fruit and mentally figure out what to do with it, instead of sitting there admiring the picture it makes, as I used to do before I became a cooking fiend."

"I made a fruit pie from the ranch fruit today which you may eat if you have any New England blood in you. New Englanders always like pie for breakfast. The pastry is a sacred Baldwin recipe and I have marvelous luck with it. Dick's so fond of pie, and almost the first thing I tried to make was apple pie. Everyone had told me to be sure to use green apples for pie and I looked for the greenest I could find. They were so sour I couldn't swallow them, but Dick ate that pie, to his everlasting glory, and said he liked it!"

PASTRY A LA BALDWIN

1½ cups of sifted flour
½ cup Crisco
⅔ teaspoon salt
2 to 4 tablespoons ice water
To insure flaky pastry, cut in the Crisco

to the size of peas with a fork or knife. Do not handle too much or it will be tough. After adding the ice water, let it stand for a while or better still put it in the refrigerator for a time. Then roll out with a light motion to $\frac{1}{8}$ inch thickness. Bake at 425 degrees until the filling is cooked.

"I have two delicious recipes for pies that are a grand success this time of the year, or any time through the holidays," she went on. "The gingersnap crust to the pumpkin pie is something you shouldn't miss!"

PUMPKIN CHIFFON PIE

(Filling for one 9" pie)

- 1 envelope Knox unflavored gelatine
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup cold water
- $1\frac{1}{4}$ cups canned pumpkin
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon ginger
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon nutmeg
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cinnamon
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
- 1 cup sugar
- 3 eggs

Soften gelatine in cold water. Beat egg yolks, add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of the sugar, pumpkin, milk, salt and spices (Burnetts). Cook in double boiler until custard consistency, stirring constantly. Add softened gelatine to hot custard and stir until dissolved. Cool, and when mixture begins to thicken, fold in egg whites beaten stiff and to which remaining one-half of the sugar has been added. Pour into baked pie shell or crumb crust and chill. When firm, garnish with whipped cream if desired.

GINGERSNAP CRUST

- $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups gingersnap crumbs
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup powdered sugar
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter
- Cream butter and sugar together and

blend in crumbs. Pack firmly into pie tin and chill before pouring in filling.

HONEY LEMON CHIFFON TARTS

(Serves 6)

- 1 envelope Knox unflavored gelatine
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup cold water
- 4 eggs
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup honey
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup lemon juice
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
- $\frac{1}{3}$ cup sugar
- 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind.

Beat yolks, add honey, lemon juice and salt. Cook in double boiler until custard consistency, stirring constantly. Soften gelatine in cold water and dissolve in hot custard. Add grated lemon rind. Cool and when mixture begins to thicken, fold in stiffly beaten whites in which $\frac{1}{3}$ cup sugar has been added. Pour into baked tart shells and chill. May be garnished with whipped cream just before serving.

"Speaking of food, you should listen in on the women in the *Hardy* pictures. During our latest picture, 'Andy Hardy Meets Debutante,' Fay Holden and Ann Rutherford and I were always telling each other how to fix some dish in a new way. One dish we evolved together and Dick is simply mad about is a potato salad."

POTATO SALAD

- 4 medium sized potatoes sliced
- 1 small onion sliced
- 2 tablespoons chopped parsley
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup Heinz vinegar
- 4 slices diced bacon
- 2 tablespoons sugar
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon Gulden's mustard
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water
- Salt and pepper to taste

Combine ingredients and cook at high heat for five minutes, low heat for twenty minutes and off heat for 5 to 15 minutes.

Pat O'Briens Message to American Youth

Continued from page 27

home in their chauffeur-driven limousines and thinking to myself, 'You horses' necks, you!' That's why I always drive my own car. I'm scared some of you kids might see me, as I rolled by in a limousine, with the same bitter, scathing thoughts in your minds.

"But this danger of getting soft, inside and out, that's what I want to emphasize. It's the age we live in, of course; it's the cars and the radios and the motion pictures and all the cushions and short-cuts of civilization. It's because we don't have to use our brawn and beef as we once did, don't have to get the bread we eat by labor that makes us sweat. I tell you, kids, I wouldn't give a hoot for a man that didn't have some sweat in his past.

"Well, anyway, you kids, there's not much excuse for any of us getting soft today, is there, with America needing all we've got to give? There's a stiffer game than football going on. I am no war-monger, kids. I don't want my children to grow up believing that the goose-step is more beautiful than the waltz or that the bugle call is better music than Irish folk-songs. But I do feel that we've got to face the facts of existence as they are in the world today. And I do feel we can't be softies, don't dare to be softies, or we'll get our faces pushed in.

"The facts being what they are, it seems to me to be of vital importance that you kids have some knowledge of war and of how to take care of yourselves, how

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to defend your loved ones if war comes. And I mean first-hand knowledge, not the kind you read in books. Any older man who says less to you kids may eventually regret his soft-heartedness and soft-headedness. You kids, if you are unprepared, won't thank older men either, if and when you need preparedness.

"It isn't a happy world just now kids, let's face it, although here in the United States we have so much for which to be grateful we ought to make *God Bless America* our theme song, our prayer, and the tune we whistle while we work! And if it is necessary for Americans to preserve that happiness and that freedom of thought and action which we'll value all right if we ever lose it, then I, for one, am in favor of fighting. And kids, what I mean is—*fighting*. And I can only say to you kids that I want my son to be ready to fight too.

"Don't misunderstand me, please. I wouldn't want my son to be a professional soldier unless he fixed on that career for himself. But I do feel that every American boy should have some military or naval training, enough to provide him with a running start if his country needs him. I have little patience with a father who says he will never let his son fight in a war. There are worse things than wars and unhappier fates than being killed in a war defending home, loved ones, the rights of free men generally. Naturally, I hope I may never be called upon to sacrifice my own in battle. But if the day should come when the fathers of America must send their sons to war I hope mine will be the first to go. I hope I have courage enough and conviction enough to give him my blessing when he goes. In the meantime, and may it be a long, long meantime, PREPARE! Of course, prepare.

"That's why Knute Rockne believed in football like he did. Not only as a great game did he believe in it, but also as a means of preparedness for a bigger and greater game—Life. He believed football was necessary to the progress of a nation. He believed you kids could get rid of flaccidity by playing football. He said once, addressing his team, 'Any of you young high school stars who don't want to learn to block and tackle, turn in your suits tonight. Football is a game for men who can think and think fast. Any of you who are slow on the uptake,' he said, 'cure it or get out. I expect you to work hard on the field but I also expect you to maintain a high average in your studies.' And another time, 'Anyone who thinks he can make the team because he can kick and run, get out immediately.'

"D'you get what he meant, kids? He meant you can't have soft brains any more than you can have soft bodies. He meant you can't just kick and run and make team. He meant you've got to be keen at the subtler tactics of block and tackle, too. He meant, I'm sure, that you've got to be fit in every way if you want to make *any* team in life. He didn't think it was only beef and brawn that makes a football player he knew it was brains, too. He wanted thinking men on his team. He said so, often.

"So, you can take it from Rockne, kids, don't let yourselves get soft inside or out, body or brain. Athletic training is the finest thing to prevent just that. It doesn't have to be football, it can be any sport so long as you're good at it. And you don't have to be built like Tarzan or Gargantua, either. Knute Rockne should make you little fellers feel good, too, you kids who aren't six-footers with muscles like ships' cable. Just because he knew that it isn't altogether a matter of beef and brawn; that brains, being quick on the uptake count, too.

"Why he even took his team to a musical comedy one night to watch some chorus girls work. And watching them, he conceived the idea for a backfield shift that had all the grace and flowing rhythm of a perfectly executed dance routine. Rhythm on the field, he stressed that. And you don't have to be Man Mountain Dean to have rhythm. And if I'm not getting in too deep, I might point out that it's mighty useful to have rhythm in life, too, in everything we do. Because rhythm is poise and balance and stance and control.

"And let me tell you, kids, the fact that I played football in my twenties has saved me lots of embarrassment now that I'm forty. In this picture I have to get out there and throw passes, kick, run, even score a touchdown against the Army. I have to play with kids in their twenties, too. And had I not, twenty years previous, got in this condition and kept in it, I would have looked an awful bum out there, at forty. It would have been pretty embarrassing for me, too, if I'd had to have a double do my playing for me. I *didn't* have to. I can thank football and hard work for that. Because football always kept me concentrating on the idea that I should keep in condition. Once you've played football you never entirely lose that idea. It's a good thing, too. Because it isn't only on the field that you have to make passes, run, kick, block and tackle, if you follow me.

"What I want to say to you kids is this: Do a little hard work. I mean HARD

Mr. and Mrs. Edward G. Robinson were among the music-lovers who braved the crowds to attend the big opening concert at the Hollywood Bowl.

Len Weissman



work. Even if you don't have to, even if your folks are so well fixed you don't have to do anything, go out and do it, anyway. Know what it means to sweat and strain and ache. Know what it is to do work that uses you up, that takes everything you've got to give. That's how you find out how much you've got to give. And if you don't have to work and work hard, athletics are all the more necessary. They make you work. And on the football field, on the baseball diamond, the mama's boy gets kicked in the teeth, even Stephen, with the hard-boiled hooligan from Hogan's Alley.

"I know I'm going to stress athletic routine with my own son, to toughen his fibre and his mind, also to counter-balance too much going to the movies, listening to the radio, taking it easy in a car. Not that I don't think movies and radio have their part in the lives of you kids. They have. They're a part and a big one, of our times. But the movies and the radio, unless you're working in them, are not *your* activities. You're just audience, watching the other fellows work. It's a bad thing to be in the audience too much.

"Just so you won't think I'm handing you a line I didn't follow myself, I'll tell you kids a few of the jobs I had when I was a kid—just in case you have any fancy ideas about us fellows in pictures springing, full-born, into stardom. I sold newspapers, worked for the American Express Company hauling heavy trunks and crates. When I was 12 I had the Saturday Evening Post route. When I was 14 I had an early morning paper route and had to get up at four o'clock in the morning so's to be in time for school. I was 17 when I worked as a blacksmith's helper in Chicago, also in a railroad shop. None of these were jobs you could do wearing white kid gloves. At 18 I enlisted in the Navy and found myself on top of a coal pile, shovelling the stuff. I played football at that time, too, with the Signal School Football Team.

"I started to college after I got out of the Navy. The summer preceding my matriculation at Marquette University (I only stayed two years) I laid concrete sidewalks mixing cement and concrete by hand. I studied law at Marquette. I was night-clerk in a dry-goods store. I was pin-boy in a bowling-alley. I worked my way all through school.

"But, you may say, 'I don't want to do that kind of work. I want to be a doctor or a lawyer or an artist. I know what I want to do.' So, all right. So did I know what I wanted to do, I wanted to be an actor. I wanted to be an actor ever since I could think. But I had to eat. I had to get some mental discipline first. I had to live a little life before I could make-believe. I had to learn *we don't get what we want without working for it*. No kidding, kids, write that in your copy-books.

"Rockne didn't start life as a coach, you know. And here's another thought: *Don't be discouraged if you're delayed in what you want to do and be*. Did you know that Knute Rockne was about twenty-seven years old when he first went to college? He was, kids. He worked for years in the mail-loading department of the Chicago Post Office in order to earn the money to go to college. No words of mine can add anything to *that*.

"Then, when he did make Notre Dame, and although he knew right off that football was his stuff (hadn't he learned to play in the 'sandlot' games in Chicago? Wasn't one of the proudest moments of his life the time he came home with a broken nose?—he was a Left End, he was about seven at the time) so, although he

* Joan Bennett and Francis Lederer in 20th Century-Fox's new hit "The Man I Married."



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knew football was his stuff and though he and his roommate, Gus Dorais, made football history with their Dorais-to-Rockne forward pass he was also an exceptional chemistry student, kids, so exceptional that Father Julius Nieuwland, the great Notre Dame chemist (Albert Basserman plays the part in our picture, and *how* he plays it!) asked him to work as his assistant during the summer vacation. Rockne, however, went to Cedar Point, on Lake Erie, where he and Dorais worked as life-guards cooking up a surprise for next season's game with the Army. And in the Fall of 1913, the football world was startled by a major upset when unknown Notre Dame decisively beat the Army and the thanks went to the Dorais-to-Rockne forward pass. That was the beginning of the traditional Notre Dame and Army series.

"But when Rockne graduated, with honors, and when he was offered a chemistry teaching post, he accepted it with the stipulation that he might assist Jesse Harper in coaching football. It wasn't until Harper left Notre Dame, suggesting Rockne as his successor, that the great coach came into his own. Not 'overnight,' his rise, you see.

"So, don't be too easily discouraged, kids. You have got to learn not to be discouraged at all.

"I know these are hard times. I know all about depression and unemployment and all the bogey-men of today. But remember one thing: For the guy who didn't have any dough, *it was always the depression*, whether it was in 1890 or 1940.

"And it's still the survival of the fittest, kids. One of the worst effects the depression can have is that it may serve as an alibi for you kids, as it has for some older men. You may use it as an excuse for not working, for not getting somewhere. But don't, because it is still the survival of the fittest, just as it was in Neolithic days, just as it was in past depressions and past wars, just as it is in this depression and, God help us all, in this war.

"It's still not a matter of circumstances or any superficial assets. It's still a question of the man back of the circumstances and under the skin. Why, in this business of making pictures, good looks are supposed to be one of the greatest stocks in trade. Well, there are three guys in here pitching who don't get by on their kissers, Cagney, Tracy and me.

"Even if you get jobs and lose them, still hold fast to that Don't Be Discouraged life-buoy. I've been fired from all kinds of jobs, from setting up pins in a bowling-alley to setting up props in a theater. And when I got fired I thought my world had collapsed around me. And so, for the time, *my* world had. But THE world hadn't. There's a whale of a big difference.

"And don't think Rockne didn't have the knocks, too. There was the time when one of his greatest players, the almost legendary George Gipp, was stricken by a throat ailment and died. Ronald Reagan plays the part of Gipp in our picture. And I didn't have to pretend there was a lump in my throat when, as Rockne, I kneel by that chap's bed when the end comes. There was the time Notre Dame took a big defeat by the Army and the newspapers laid the blame to Rockne's 'over-confidence'—the time he was stricken with phlebitis, an inflammation of the veins of the leg but, despite doctor's orders, carried on and, from his wheel chair watched his team win one of their greatest triumphs against the Army.

"What I'm getting at, kids, you can go in there and win, from a wheel chair,

blind, deaf and dumb, poor as Job's turkey, handicapped in every way, so long as you're not soft. Every kid without being a pessimist and a sour-puss, has got to expect to get a lot of kicks from Life, the tough old coach. And what is more, he's got to learn to take them without whining or wincing.

"Know how? *Go to church, say your prayers every night.* I mean it, kids, I never meant anything more. I've always had a great deal of faith in prayer. So did Rockne. If ever I feel blue, when sorrow gets me by the throat as it gets most of us, one time or another, as when my dad died, last year, I get a lot of solace out of prayer. I don't mean just spiritual uplift, either, great as that is. I mean practical solace, too, so that I feel like eating a hefty meal again, giving out with a little song, going to a show, having a good belly laugh.

"And another thing, kids, keep in mind that your home is important. Don't think of it only as a place to eat and sleep, as just a taking-off place for other places that will be more fun. Think of it as a place your mother and dad worked hard to get and keep, think of it in terms of the hours and years of their lives translated into rugs and kitchen stoves and mattresses. Sure, it's up to parents to make home the kind of a place you can love, I know that. And most of 'em do. But it's also up to you kids to contribute your bit to making it the right kind of place. Don't overlook that.

"I was very fortunate. I had a rare family life to inspire me. I never heard a cross word pass between my mother and dad. But even if some of you kids aren't so fortunate, do what you can toward making conditions as right as possible. It's good training, too. Because when we are grown men we must make our own conditions, not let them make us. For if they do, well, we're not candidates for the Rockne team.

"Make your dad your father-confessor as far as you can. I was very fortunate in that respect, too. My dad was such a regular guy with me. It was my dad who taught me to play marbles, how to throw a baseball, handle a gun, a boat, a horse, to have the respect for women he had for my mother. Well, so maybe you say, 'But my dad isn't like that. My dad has no time to give me, my dad's an old grouch-face.' So, it's too bad. So you must have a teacher, a dad of one of your pals, some older man who is worth making a pal of. Or you must have some public figure you admire, a Lindbergh, a football hero, someone you want to be like. Whoever he is, copy him all you want. Hero-worship is good for a chap. But don't give up your dad until you make sure you're not failing him instead of the other way around.

"And, kids, *don't be ashamed to have good manners.* You can have an air of independence without being arrogant or fresh. Why, the toughest men in the Army and Navy, whether they went to West Point and Annapolis or came through the hard way, were taught discipline and manners. Why, when you see Jack Dempsey with the ladies you see a guy as cavalier, as soft-spoken and deferential as any parlor-poet.

"And when you get near the age where girls come into the picture, pick a girl as near like your mother as possible. That's about all I have to say, kids," said Pat (?) Knute Rockne (?)—what did it matter, really, which of them it was since it was a *man* speaking to you kids, honestly, from his honest heart. He added, "Just learn to tackle and block. I guess that says it all, tackle the things worth tackling, block the things that aren't and you'll make team."



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BOURJOIS

NEW YORK

Romancing with Ann Rutherford

Continued from page 65

in her career—her first straight lead even though she's been leading lady in *Andy Hardy's* life for seven movies.

Just like hundreds of débutantes who come from the East, North, and South, seeking thrills in the wild and woolly West, Ann enthused: There'd be the grand Tetons, the pine-covered mountains, the open prairies, horses and corral fences and cattle—ten gallon hats, spike-heeled boots and cowboys who'd look like Errol Flynn and sing like Gene Autry. We even visioned a huge orange moon rising over a haystack, and a star-spangled sky. And we could almost hear baritone voices singing *Wagon Wheels*.

Ann promised faithfully she'd write me all about it. Then—on the night of her departure, two hours before train time, she telephoned frantically, "Pack your things—you're going with me to Wyoming! Aren't you thrilled? The studio says you can go with me. Isn't it wonderful?"

"Oh, my goodness, me?—but—but I'm not ready. What'll I do?" I wailed.

Two hours later, Ann and I, bag and baggage were on the Limited enroute to Jackson Lake, Wyoming, some 1200 miles away. The studio had given us a typed schedule of our trip which clearly showed it was a complicated affair of jumping off and on trains all the way. We crossed our fingers and hoped we'd get there.

Next day at Salt Lake City we changed trains—and Ann would still have been greeting her public on the station platform if I hadn't been along to rush her after our

disappearing red cap and baggage. Ann's so accommodating—she'd stand on her head, I do believe, if she was asked to!

At four-thirty the following morning, the porter stuck his head in our drawing room and said, "You young ladies better all be gettin' up. This is Pocatello, Idaho—and you change trains for Idaho Falls." Scrambling into our clothes, we barely caught the local, which stopped at every crossing and for every stray cow on the track. "You two girls are from that Hollywood studio," the friendly old conductor said, when he collected our tickets. "I recognized Polly—I mean Miss Rutherford here. Yes, sir, we like them *Judge Hardy Family* pictures up this way. Every day for the past two weeks, actors have been comin' up on this train for that movie location. But you're the first girls."

"Tell us," said Ann, her brown eyes dancing, with that Rutherford charm turned on full, "are dude ranches fun? Are there lots of nice-looking cowboys? Do you think we'll have a good time?"

"Well," said the conductor, slightly bewitched by Ann's vivacity, "Wyoming's got twice as many men as females, according to the census taker. You girls should cop you one of them rancher fellers. They got lots of cattle and they're well fixed. Their paws home-steaded this state. Wouldn't be no trouble for you to get one, unless you got your eye on one of them actin'-fellers back down there in Hollywood."

He probably didn't know that at Anita Louise's wedding it was Ann who caught the bridal bouquet—making her next in line for a wedding march!

At Victor, Idaho, we said goodbye to our friend the conductor, who sort of runs a matrimonial bureau right on his train—and found an automobile waiting to take us the fifty miles to Jackson Lake. The driver was a sandy-complexioned, home-

spun boy of eighteen, with honest blue eyes and freckles. But his blue levis and cotton shirt were clean and he was most obliging, even if he didn't remind us much of Bob Taylor. We piled into the front seat—and I noticed he couldn't keep his eyes off Ann, who chattered like a little magpie all the way, despite the hair-pin curves on the high, winding mountain roads. Ann is as effervescent as the bubbles on an ice cream soda. Her interest is keyed to high-C—on everybody and everything—and her spirits and energy never let down. When she isn't talking she's laughing or singing—and that goes on all day.

"How's the picture coming?" Ann asked by way of making conversation. The youth replied that the company had spent the morning shooting a stage-coach coming down a mountain pass.

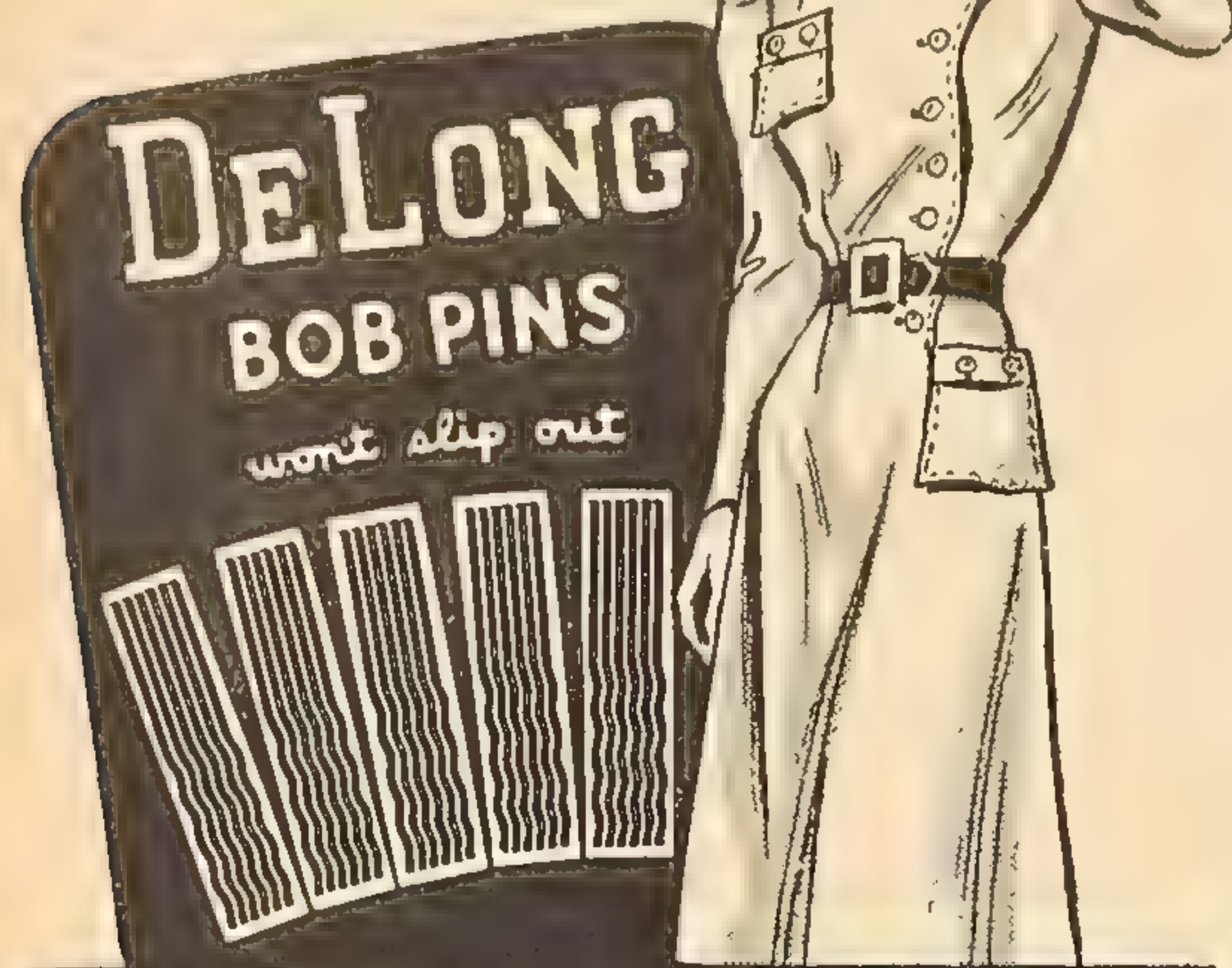
"Was there a hold-up and a robbery?" queried Ann. And we both had to bite our cheeks to keep from laughing at his frank amazement. For he turned and looked at us in surprise. "Well, yes, there was," he said. "But how did you know? Gee, you musta read the script." Ann nudged me and we giggled—for who ever heard of a Western with a stagecoach and it not being held up!

A couple of hours later we were deposited at a beautiful dude ranch right up in the mountains overlooking beautiful Jackson Lake with its magnificent range of snow-capped peaks—forming a back-drop unlike anything ever conceived in a movie studio. There was a big ranch house of native logs and little log guest cabins. There were horses tied to hitching posts, and a half dozen or so cowboys seated on the wide porch.

Ann and I stepped out of the car. No sooner had our feet touched the ground than two of the wranglers were right there to help us with our bags. "Oh, this is

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beautiful," marveled Ann, taking in the whole ranch. Sure enough, there were the corral fences, the horses, chickens in a coop, turkeys and a big haystack.

"Yes, sure is pretty," replied one of the cowboys, looking at Ann. Only he wasn't thinking about the ranch. "I'd sure like to show you about the place."

After we'd been assigned our cabin, we came out to find two of the boys waiting to show us about. We went over to the pump for a drink of water—and they suggested that if we really wanted to see the ranch we'd have time to take a ride before dinner. Ann had two divided riding skirts, I squeezed my size sixteen into her size thirteen—and a-riding we did go. We rode until the sun set in a glow of red golden splendor on Jackson Lake and all the while the cowboys never once mentioned Hollywood or that Ann was a movie star. Instead they told us of the long days on the range and the great outdoors and the trapping and fishing and hunting that is a part of their lives. They said the only time they leave Jackson is to take a load of cattle east or to ride in the rodeos. Ann said she didn't blame them for loving Wyoming.

"There's going to be a little dancing tonight at Wort's Lodge," one of the boys said. "If you two girls would like to go, me and my partner here'd be mighty proud to take you." Ann and I thought that would be wonderful. "Do you dress up much for things like that up here?" Ann asked. And the boy replied that "the most dressin' up we do in these parts is to just put on a clean pair of levis."

Back in our cabin, Ann and I decided since it was Saturday night, just for a lark we'd make it a special occasion and wear our long dresses—just as though we were back in Hollywood and had dates with Jeffrey Lynn and Bob Stack. "I always love to wear a long dress on Saturday night," Ann said. "Won't we be the ones, stepping out in style and everything on our first night here!" But we weren't the only ones—for you should have seen those cowboys! We had to look twice to see if they were the same pair—they were, as Ann said, "That slicked up!"

At the lodge we four found a table and were debating whether to have young steer steaks, or Mackinaw trout fresh from the lake or turkey gobbler from the ranch—when Wally Beery and Paul Kelly came along and sat down with us. They seemed to think Ann and I needed a bit of chaperoning.

After dinner, we gathered in the lodge hall and made the rafters ring with our clapping and singing as we executed the square dances and the Virginia reel. We swung our partners and "dosi-dosed." And most enthusiastic was little Bobs Watson, who's in "Bad Man of Wyoming" too. Ann said he was a miniature dude wrangler—for he wore spike-heeled boots and a shirt louder than a fire-alarm.

In the midst of the revelry, our cowboy heroes mentioned that outside the moon was coming up over the mountain. We stole out on the veranda to see. Bobs Watson came right along, even though I did hear Ann's boy friend try to bribe him with a quarter to stay inside with the dancers. But you know boys of that age. He decided to be our little brother and keep posted on what was going on. One of the wranglers brought out a guitar and we sat for an hour looking at the moon, which was terrific, and listening to the songs dear to the hearts of the westerners—and the rustling of the pines behind us. Sometimes we'd hear a branch snap as a deer or a moose ran through and we'd see eyes, like two gold lights, staring out of the darkness.

Bobs almost went to sleep a couple of times, lulled by the peace and quietness

and the beauty of the night and the music. Ann was starry-eyed. Later we sat before a huge log fire indoors and listened to the stories of the cowboys. One who turned his attention on me—seeing's how Ann was claimed by his partner, as it were—was the local hero. The week before he'd taken a boat and gone down the rapids of Snake River Canyon, a daring stunt that had never been done before.

Ann asked him if he'd been frightened—and he said it had been so fast he hadn't had time to get scared. He'd had his picture in the papers, too! "You're very brave," Ann murmured. If she'd even hinted she'd have liked him to do it all over again I think he'd been on his way right then and there to win her favor.

That night in our little log cabin Ann and I lit the oil lamp, made a wooden fire in the little stove to keep warm, washed out our stockings and things—and talked about everything that had happened. In fact, we spent half the night just talking—like girls do—about the things we dream of, hope for, wish for, in our lives—and of course boys.

In discussing mutual friends like Judy Garland, Mickey Rooney, Linda Darnell and a lot of kids we both like so well, Ann and I suddenly discovered that we both have dates occasionally with the same boy, Rand Brooks. He played *Scarlett O'Hara's* first husband in "Gone With the Wind."

"Well, fancy that," said Ann in true feminine fashion. "I went bowling with Rand and Helen Parrish and Forrest Tucker and Mickey and Judy the Sunday before we left to come up here. When did you last see him?"

"Last week, when he and I and Maureen O'Hara and John Hubbard and some others went to a preview and then to La Conga to rumba," I replied. "He's nice, don't you think?"

"Very nice," agreed Ann. "Rand's only twenty-one—but he has such poise and assurance, without being conceited. I like boys that age—up to 25. And I don't care if they're all as good-looking as Rand or not, but I do want them to have personality—so's they'll be interesting and have something to talk about, and not leave it all up to a girl."

With a few more don't-you-thinks, we turned our attention to some of the other boys Ann dates. There's Don Kahn, son of Gus Kahn, the song-writer; Eddie Arnold, Jr., and Charles Isaac, the latter who inherited three million dollars and a yacht—and would like very much to marry Ann.

"But I'm not going to get married for ever and ever so long," said Ann. "I simply love my work, and it's going to be my real love for a long time. Whenever a boy gets too serious with me—well, I just simply don't have a date with him for a month. That's all."

Ann, you know, is the "sweetheart" of more fraternities than any girl in America. She constantly wears an Alpha Tau Omega frat pin from Kentucky University—and she says it's doing double duty, if you get what she means. But Kentucky's a long way from Hollywood. Then she's "official sweetheart" for Sigma Nu of Washington, D. C., Sigma Alpha Epsilon of Ohio, and Sigma Chi of Virginia, and ever so many more.

"I think a girl who's in pictures is the luckiest girl in the world," Ann said. "Things just keep happening to her that never would otherwise. I think the greatest thrill of my life was last winter when I went to Washington for the President's Ball. The Senate gave a luncheon for me. Imagine that! My next biggest thrill was when I won the rôle of *Scarlett's* sister in 'G. W. T. W.' Of course the picture was so much too long that most of my part was cut out. But just being in the 'greatest pic-

ture of all time,' as the critics called it, was terribly exciting.

"When I returned from the première in Atlanta and the studio gave me a \$1000 bonus I just couldn't believe it. Do you know what I did with it? I begged Mother to put some more money with it—and I bought a mink coat. A real genuine mink!

"Mother has always made me save my salary—that is, most of it. Of course it hasn't been so very large. It's reached the \$500 a week mark now. I get about \$25 a week for myself. The rest goes into securities and bonds—unless I want something like this, which was perfectly extravagant." And Ann pointed to the large star sapphire she wears on her right ring finger which her mother bought for her last birthday.

"But really, I'm just about the luckiest girl in the whole world," Ann said seriously. "My aunt left me a canning factory up in Canada in her will. When I'm twenty-one, I'll have full charge of it.

"Just before we left Hollywood to come up here," Ann continued, "Mother and I spent a week looking at houses. I'm going to buy my own home. I want a cute little white house with ramblin' shutters, and white dotted swiss curtains—something like Judy Garland's, if I can find one."

Ann, as everyone knows in Hollywood, is a definite double threat to every young star on the Metro lot. For there's no end to her versatility as an actress. Clarence Bull, head of the portrait department, says Ann is the most photogenic actress in pictures. She can sing like a Judy Garland and dance like a Ginger Rogers. And her legs were voted lovely as Dietrich's. And she can act. Just supposing Lana Turner or Judy went temperamental—why, Ann could step right into their rôles. She's not just *Polly Benedict*—in "Pride and Prejudice" she proved she's as good as the best of them!

"I really fought to play *Lydia* in 'Pride and Prejudice,'" Ann said. "It was between Maureen O'Sullivan and me. One of us was to play the nice sweet girl, and the other the young vixen. I just knew what I could do with that little hellion *Lydia*—if they'd let me. Well, I finally got the part, because I kept after it every day until I did. It was really the first time I fought for anything in my life.

"Laurence Olivier is one of the grandest actors I've ever worked with," Ann reflected. "He actually stooged for me—in 'Pride and Prejudice'—so's I would be good. But," she sighed, "a lot of my part was left on the cutting-room floor. In fact, my best work in every picture usually gets cut out. I'll work so hard to make my part stand out and be so thrilled thinking maybe *this* will be the one that will lift me to stardom—and it'll be left in the cutting-room. That's been my secret sorrow. I wouldn't want anyone to know, but I've shed plenty of tears about it. My one big hope is that the day will come when they'll leave *all* of me in a picture!" (Ann didn't say so, but I'd heard the reason was that she was too good—and with three prominent girl stars in "Pride and Prejudice," one girl couldn't have too much footage—at least not Ann!)

It was Ann's mother who decided when Ann was a baby that she and her sister Judith, two years Ann's senior, would be actresses. Mrs. Rutherford was an actress herself when she married Ann's father John Rutherford, a Metropolitan Opera singer whose stage name was Jaun Guilberti.

Ann was born in Toronto, Canada, November 2, just twenty years ago. When she was a child her family moved to San Francisco—and it was when Ann was in the first grade that her mother got her a job in the stage production of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch." Ann and Judith became well-known child actresses on the

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stage about San Francisco. When Ann was eleven they moved to Los Angeles, where she attended the Alta Loma grade school, the Virgil Junior high school and the Los Angeles and Fairfax high schools.

"Ann was in all the school plays," her mother once told me. "She'd always get the lead—so everyone else would say it was useless to try out for them. Ann and her sister and I have always been great pals," Mrs. Rutherford went on. "Judith is like a bombshell—and Ann's slow to anger—but when she does fly off the handle she's really deeply hurt. On the whole, though, Ann's always full of life and happiness.

"My friends used to say to me, 'Why do you encourage your children to go into pictures—when they haven't got a chance?' Ann and Judith both resented that, naturally. Finally when Ann was getting featured parts, they'd say, 'Well, we saw Ann in that picture—but she had such a little part. Why doesn't she do more?' I've seen Ann come into the room at such times—when I knew she'd overheard. But she'd choose to ignore such cattiness. If that had been Judith, she'd have told them plenty. Ann doesn't like unpleasantness. She loves everyone and wants everyone to love her."

"How did you get into pictures?" I asked Ann, after we'd finished discussing our boy friends and were tucked in bed, but too excited to turn down the lamp's wick and go to sleep.

"Well, naturally, having been on the stage, and living in Hollywood, I wanted to be in pictures," Ann smiled. "I happened to hear someone say the radio needed talent, so I took myself right down and told them of my stage experience and applied for an audition. They gave me a rôle on a program called 'Gems of Destiny.' I was on the radio four years, playing everything from wives to crying babies. A talent scout heard me and took me out to Republic. They signed me for Westerns and I made twelve pictures in eight months. Lew Ayres was out there and he showed me camera angles—sort of made me his protégée—for which I will always be grateful. Then I went to M-G-M to play a short, 'Annie Laurie,' and was signed. I made several pictures including 'Dramatic

School'—and that's where I met Rand Brooks. Then came my real chance, to be *Polly Benedict* in the 'Judge Hardy' series."

That's how we got on the subject of Mickey Rooney. "Have you ever had any dates with Mickey off-screen?" I asked. "No," said Ann. "But we're very good friends. Mickey's so grown up and everything, in giving advice I mean. And he's always helping me or suggesting something I should do. I think he'll make a great producer some day, don't you? He says when he does, I'll probably star in one of his productions.

"Mickey's in our crowd. Almost every Sunday morning there's about a dozen of us who meet at each other's homes for brunch and then we go bowling or swimming. We have parties, too. The other night at the Cocoanut Grove we hit upon a great plan. We decided to write a book. We're going to call it 'We Dreamed!' Each one of us is writing a 3000 word chapter. Then in ten years from now we're going to meet and see how many of our dreams came true. There's Mickey and Judy, Bonita Granville, Rand Brooks, Jackie Cooper, Bob Stack, Linda Darnell, Anne Gwynn, Helen Parrish, Forrest Tucker and myself. Forrest's dad has a publishing house in New York and he'll publish it for us. We asked John Barrymore to write the preface—and the cover will show all of us dining at the Grove. Do you think it will be a success?"

I told Ann I was sure it would be. For almost everyone in it has already achieved success, even if they're still only kids.

Ann, who is five feet three and one-half inches, weighs 110 pounds—and eats everything in sight, so she says. She ice-skates and swims and loves to dress formal once a week for a Saturday night date.

"Everyone seems to expect actresses to wear clothes that are different, so I make most of mine," Ann said. "I make most of my hats, too."

I began enumerating those I liked, including Ann's pink taffeta formal with the black lace waist and elbow gloves. "You surely didn't make that?" I said.

"Yes, I did," Ann laughed. "Sometimes

mother worries terribly, for I'll get an idea during the night and wake up the next morning and ask her to buy me twenty yards of this or that material. She always fears for the worst and hopes for the best—but I usually come out all right."

"And can you fit yourself?" I asked, wondering if there was anything this Ann Rutherford girl can't do. I know she can cook—as good as their family cook—for I've eaten Ann's ice-box chocolate roll, her waffles, her corn twists, and she's a whiz at salads. In fact, it's lots of fun, after previews, to drop into Ann's house for a midnight supper, with the whole crowd pitching in and helping. The Rutherford ice-box is always full—and Ann will scramble eggs and fry ham at a minute's notice.

But getting back to the dressmaker—"I never use a pattern—wouldn't know how," Ann admitted. "I just stand in front of a mirror and pin the material up to me—and snip and pin some more. I always make everything big, so's I can whittle it down to fit just so. I've only had one expensive dress—that was a \$150 model I bought in New York when I was on personal appearance. Of course I buy clothes, too—I watch the sales at the smart gown shops. Often I get great bargains. For instance, the dress I wore to Anita Louise's wedding was a seventy-five dollar model that I bought on sale for twenty-five.

"The only time I wish I was in love and was married is when I'm with Anita and Buddy Adler and Marsha Hunt and her husband Jerry Hopper. We often go about together. It must be wonderful having someone so in love with you as Buddy is with Anita. But then, I've plenty of time for that when I get my picture career—where I hope to get it," she smiled.

Ann and I had an exciting two weeks in Wyoming. It was all as we'd imagined it would be—and more. If some of those dude ranch cowboys' hearts weren't broken a bit when Ann left it was because she wouldn't let them be. But I surmise several were badly bent.

Ann worked almost every day in the picture—but we found plenty of time for rides and camp suppers by a waterfall and hikes up into the blue pine timbered mountains. Our favorite roosting spot was the corral fence—and we became initiated at rounding up cattle, not to mention participating in an impromptu rodeo, put on for our special benefit. We saw Yellowstone Park and all of its scenic grandeur before our departure. At the train when we were bidding everyone goodbye, our cowboy friends said, "We're going to send you girls a gift, come this fall."

Ann's eyes lighted. "And what'll it be—you can't keep us in suspense until then—now, can you?" she coaxed.

"Well," said the one, "we trap the best marten furs in the world up here. And we'll send you each three skins to wear around your neck."

"Honest?" Ann and I chorused.

"But they wear them in sets of five back in Hollywood," I said in my own naïve way—thinking of Carole Lombard's.

"Then we'll send you five!" was the gallant reply.

It wasn't until a couple of hours later, when Ann and I were having dinner on the diner with Addison Richards, a member of the company, that we told about the furs—the martens. And he told us that a good marten fur cost as high as \$80 a skin—which almost made Ann and I faint!

"And here you said we'd have to have five!" Ann gasped. "Imagine!"

Imagining was just where Ann and I began when we heard she was going to Wyoming—and it became a reality. It doesn't take much more imagining to imagine Miss Ann Rutherford one of Hollywood's most important stars—very soon.

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